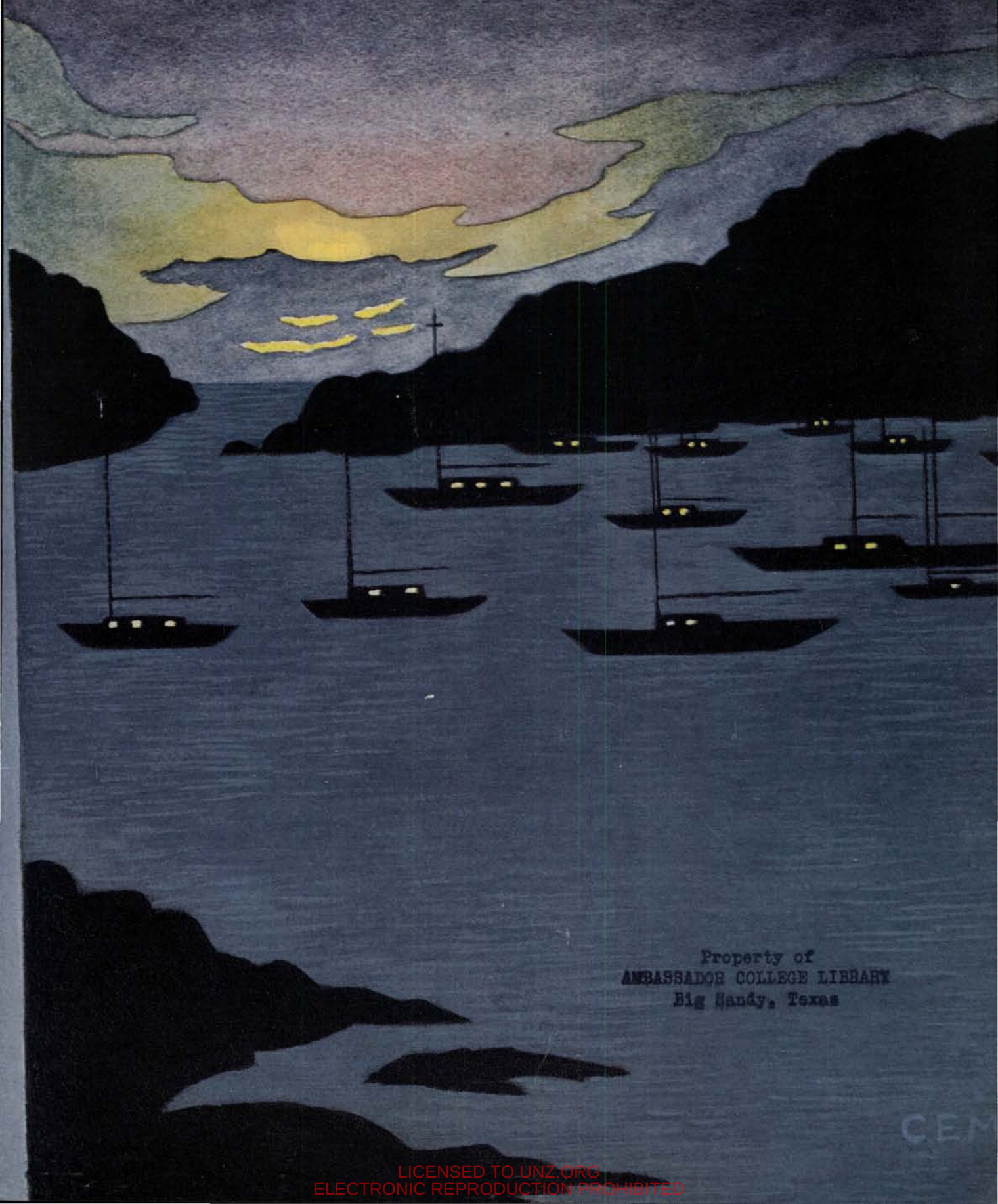


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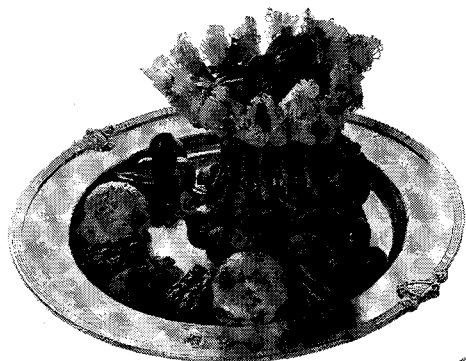
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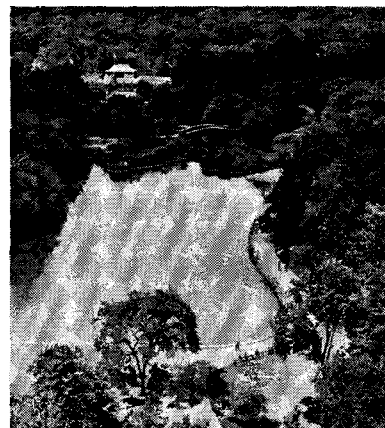
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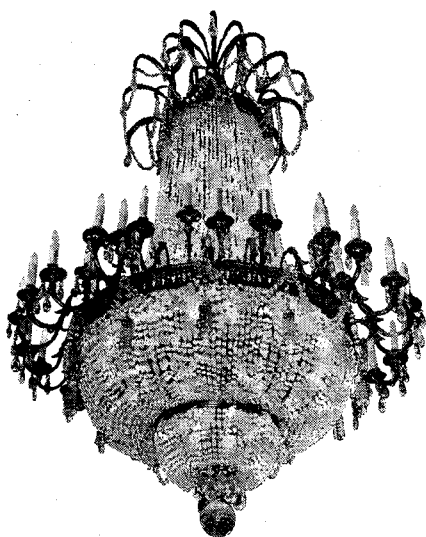


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALL OVER TOWN—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CHICAGO—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. After Sunday, July 13, no performances until Friday, July 25, when the show will reopen uptown, at the Shubert, 225 W. 44th St., 246-5990.)

DANCE WITH ME—The grim days and happy day-dreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—A revival of the Arthur Miller play, well worth seeing for George C. Scott's enactment of the dying Willy Loman. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

EQUUS—A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE FIRST BREEZE OF SUMMER—The Negro Ensemble Company's wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, and a young man called Reyno especially so. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

NOT TO WORRY—A play by A. E. Santaniello. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

THE RITZ—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except

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Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RODGERS & HART—Scores of standards, most of which sound as great as ever, but the production manages to be a boring one. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RUBBERS AND YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single, twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHENANDOAH—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Neville as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—An agreeable revival of the J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

THE WIZ—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ABSDURD PERSON SINGULAR: Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Paul Shyre, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Carol Lynley, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE**: A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956

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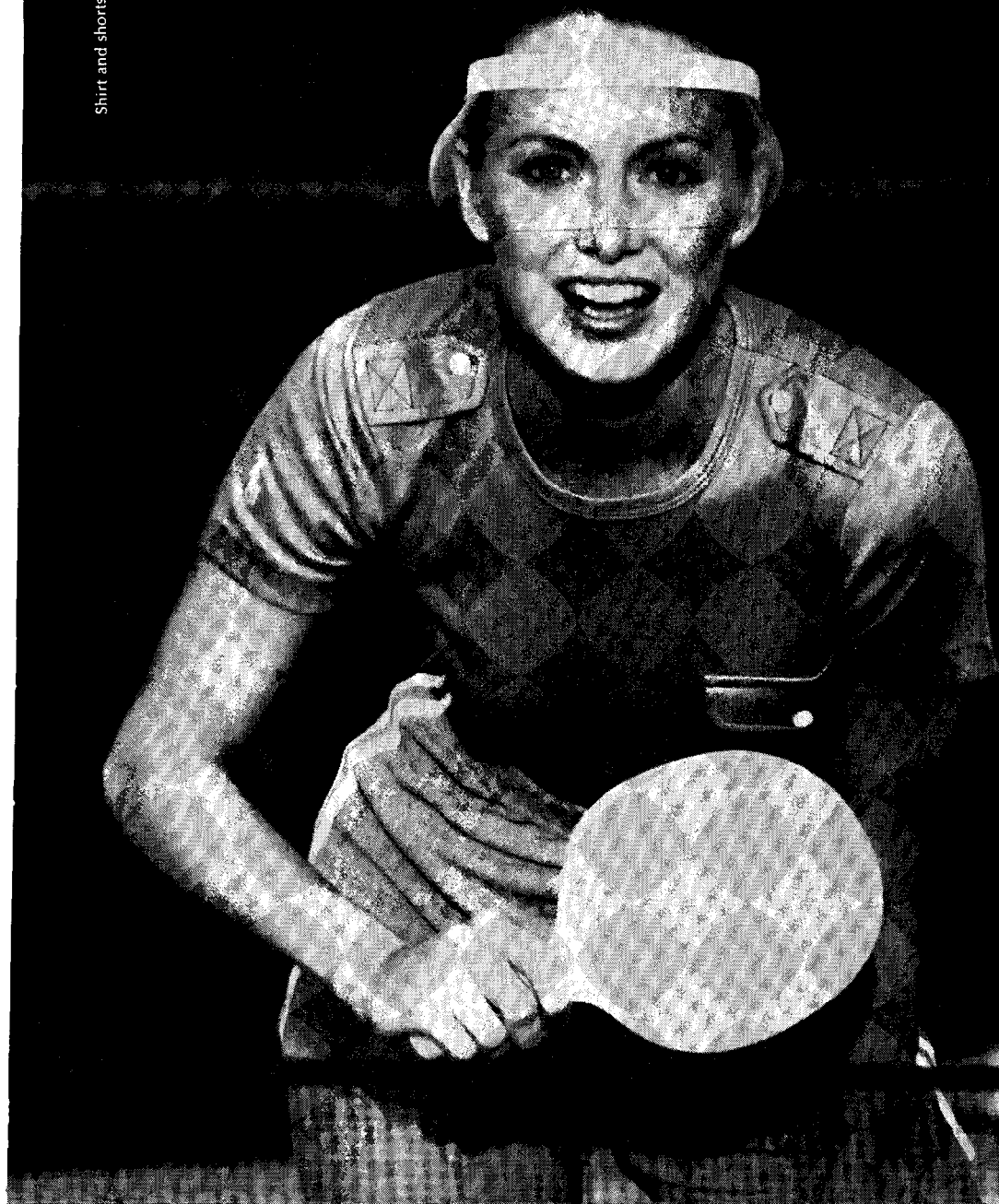
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,320 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 150 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, July 9: "La Bayadère," "Gemini," "Epilogue," and "Concerto."... Thursday evening, July 10: "The River," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Undertow," and "Les Noces."... Friday evening, July 11: "Theme and Variations," "Epilogue," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Les Noces."... Saturday matinee and evening, July 12, and Monday evening, July 14: "Swan Lake."... Tuesday evening, July 15: "Les Noces," "Gemini," and "Etudes."... Wednesday evening, July 16: "Les Noces," "Undertow," and "Etudes."... Thursday evening, July 17: "Gemini," "The Leaves Are Fading" (première), "Epilogue," and "Concerto."... Friday evening, July 18: "Giselle."... Saturday matinee, July 19: "Les Sylphides," "Gemini," and "Concerto."... Saturday evening, July 19: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," "Undertow," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Easygoing, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul



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food. Altoist and flutist **SONNY FORTUNE**, a fine creator of extended solos, heads up a quintet that features trumpeter Charles Sullivan, through Saturday, July 12. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Two rock bands—the Beau Brummels, from San Francisco, and the Hudson Brothers, from television—trade sets on Wednesday, July 9. Blues and rhythm-and-blues singer Esther Phillips follows them in for a Thursday-through-Sunday (July 10-13) stint. On Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15-16, singer and guitarist José Feliciano performs opposite standup Mike Preminger. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19, Proctor & Bergman, a hip enough but obvious comedy team, shares the bill with singer Tim Moore, who was the grand-prize-winner in last year's American Song Festival. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** is again at the piano here, serving up the same lilting, unexpected single-note figures with their curious tipped-up ends, the rich, revolving chords, and the constant, loping swinging. The fine bassist Bill Takas helps out. Through Saturday, July 12, from about ten until two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD**, a mansion with many rooms, is present with Major Holley. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**WOODY HERMAN** is still trail boss to some fifteen youthful, thundering musicians. The Herman band alternates with guitarist and funky vocalist George Benson through Saturday, July 12. On Monday, July 14, **BILL WATROUS**, an effortless-sounding trombone soloist, arrives with his band, **MANHATTAN WILDLIFE REFUGE**, which features trumpeter Danny Stiles. The Cedar Walton quartet opens the show for the Watrous menagerie. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back (but only through Saturday, July 12), with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. Beginning Monday, July 14, a two-part show replaces Miss Humes: pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist **JAY LEONHART**, and, while they're taking five, composers and singers Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford.... Still another fine singer has reappeared here, but on Sundays only—**NANCY HARROW**, a Mildred Bailey-Billie Holiday singer, with a small, direct voice, a genteel vibrato, and a neat, canny way of phrasing. She is backed by the accomplished pianist Richard Wyands and by bassist Richard Davis. Music from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** visits on Tuesday, July 15. Pianist **Red Richards** plays all night from seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his Jazz Messengers deliver some solid, mainstream messages through Sunday, July 13. Altoist **JACKIE MCLEAN** puts in what has become a rare New York appearance, beginning Tuesday, July 15, when he arrives with a sextet: Music from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese and American snacks.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, bassist John Beal, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays Haig plays solo piano from six to nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. For the week beginning Monday, July 14, Max Kaminsky will substitute for Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Tania Maria, a Brazilian jazz singer and pianist, performs with her two percussionists—Boto and Helio. Eddie Hazell, a middle-of-the-road guitarist who looks like an ex-football player from the Midwest, fronts the trio that works opposite Tania Maria. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of a one-story, mall-like building that also houses a five-and-ten and other shops, and that looks like an afterthought sitting in the midst of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated, and intricately laid-back rhythm-and-blues Wednesday and Thursday, July 9-10, and Sunday, July 13. On Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, guitarist Joe Beck and alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne co-pilot a quartet. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers brings in a quintet on Monday, July 14. Music from ten until three.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Folkie Jim Dawson sings and strums through Sunday, July 13. Country-rock singer Rusty Weir follows Dawson, starting Wednesday, July 16. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—**EARL HINES**, who assembled his first big band more than fifty years ago in Pittsburgh, holds forth through Saturday, July 12, with his current sextet and vocalist Marva Josie. The gold-record-hoarding vocal quintet the Platters takes over the stage starting Monday, July 14. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for dancing and

listening on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Los Angeles-based singer and composer **WENDY WALDMAN** alternates with Larry Jon Wilson, a country singer, through Saturday, July 12. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A jazz hideaway situated in a properly sombre basement but with an uplifting décor—a colorful wall of Art Deco cutouts and bright, white tablecloths. **CHET BAKER** is present Wednesday and Thursday, July 9-10, playing trumpet, occasionally singing, and generally drumming up business for this worthy little establishment. Pianist and proprietor Hod O'Brien, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris ably support Baker, and ably carry on by themselves the rest of the week. On Mondays, singer **JOE LEE WILSON**, who is tall and solid and has enough presence to dispel a riot, works with a small, fifties-sounding group of jazzmen. Wilson fires off dazzling versions of "Four" and "Miles," both Miles Davis tunes; he can make an old chestnut like "Moonlight in Vermont" sound like tomorrow's nervous breakdown; and he does what may be the gutsiest "Summertime" since Billie Holiday got hold of it in 1936. Music from about ten. Closed Tuesdays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost where one can hear live jazz (and recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). On Wednesday nights, **LEE KONITZ'S** nonet dominates the room. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** performs with a trio, and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, the Roy & Tadashi quartet shows up. Sunday night is **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar-duet night. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Closed Mondays.

STUDIO 77/ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of **RASHIED ALI** and his quintet—bassist Benny Wilson; saxophonist James Vass; pianist Charles Eubanks; Alim Mustasta, tenor sax; and blues singer Royal Blue. Music for the adventurous Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. Super-bassist **RON CARTER** performs with a pianist through Sunday, July 13. On Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, pianist Peter Newburger occupies the piano bench, and beginning Friday, July 18, Jack Wilkins, a fine, young guitarist, will work with a bassist. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an untune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—**LEE KONITZ** has put together a nine-piece band that plays here on Sundays and Thursdays and at Stryker's on Wednesdays—a heedless, flying, joyous group that has plenty of bottom and an assortment of grand soloists, the best being Konitz and the great Jimmy Knepper, who has become the premier trombonist in jazz. John Eckhardt and Dave Berger are among the superb new crop of young and imaginative trumpeters. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, have been set aside for drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his youthful, energetic quintet, the Hip Ensemble. **CECIL MC BEE**, a wonderfully colorful bassist, leads a sextet on the following Friday and Saturday (July 18-19). Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—A medieval-looking on-again, off-again music fortress that is currently headquarters for funky electronic-jazz groups: Lonnie Liston Smith and the Cosmic Echoes cease their reverberations on Sunday, July 13; organist Charles Earland brings in his quintet on Tuesday, July 15. Music nightly except Mondays, from ten to two.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** exercises with his quartet through Sunday, July 13. The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** seventeen-piece collective settles in for a week-long stay, starting Monday, July 14. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two. Dinner.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood-and-brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES**, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist who played with Art Tatum and recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties, frolics with a trio. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette lopes along with his quartet. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

CRUSADERS—With George Duke. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, July 18, at 8.)

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS, **BLUE MAGIC**, and **THE MOMENTS**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, July 19-20, at 6:30 and 10:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WINSTON BRANCH—Oils and gouaches by a young St. Lucia-born artist whose works reflect both his Caribbean heritage and the influence of Francis Bacon; first one-man show in New York. Through July 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Bronze and terra-cotta figures, plus some drawings, by this well-known Expressionist sculptor. Through July 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DAVID SMYTH—Eleven drawings, done with a few

ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through July 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—Neat, small-scale abstract watercolors, and a few larger oils. Through Saturday, July 12. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, and others. Through July 31. ... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through July 31. ... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through July 31. ... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings completed in the forties and fifties by eight first-generation Abstract Expressionists from the New York School: Brooks, Gottlieb, Gorky, Hofmann, Kline, Pollock, Reinhardt, and Tomlin. Through Friday, July 18. ... **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. ... **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 70th St.: Janet Fish, Malcolm Morley, and Dan Flavin are among the painters and sculptors whose work is on view in a show of highlights from exhibits the gallery has held over the last twelve years. Through Friday, July 11. ... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) ... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) ... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Among a group of realist paintings by artists who haven't had solo shows is one by Fred Gutzeit that brings the viewer face-to-face—nose-to-nose, really—with a large, questioning-looking Labrador retriever who sits on a pavement strewn with ripe bananas. Through Friday, July 11. ... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A selection of graphics, paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mexican artists, including Rufino Tamayo, José Luis Cuevas, and Francisco Zuniga. Through Aug. 29. ... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Maurer, Ganso, Maillol, and others. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LLOYD HAMROL, ANNE HEALY, and ATHENA TACHA—Models, studies, and photographs of their projects for outdoor sculptures. Through July 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) ... Site sculptures constructed for this space. Hamrol's is made of a plywood blackboard with colored chalk dangling on strings; Healy's of colored sheets of fabric; and Tacha's of tiers of Styrofoam slabs. Through Aug. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

EDWARD HICKS (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the American folk artist, who devoted himself to literal illustrations of Quaker homilies (lions lying down with lambs, for instance). Through July 26. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by Norman Laliberté, Kosso Eloul, Jeff Hoare, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Closed Mondays.) ... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Regular gallery artists, including Philip Pearlstein and Joan Brown, along with guest exhibitors. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) ... **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: In the main gallery, paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by American artists, among them Eakins, Burchfield, and de Creeft. Through Aug. 15. ... The American West depicted in various mediums by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through Tuesday, July 15. ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Margit Varga, William Palmer, and Robert Vickrey. Through July



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

31... SCHAEFER, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Aubusson tapestries by (for instance) Sonia Delaunay, Alexander Calder, and Man Ray. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

GROUP SHOWS—At the **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings by Don Eddy, sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, and drawings by Juan Gonzalez. Through July 31... **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: Cynthia Carlson, John Baeder, and others, exhibiting one work on canvas and one work on paper apiece. Through July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **LAMAGNA**, 380 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by seven artists. Through July 25... **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Four sheaves of pale color done in vertical brushstrokes directly on a white wall, by Ken Wade, and a wall construction nearly forty feet long, by Ralph Hilton, that makes a convincing stab at formulating a bird language, are among the works being shown here by a group of invited artists. Through Friday, July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Gallery artists showing paintings, sculptures, and a group-made conceptual mural. Through July 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

JAMES DENMARK—Watercolors. Through Tuesday, July 15. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

BEVERLY PEPPER—Three large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

GROUP SHOW—A loan show of prints (one example by each artist) by Dürer, Turner, Whistler, and others. Through July 25. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

IRVING PENN—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

FREDERICK PLAUT—Photographs, some of them portraits, taken in many parts of the world. Through July 30. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

DAN WILLIAMS—Prints of the human figure and landscapes, based on social themes. Through Wednesday, July 16. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GEOFF WINNINGHAM/DENNIS BROKAW—Black-and-white photographs of people and places in Texas. / Dye transfers of West Coast wilderness scenes. Through Aug. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition—a joint effort with the Museum of Holography, in New York—of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser waves to create a startlingly lifelike three-dimensional image on a photographic plate... Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.)... **LIGHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th

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St.: Work by five photographers. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The subject of the sixty photographs in this group show is the Middle East in the last century. Through Friday, July 11... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Nine contemporary British photographers, plus photographs by many United States artists. Through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) and objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through Sunday, July 13... "French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7... "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21... An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28... An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworok. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A restoration—in spirit, anyway—of the old, Eighth Street, Whitney is the setting for a survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition traces the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, where members of The Eight and later luminaries, like Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, and Reginald Marsh, gathered for evening sketch classes. As time went on, the Whitney Museum became the channel for the mainstream of American art, and practically all the masterpieces of that early era are on view here.

Through Sept. 3... The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth), ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9...

Paintings and drawings by North Carolina artist Minnie Evans, covering four decades. Through Aug. 3... Twentieth-century drawings (including watercolors), from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through Sunday, July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10...

Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through Sept. 1... More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31... Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17... A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition, arranged in conjunction with the International Center of Photography, of photographs of the landscape and people of the Himalayan countries. The prints, most of them in color and most of them taken over the last ten years, are by such photographers as Ernst Haas, Marc Riboud, and George Silk. Starts Friday, July 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings, as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lannar West... Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances" and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime."... An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude," an exhibition stretching from a few works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley to the Pop and superrealist work of



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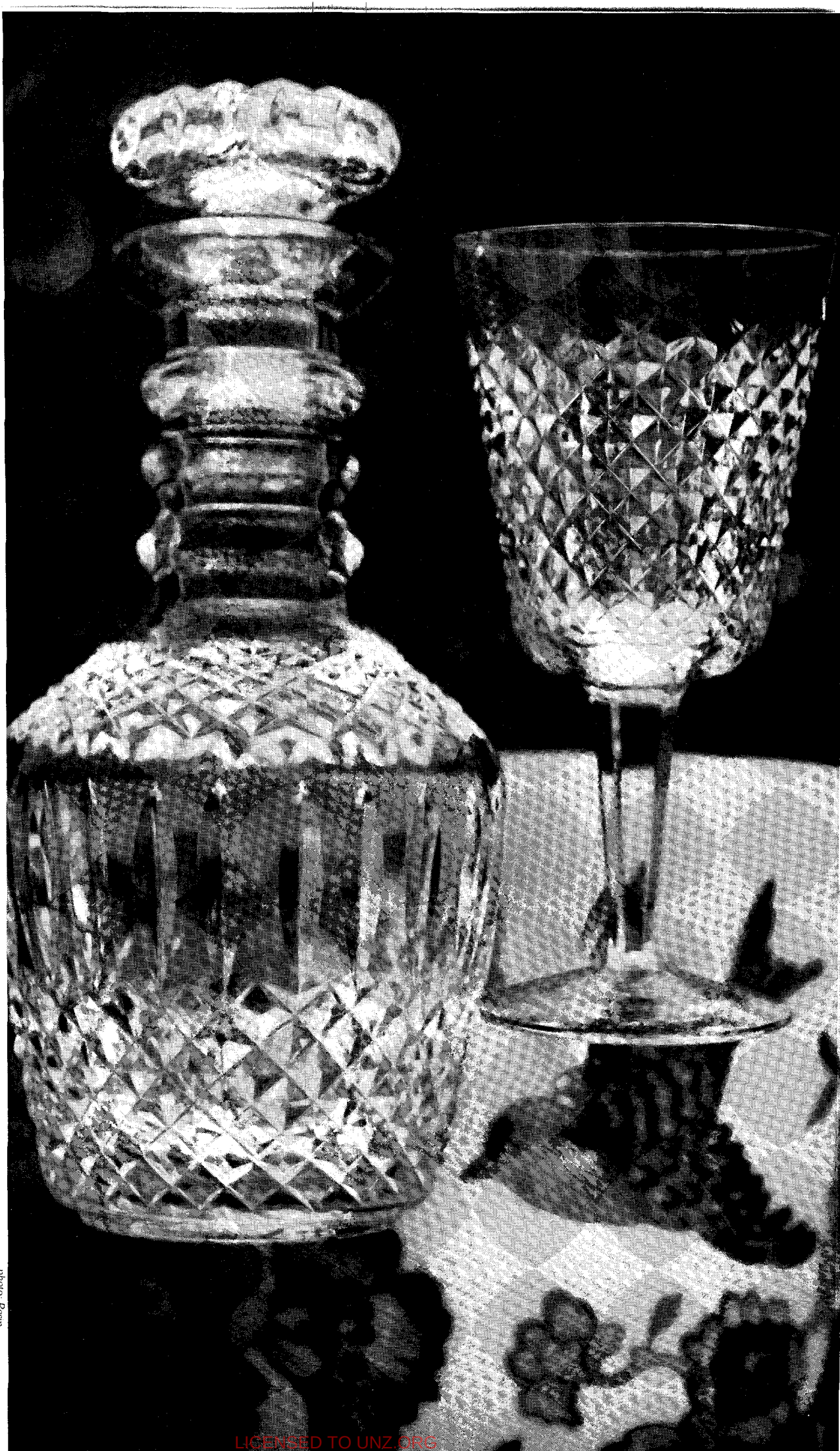
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Through Sunday, July 13. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Photographs by Dan Williams. Through Wednesday, July 16. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

BOLSHOI OPERA—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 9-10: "War and Peace."... Friday evening, July 11: "Pique Dame."... Saturday matinee, July 12: "The Gambler."... Saturday evening, July 12: "War and Peace."... Sunday matinee, July 13, and Monday evening, July 14: "The Dawns Are Quiet Here."... Tuesday evening, July 15: "Boris Godunov."... Wednesday evening, July 16: "Pique Dame."... Thursday evening, July 17: "War and Peace."... Friday evening, July 18: "Boris Godunov."... Saturday matinee, July 19: "Eugene Onegin."... Saturday evening, July 19: "War and Peace." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 1:30 and Sunday at 2.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 11, at 7: An all-Bach violin recital by Joseph Silverstein.... Friday, July 11, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Rose Taylor, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; David Arnold, bass; Armando Ghitalla, trumpet; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: David Zinman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Silverstein.... Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Haydn program, with, among others, the Misses Bryn-Julson and Taylor, the Messrs. Riegel and Arnold, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... Tuesday, July 15, at 7:30: Roberta Flack and Blood, Sweat, and Tears.... Friday, July 18, at 7: A piano recital by Rudolf Serkin.... Friday, July 18, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Mendelssohn program, with Mr. Serkin; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and Rohan McCullough, narrator.... Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists.... Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Friday, July 11, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in the second of two performances of Francesco Cavalli's opera "L'Ormindo," with Patricia Brooks and Catherine Malfitano, sopranos; Andrea Velis, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and others.... Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano.... Sunday, July 13, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a Mozart-Bach program.... Friday, July 18, at 8:30: Margherita Hastings directing the a cappella Musica Reservata in a program of music from France and Italy.... Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra in a performance of Strauss's "Der Zigeunerbaron" ("The Gypsy Baron") in concert form, with Johanna Meier, soprano; Dianne Curry, mezzo-soprano; Mr. Velis; Charles Roe, baritone; and Richard McKee, bass.... Sunday, July 20, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Paula Robison, flute. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays and Friday, July 11, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the

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New York City Ballet of a four-week season that ends on Saturday, Aug. 2—Wednesday through Friday, July 9-11, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 12, at 2:30 and 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."... [NOTE: A special concert will be given by the J. Geils Band on Sunday, July 13, at 7.]... Tuesday, July 15, at 8:15: "Coppelia."... Wednesday, July 16, at 8:15: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Chansons Madécasses," "Rapsodie Espagnole," "Scheherazade," and "Piano Concerto in G."... Thursday, July 17, at 8:15: "Jewels."... Friday, July 18, at 8:15: A repeat performance of the July 16 program.... Saturday, July 19, at 2:30: "Coppelia."... Saturday, July 19, at 8:15: "Jewels." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 12: Emily Frankel and the Joan Miller Dance Company.... Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: The Murray Louis Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 8: Twyla Tharp and her dancers.... Thursday, July 17, at 8: Chuck Davis Dance Company.... Friday, July 18, at 7, and Saturday, July 19, at 8: Trisha Brown and her company. (Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS**: Vs. Atlanta, Thursday and Friday, July 17-18, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 19, at 2:15.... **YANKEES**: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, July 9, at 8.... Minnesota, Thursday, July 10, at 8; Friday, July 11, at 5:30 (two-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 12, at 8; and Sunday, July 13, at 2.

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Atlantic City Country Club, Northfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 2; through Saturday, July 26. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 12, the Astoria, Sunday, July 13; and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.)... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 12.... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, July 28. The Longport Handicap, Saturday, July 12, and the World's Playground, Saturday, July 19.... **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 19.

SOCCER—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island—Wednesday, July 9, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Boston.... Wednesday, July 16, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Portland. (For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

TENNIS—**PROFESSIONAL MATCHES**: World Team Tennis. Wednesday, July 9, New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh.... Friday, July 11, New York Sets vs. Boston.... Wednesday, July 16, New York Sets vs. Hawaii. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)... **AMATEUR MATCHES**: U.S.T.A. Men's and Women's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Thursday, July 10, through Sunday, July 20.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont,

Saturday and Sunday, July 12-13, and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HAMLET**, with Sam Waterston. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 19. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Final performances—**CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30 (rain date, July 10), "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, William Lewis, and William Walker; conducted by Walter Taussig.... **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens: Friday, July 11, at 8:30 (rain date, July 13), "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scott, Shirley Love, Robert Nagy, and Thomas Palmer; Jan Behr.... **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: Saturday, July 12, at 8:30 (rain date, July 13), "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, William Lewis, and Sherrill Milnes; Walter Taussig.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 10. Dorothy Klotzman will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 13.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Puccini's "Tosca." (Tuesday, July 15, at 8; rain date, July 17.)

RIVERSIDE PARK—Frédérique Petrides conducting the first in a series of four West Side Orchestral Concerts, this one with Josef Rabbai, clarinet. (103rd St. Monday, July 14, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the first two in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, July 10, at 8:30, with Maria Spacagna, soprano; and Thursday, July 17, at 8:30, with Mark Shuman, cello. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 9, at 7: Bee Gees and Revelation.... Friday, July 11, at 7: Stanley Turrentine, Gil Scott-Heron, Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band, and Hidden Strength.... Saturday, July 12, at 7: Leo Kottke, John David Souther, and Bert Sommer.... Monday, July 14, at 6:30: Marshall Tucker Band and Grinder Switch.... Wednesday, July 16, at 7: Three Dog Night.... Friday, July 18, at 7: Harry Chapin.... Saturday, July 19, at 7: Melba Moore and Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

GAELIC PARK—Tuesday, July 15, at 7:30: Dave Mason and John David Souther.... Friday, July 18, at 7:30: Chuck Berry, Sha Na Na, and Good Rats. (Broadway at 240th St. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **OKLAHOMA!**, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"Astor Place," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 13, starting at St. Marks In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of conventional and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 p.m., Sundays through Thursdays and Friday, July 11; through July 31. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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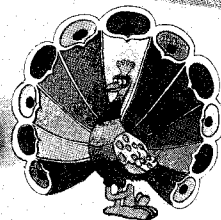
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 15: "The Godfather, Part II."
From July 16: "French Connection II."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 10: "Queen Christina" and "Camille."

July 11-12: "Personal Property" and "Bombshell."

July 13-15: "The Pirate" and "Yolanda and the Thief."

July 16-17: "The Last Laugh" and "The Blue Angel."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 15: "A Brief Vacation" and "Images."

From July 16 (tentative): "Breakout" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 15: "The Three Stooges Follies."

From July 16: "Le Chat."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through July 15: "Amarcord."

From July 16: "The Godfather, Part II."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 15: "French Connection II."
From July 16: "The Man in the Glass Booth."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Jaws."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Return of the Pink Panther."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"Love and Death."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

"Race with the Devil."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

Through July 15: "The Aristocats" and "The Strongest Man in the World."
From July 16: "Bambi" and "The Bears and I."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Nashville."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)

"Saturday Night at the Baths."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

"Cooley High."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

July 9: "Brewster McCloud" and "California Split."

July 10: "The Great Gatsby" and "Room at the Top."

July 11: "The Bed Sitting Room" and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."

July 12: "Lawrence of Arabia" and "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

July 13: "Laughter in the Dark" and "Tom Jones."

July 14: "Darling" and "Midnight Cowboy."

July 15: "Lord of the Flies" and "Marat/Sade."

July 16: "The Music Lovers" and "Billion Dollar Brain."

From July 17: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Junior."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

"The Day of the Locust."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

"Nashville."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"Shampoo."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

"Funny Lady."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

"Love and Death."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

Through July 12: "Le Chat."

From July 13: "Kamouraska."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"The Drowning Pool."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

Through July 15: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

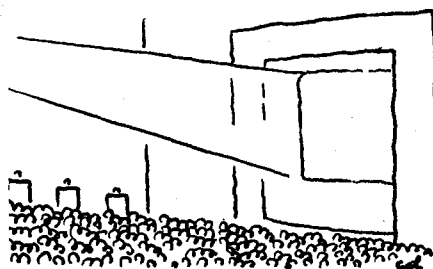
From July 16: "The Eiger Sanction."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

Through July 15: "Night Moves."

From July 16: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

Through July 15: "The French Way."

From July 16: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through July 15: "Race with the Devil."

From July 16: "The Man in the Glass Booth."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"French Connection II."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

"Jaws."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

"Once Is Not Enough."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through July 10: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

From July 11: "Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

"Cooley High."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)

Through July 15: "The Aristocats" and "The Strongest Man in the World."

From July 16: "Bambi" and "The Bears and I."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

July 9: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" and "Pépé le Moko."

July 10: "King Kong" and "Les Visiteurs du Soir."

July 11: "Nosferatu" and "King Kong."

July 12: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Nosferatu."

July 13: "Summertime" and "The Lady Vanishes."

July 14: "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Summertime."

July 15: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Caesar and Cleopatra."

July 16: "Ugetsu" and "Through a Glass Darkly."

July 17: "Two English Girls" and "Ugetsu."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

"Funny Lady."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through July 15: "The Towering Inferno."

From July 16: "Le Chat."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"The Return of the Pink Panther."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Through July 15 at Theatre 2: A Marx Brothers festival, comprising "Animal Crackers," "The Cocoanuts," "Duck Soup," "Horsefeathers," and "Monkey Business," playing in double bills.

Through July 15 at one or another of the three other theatres: "The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / "Shampoo" and "Five Easy Pieces" / "Night Moves" and "Day for Night."

From July 16: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

July 9: "L'Age d'Or," "Le Tempestaire," and "Un Chien Andalou."

July 10: "King of Hearts" and "Harold and Maude."

July 11-14: "Freaks," "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," and "Reefer Madness."

July 13: One performance, at noon, of "Titi-cut Follies."

July 15: "El Topo" and "200 Motels."

July 16: "Sherlock Junior."

July 17: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)

"The World's Young Ballet" and "Prince Igor."

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)

"Earthquake."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

"Benji."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)

"Bite the Bullet."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Rollerball."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

Through July 15: "The Aristocats" and "The Strongest Man in the World."

From July 16: "Bambi" and "The Bears and I."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

Through July 15: "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."

From July 16: "Amarcord" and "Cinderella Liberty."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Tommy."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 9: "City Lights" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

July 10: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Black Holiday."

July 11: "Putney Swope" and "Greaser's Palace."

July 12: "It Happened One Night" and "American Madness."

July 13: "Henry V" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

July 14: "Alphaville" and "Pierrot le Fou."

July 15: "In a Lonely Place" and "Johnny Guitar."

July 16: "Modern Times" and "Long Pants."

July 17: "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Charlotte."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Love and Death."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"The Return of the Pink Panther."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 12: "At the Circus," "Go West," and "The Big Store."

July 13-14: "Camille" and "Gaslight."

July 15-16: "Red Dust" and "Tortilla Flat."

From July 17: "Show Boat" and "Hallelujah!"

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)

"The Towering Inferno."

LOEWS 83RD ST. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

No. 1: "Funny Lady."

No. 2: Through July 10: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

From July 11: "Mandingo."

No. 3: Through July 15: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

From July 16: "The Man in the Glass Booth."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through July 15: "French Connection II."

From July 16: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through July 15: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Paper Moon."

From July 16: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

"The Return of the Pink Panther."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through July 15: "A Brief Vacation" and "The Long Goodbye."

From July 16: "Stavisky" and "The Seduction of Mimi."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 9 at 2: "The Struggle" (1931), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Hal Skelly and Zita Johann. . . July 9 at 5:30: "Whirl

of Life" (1914), directed by Oliver S. Bailey, with Vernon and Irene Castle. . . . July 10 at 5:30: "Point of Order!" (1964), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . July 10 at 8: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . July 11 at 2: "Point of Order!" . . . July 11 at 5:30 and July 12 at noon: "Camille" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. . . . July 12 at 3: "That's Where the Action Is" (1965), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . July 12 at 5:30: "Millhouse: A White Comedy." . . . July 13 at 12:30 and 3: "A Summer to Remember" (1960), in Russian, directed by Georgy Danielia and Igor Talankin, with Sergei

Bondarchuk; English subtitles. . . . July 13 at 5:30 and July 14 at 2: "Rush to Judgment" (1967), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . July 14 at 5:30: "That's Where the Action Is." . . . July 15 at 2: "The White Moth" (1924), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle. . . . July 15 at 5:30: "Lucrezia Borgia" (1933), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Edwige Feuillère; English subtitles. . . . July 16 at 2: "Nixon's Checkers Speech" and "That's Where the Action Is." . . . July 16 at 5:30: "The White Moth." . . . July 17 at 5:30: "America Is Hard to See" (1970), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . July 17 at 8: "Painters Painting" (1972),

directed by Emile de Antonio. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Menken, Kubelka, Markopoulos, Mekas, Ozu, Murnau, Lee, Hanoun, Beavers, Brand, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Méliès, Buñuel, Duras, and others. Showings July 9 at 5, 7, and 9; July 10 at 5 and 9; July 11 at 6, 8, and 10; July 12 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; July 13 at 8; and July 15-17 at 5, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

L'AGE D'OR (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dalí, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Elgin; July 9.)

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

AMARCORD—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/74.) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Gramercy; through July 15. . . . In dubbed English at the Playboy; starting July 16.)

AMERICAN MADNESS (1932)—A topical melodrama of the Depression and bank failure, it's about a run on a bank—and with a twist that is purest Hollywood. The big banker (Walter Huston) is the hero, and it's his lower-echelon employees who are the villains. Frank Capra directed, and Robert Riskin wrote the script. Capra's dramatic use of the bank, where almost all the action is set, is ingenious, and the sequences of the mounting panic and the storming of the bank are effectively staged, but the resolution is the usual Capra-Riskin populist hokum: the small depositors, grateful to Huston for his help in the past, bring in their savings to preserve his bank from ruin. Even this early in his career, Capra often underestimated the audience. In some cities, the picture was *too* topical: in Baltimore it opened the day after a bank panic and closed in forty-eight hours. With Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

THE ARISTOCATS (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 15.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Regency; through July 12.)

BAMBI (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooiier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that the children in the audience identify with him, and when his mother is killed by hunters, small children start to scream and cry. Though it all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Felice, this isn't much help to the upset kids in the audience. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix

Salten novel. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 16.)

THE BEARS AND I—From the Disney studios, with Patrick Wayne and Chief Dan George, directed by Bernard McEveety. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 16.)

THE BED SITTING ROOM (1969)—The ghastly kind of far-out humor that makes you feel as if you've got a pain in your side when you haven't even laughed. Richard Lester directed this apocalyptic after-the-bomb farce. With Michael Hordern, Rita Tushingham, and Ralph Richardson—until he mutates into a bed-sitting room. (D. W. Griffith; July 11.)

BENJI—The title role is played by Higgins, a dog. Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS (1970)—The controversial Russ Meyer film, from Roger Ebert's script. (Elgin; July 11-14.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Regency; through July 12.)

BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN (1967)—Ken Russell's second picture. (The first was "French Dressing," which didn't open here.) It stars a wearily nonchalant Michael Caine, as the seedy spy Harry Palmer, and it was a sequel to "The Ipcress File" and "Funeral in Berlin." Russell finished off the series; he hurled the audience from one crisis to the next, and things went by so fast that the story line got befuddled and nothing at all seemed to be happening. It was the late Françoise Dorléac's last role; though part of the film was shot in Helsinki in winter and she's all bundled up, she looks lovely. The cast includes Oscar Homolka as the Russian Colonel Stok, Karl Malden, Ed Begley, Vladek Scheybal, and some lively Honeywell electronic calculators. (D. W. Griffith; July 16.)

BITE THE BULLET—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Music Hall.)

BLACK HOLIDAY—Directed by Marco Leto. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16-17.)

BOMBSHELL (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star. Also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously, but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11-12.)

BREAKOUT—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 16, tentative.)

BREWSTER MCCLOUD (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian

fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (D. W. Griffith; July 9.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI (1957)—David Lean's big and engrossing Academy Award winner, adapted by Pierre Boulle from his own novel about prisoners of war held in Burma by the Japanese. The film is rather misshapen, particularly in the sections featuring William Holden, and it's difficult to know how we're meant to interpret some of the action. However, Alec Guinness is compelling as the English Colonel Nicholson, a stickler for rules who courageously defies the Japanese by legalistic means, and then goes haywire and restores morale among the men in the prison camp by putting them to work building a bridge for their captors. With Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Hawkins, and James Donald. Filmed in Ceylon. (D. W. Griffith; July 12.)

A BRIEF VACATION—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a resentful, beaten-down factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through July 15.)

BROKEN BLOSSOMS (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but perhaps his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 14-15.)

CALIFORNIA SPLIT—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (D. W. Griffith; July 9.)

CAMILLE (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest.

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

How there came to be only one telephone company in town.

"In many cities of the United States, and in rural communities as well, there are dual and competing telephone systems, doing both local and long-distance business... Patrons of these telephone systems are put to endless annoyance and increased expense. In order to reach all the people using telephones, the telephone patron finds he must install two telephones in his house and office... Double systems of cables, wires and conduits burden the streets and highways."

—Report of the House of Representatives Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, 67th Congress (1921)

When Alexander Graham Bell's telephone patents expired in 1893 and 1894, new telephone companies sprang up almost overnight. The accepted way of organizing communications was to have the "dual and competing telephone systems" cited in the Congressional report.

"Call us. We're on the Bell," was a frequent invitation in those days, to friends or customers. Central, the voice of "Number, please?," spent a lot of time explaining

"Number please."



to customers that the number wanted was on the town's other telephone system. And each month there were two telephone bills to pay.

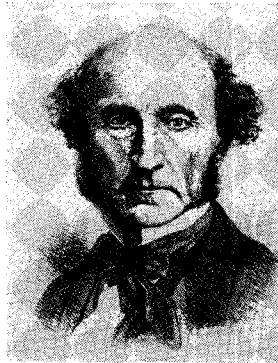
A solution to the problem had been worked out long before by John Stuart Mill.

In 1847 Mill had studied the situation of two other new industries that supplied water and gas through pipes to the homes and businesses of London:

"It is obvious, for example, how great an economy of labour would be obtained if London were supplied by a single gas or water company instead of the existing plurality. While there are even as many as two, this implies double establishments of all sorts, when only one, with a small increase, could probably perform the whole operation equally well; double sets of machinery and works, when the whole of the gas and water required could generally be produced by one set only; even double sets of pipes, if the companies did not prevent this needless expense by agreeing upon a division of the territory. Were there only one establishment, it could make lower charges, consistently with obtaining the rate of profit now realized."

Such a consolidation, Mill saw, was clearly in the public interest. The concept of a “public utility” was reinforced.

When Edison’s electric light superseded illuminating gas, the parallel was obvious. It was not quite so obvious for the telephone.



John Stuart Mill

It was not hard to see that the public benefited from having water piped into homes. But while some viewed the telephone companies as providing a similar vital service, others regarded them as being more akin to manufacturers selling ingenious machines in the luxury class. When only a few people had telephones, one observer called them “electric toys.” Should Bell’s invention be compared with Edison’s new electric light, or was it more like his phonograph? As the proportion of homes and businesses with telephones grew, the usefulness of the telephone increased greatly.

Then there was the matter of geographic area served. An exclusive franchise for a specified area is a natural corollary of Mill’s concept of a public utility. And exclusiveness was a troublesome subject.

When two or more rivals supply a similar service, competition keeps each up

to the mark, or else some eventually lose customers and go out of business. If in the public interest, government removes that rivalry by granting exclusive franchises, then government must provide the mechanisms for preventing arbitrary or excessive charges or unreasonable or discriminatory regulations.

The doctrine of public regulation of privately owned resources has its roots in Roman law and the tenet of *justum pretium* —“just price.” English common law provided a rationale for regulation. In an essay on rates for wharf services, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, established in 1670 the criterion that private industries “affected with a public interest” may be regulated by the public:

“If the King or subject have a public wharf unto which all persons that come to that port must come and unload their goods...because they are the only wharfs licensed by the King. ...or because there is no other wharf in that port...there cannot be taken arbitrary and excessive duties...but the duties must be reasonable and moderate....For now the wharf and crane and other conveniences are affected with a public interest.”

Various municipal boards did undertake to control the quality of service provided by water, gas and electric companies, usually through periodic reviews of franchises granted. It was no easy task. For quality of service leads quickly to questions of cost: good service for the price charged;

equal prices for all customers for services of a similar nature, so that no one is discriminated against; adequate service capacity so that anyone able to pay for the service can have it.

Local officials had their hands full regulating the three industries already mentioned (water, gas, electricity). They were not eager to take on the responsibility of regulating the telephone business. And so redundant companies continued to exist in many towns. Confusion multiplied geometrically as the companies strung long distance lines to connect various cities.



Theodore N. Vail

Soon after he was elected A.T.&T. President in 1907, Vail enunciated the goal: "One policy, one system, universal service." He saw that the future of the business depended on having one unified telephone service for the entire nation—a service that every family and business could enjoy. That meant ending duplicate telephone companies, replacing them with exclusive telephone franchises. In other words, Vail understood that it was not enough for the nation to have telephone companies. What was needed—and what he sought to create—was a *telephone system*. Vail saw, too, that the very "exclusivity" of the franchises invited—

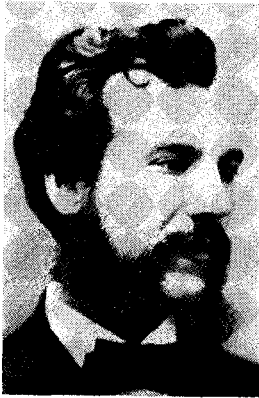
indeed, demanded—regulation by officials elected or supported by the public to protect the public interest.

Vail thus agreed with the efforts of Gov. Charles Evans Hughes of New York and Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, who were working to persuade state legislatures to try a new approach to regulation through state utility commissions—responsive to the public at the state level—as best serving the public interest.

The state commissions, supported by public desire for efficient regulation, worked. Most public utilities came to be regulated on a statewide basis, and a framework of efficient regulation was set.

Vail recognized, however, that national regulation also was a necessary complement to state regulation, particularly since one company—A.T.&T.—was chiefly responsible for interconnecting the individual telephone companies into a telephone system.

As noted earlier, regulation of telephone companies already had begun to develop at the state level. But on the national level—for telephone lines and services crossing state boundaries—there was no federal counterpart to the state regulatory commissions, although telegraph companies had been regulated to some extent by the Postmaster General and the Interstate Commerce Commission under statutes dating back to the 19th century.



Alexander Graham Bell

The first effort at comprehensive federal regulation came in the Mann-Elkins Act of 1910, amending the Interstate Commerce Act. Telephone, telegraph and cable companies were declared to be common carriers subject to ICC regulation.

Federal regulation took a new turn in 1934 with the passage by Congress of the Communications Act, which established the Federal Communications Commission. The intent of Congress—as it had been the intent of both Bell and Vail—is outlined in Section I of the Communications Act:

“For the purpose of regulating interstate and foreign communications by wire and radio so as to make available, so far as possible, to all the people of the United States a rapid, efficient, nationwide and

worldwide wire and radio communication service with adequate facilities at reasonable charges....”

Almost alone among the nations of the world, then, this country entrusted the development and operation of its communications resources to private enterprise. It endowed companies with the rights and responsibilities of common carriers, each solely privileged to purvey its services within its territory but all in turn strictly accountable through state and national regulation to the public they serve.

Has it worked?

In 1968, President Johnson’s Task Force on Communications Policy concluded, “It can be truly said that the United States has the finest telephone system in the world.”

That kind of service didn’t just happen. It was planned that way, right from the start.

One Bell System. It works.



Bell System

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 10....

Regency; July 13-14.)

CHARLOTTE—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

LE CHAT—The futility and sorrowfully malevolent invention possessed by this hermetic couple—played by Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret—are chronic and consuming. Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (68th St. Playhouse; through July 12....

Cinema Village, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting July 16.)

UN CHIEN ANDALOU (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dalí's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dalí as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Elgin; July 9.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Playboy; starting July 16.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

CLAUDINE (1974)—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll), with six children, is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Playboy; through July 15.)

CLEOPATRA JONES AND THE CASINO OF GOLD—With Tamara Dobson and Stella Stevens, directed by Chuck Bail. (86th St. East; starting July 11.)

COOLEY HIGH—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

DARLING (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (D. W. Griffith; July 14.)

DAY FOR NIGHT (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Quad Cinema; through July 15.)

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist, Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

THE DROWNING POOL—A poor film, apart from a

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climactic water problem in a hydrotherapy chamber, and apart from the talents, quizicality, and technical grace together of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. They have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth that still so often comes up in Westerns, heroin-smuggling stories, thrillers, tales of vigilantes, whatever. (6/30/75) (Loews Tower East.)

EARTHQUAKE—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it's entertaining—a marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Genevieve Bujold. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

THE EIGER SANCTION—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (72nd Street East; starting July 16.)

FIVE EASY PIECES (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Quad Cinema; through July 15.)

THE FORTUNE—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

FREAKS (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naive, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Elgin; July 11-14.)

FRENCH CONNECTION II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (U.A. East... Murray Hill, and New Yorker; through July 15.... Art; starting July 16.)

THE FRENCH WAY—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel De-

ville. In French. Formerly called "Love at the Top." (Juliet 2; through July 15.)

FUNNY LADY—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppy edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Columbia 11, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM (1966)—Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern rush pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus. The style of the director, Richard Lester, is at war with the material; he appears to think it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of great clowns singing a duet, so he distracts us with his short-term camera magic—all fits and starts. He trashes the performers, even old Buster Keaton. There's still some of the show left (for example, a satirical song by Leon Greene), but for an audience that loves musicals the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. (D. W. Griffith; July 11.)

GASLIGHT (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won an Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-age Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Regency; July 13-14.)

THE GODFATHER, PART II—Far more complexly beautiful than the first film. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (12/23/74) (Art; through July 15.... Gramercy; starting July 16.)

GO WEST (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed, and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Regency; through July 12.)

GREASER'S PALACE (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

THE GREAT GATSBY (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton, with Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (D. W. Griffith; July 10.)

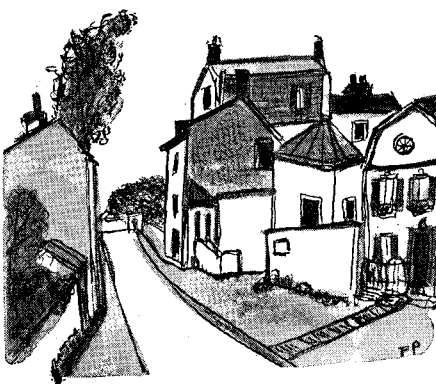
HALLELUJAH! (1929)—The first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood, and inevitably highly controversial. The story, about a country man and a bad woman, involves church meetings and the singing of spirituals and a chase across a swamp, and the attitudes are certain to offend many, but King Vidor directed, and there are impressive sequences. With Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; songs by Irving Berlin. (Regency; starting July 17.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Elgin; July 10.)

HARRY & TONTO—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them, he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Playboy; through July 15.)

HENRY V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—"Mur-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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der, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith; starting July 17.)

IMAGES (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 15.)

IN A LONELY PLACE (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but basically pointless murder melodrama, directed by Nicholas Ray. Steele is suspected by the police of having killed a hat-check girl after inviting her to his quarters to grill her about a book she happens to have read. (He is supposed to adapt this book to the screen, and he wants to save himself the trouble of reading it.) He's in love with Gloria Grahame, whom he almost kills in a fit of jealousy, so she naturally thinks that he did the other girl in. Ray doesn't seem to have a budget or any ideas to work with; he keeps the thing going, but the writing is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

JAWS—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

JOHNNY GUITAR (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. Enjoyable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

KAMOURASKA—With Genevieve Bujold and Richard Jordan, directed by Claude Jutra. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting July 13.)

KING KONG (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10-11.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 10 and 17.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film debut); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty.

With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 12-13.)

THE LAST LAUGH (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16-17.)

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK (1969)—Nicol Williamson, the great young English actor, plays the blinded rich man of Nabokov's novel, plagued by an evilly prankish couple (Anna Karina and Jean-Claude Drouot). Directed by Tony Richardson. A witty, fluid, harrowing film, with a moving hero. (D. W. Griffith; July 13.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (D. W. Griffith; July 12.)

THE LONG GOODBYE (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Olympia; through July 15.)

LONG PANTS (1927)—This Harry Langdon comedy, directed by Frank Capra, wasn't the box-office hit that "The Strong Man" of the year before had been, and it has its dull side, but it's a well-made, close-knit picture, with several inventive sequences. Langdon, with his futile gestures, is a perplexing mixture of the infantile and the effete. Here, he plays a meek, dim-witted small-town boy who yearns for romance and gets it with his first pair of long pants. When he first sees the scheming dame he falls for, she's sitting in an open car, and he circles around her on his bicycle, helplessly infatuated and trying to impress her by his prowess. He abandons his steady girl and follows this villainess to the city. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

LORD OF THE FLIES (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, crackling pace. (D. W. Griffith; July 15.)

LOVE AND DEATH—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

MANDINGO—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, Brenda Sykes, Richard Ward, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Loews 83rd St.; starting July 11.)

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series, now on a regular theatrical run. (Murray Hill, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.; starting July 16.)

MARAT/SADE (1967)—A movie of a play inside

a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (D. W. Griffith; July 15.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (D. W. Griffith; July 14.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Plaza.)

MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Symphony; through July 15.)

THE MUSIC LOVERS (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (D. W. Griffith; July 16.)

NASHVILLE—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

NIGHT MOVES—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/75) (Juliet I, and Quad Cinema; through July 15.)

NOSFERATU (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's movie-going subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed; Murnau gave distinction to dress. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 11-12.)

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Loews Ciné.)

PAPER MOON (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Symphony; through July 15.)

THE PASSENGER—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 15.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKE (1936)—Superb entertainment. A

classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all French films, yet seen by few Americans, because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 9.)

PERSONAL PROPERTY (1937)—H. M. Harwood's comedy "The Man in Possession" was pleasant enough in the 1931 movie version, starring Robert Montgomery, but this one, starring Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, is a dud, despite the efforts of Una O'Connor, Reginald Owen, E. E. Cline, and Cora Witherspoon. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11-12.)

PIERROT LE FOU (1965)—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina, directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

THE PIRATE (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13-15.)

PRINCE IGOR (1972)—Performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Bijou.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Loews 83rd St.; through July 10.)

PUTNEY SWOPE (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

QUEEN CHRISTINA (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 10.)

RACE WITH THE DEVIL—With Peter Fonda, Loretta Swit, and Warren Oates, directed by Jack Starrett. (Trans-Lux East. . . Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 15.)

RED DUST (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Regency; July 15-16.)

THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd St.; through July 15.)

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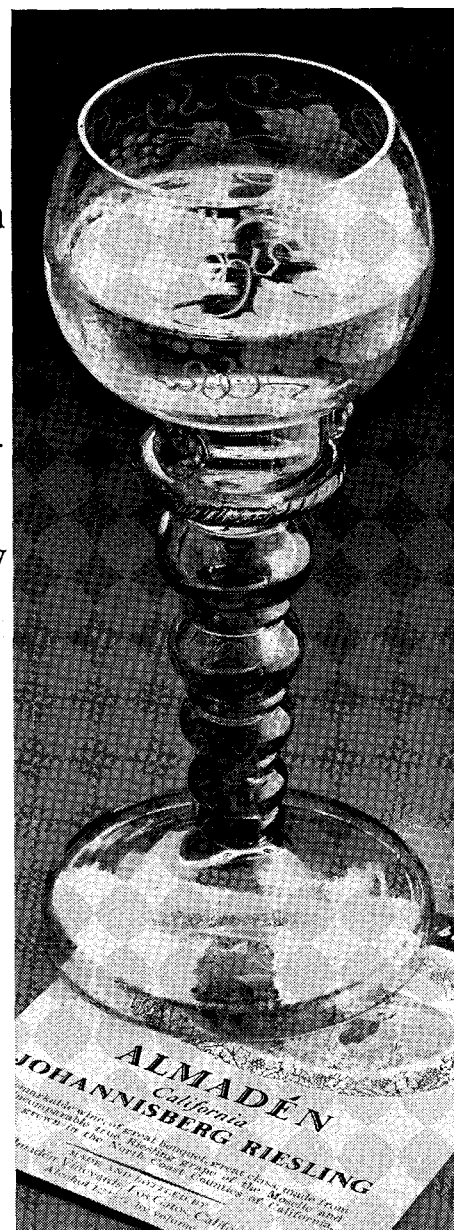
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia. . . \$86th St. East; through July 10.)

ROLLERBALL—Norman Jewison's clamorously unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in properly to the rules of the mythically curative game is quite an omission, considering this can only count as a sports film and not remotely as prophetic. (7/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

ROOM AT THE TOP (1958)—Jack Clayton's capable, intelligent version of the John Braine novel was one of the breakthrough English films of the late fifties that got out of the studios and into modern England. Laurence Harvey is the social and economic climber who sacrifices Simone Signoret on the way up; their extraordinarily convincing scenes together are among the best love scenes in movies. (D. W. Griffith; July 10.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE BATHS—With Robert Aberdeen, directed by David Buckley. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Olympia; starting July 16.)

SHAMPOO—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Columbia 1. . . \$ Quad Cinema; through July 15.)

SHERLOCK JUNIOR (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a marvelously imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Elgin; July 16. . . \$ D. W. Griffith; starting July 17.)

SHOW BOAT (1951)—Patently manufactured (by M-G-M) and embarrassingly lacking in innocence. The most lavish and least convincing of the three movie versions of Edna Ferber's novel, with the singing valentine Kathryn Grayson mangling the Jerome Kern songs (in the role Laura La Plante had played in 1929 and Irene Dunne in 1936). Marge and Gower Champion come through with some lively dancing, but almost everyone else sinks. Howard Keel is too good for what he's given to do, Ava Gardner (at her most beautiful as Julie) looks as if she's dying to parody her lines, and Joe E. Brown is allowed only one brief dance. With William Warfield, and a shameful performance by the miscast Agnes Moorehead. George Sidney directed. (Regency; starting July 17.)

STAVISKY—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais

directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Olympia; starting July 16.)

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD—From the Disney studios, with Kurt Russell and Phil Silvers, directed by Vincent McEveety. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 15.)

SUMMERTIME (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo;" with Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 13-14.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Giliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through July 15.)

LE TEMPESTAIRE (1947)—Directed by Jean Epstein. Twenty-three minutes long. In French. (Elgin; July 9.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Elgin; July 17.)

THE THREE STOOGES FOLLIES—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Cinema Village; through July 15.)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 15-16.)

TITICUT FOLLIES (1967)—Fred Wiseman's first documentary, set in the state hospital for the criminally insane at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, is crude in technique, but it is a revealing (and shocking) piece of visual muck-raking. (Elgin; July 13, one performance, at noon.)

TOM JONES (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (D. W. Griffith; July 13.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Little Carnegie.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alejandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; July 15.)

TORTILLA FLAT (1942)—A good-natured and engaging minor novel by Steinbeck, turned into a good-natured and engaging (though corny and quaint and picturesque) film at M-G-M. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Frank Morgan, and an unusually animated Hedy Lamarr are among the wine-drinking *paisanos* of Monterey, California. Tracy is a bit too masterfully broad-shouldered, and there's more than enough of Morgan's saintly delusions (he has a vision of St. Francis of Assisi and rounds up the stray dogs of the locality), but the pic-

ture has considerable charm. It says something about M-G-M's attitude toward *paisanos* that it was made in sepia; Victor Fleming directed. (Regency; July 15-16.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Embassy 72nd St. ... 8th St. Playhouse; through July 15.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP (1926)—Harry Langdon's first full-length comedy. Not quite the picture that his second, "The Strong Man," is, but the restrained slapstick is charming. In this one, he enters a footrace across the continent and gets caught in a chain gang and a cyclone before winning. Harry Edwards directed, with Frank Capra on the script. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 17.)

200 MOTELS (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; July 15.)

UGESU (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 16-17.)

LES VISITEURS DU SOIR (1942; American title, "The Devil's Envoys")—A romance based on a French legend: "And so in the beautiful month of May, 1485, the Devil sent on earth two of his creatures in order to drive the human beings to despair." The director, Marcel Carné, and the writers, Jacques Prévert and Pierre Laroche, intended a magical and seductive film poem, and they certainly had the cast for it—Arletty, with her incomparably lustrous eyes, Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny (who in his youth, unfortunately, looked like a wooden Indian). But it turns allegorical and becomes rather slow and overstylized. Perhaps the sentiments (the Devil himself is unable to corrupt true lovers) are a little too fragrant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 9-10.)

WAY DOWN EAST (1920)—The plot is Victorian, but the treatment is inspired. D. W. Griffith took a creaking, dated stage melodrama and turned it into a melodramatic epic. Lillian Gish is the girl betrayed by Lowell Sherman and eventually rescued from an icy river by Richard Barthelmess. Audiences giggle at bits here and there, but not at the sequence in which she refuses to part from her dead baby. Griffith stole from Thomas Hardy, but he stole beautifully. One of Griffith's greatest box-office successes, and a film that influenced several Russian epics. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

THE WORLD'S YOUNG BALLET—A film of the international ballet competition held in Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre a few years ago. (Bijou.)

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque M-G-M musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what the director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. It's the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody, it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. Yolanda's bathroom has cascading fountains, and the ballets, staged by Eugene Loring and costumed by Sharriff at her maddest, include such decorator delights as laundresses washing linen in a pool of gold coins. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, and Mary Nash. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13-15.)

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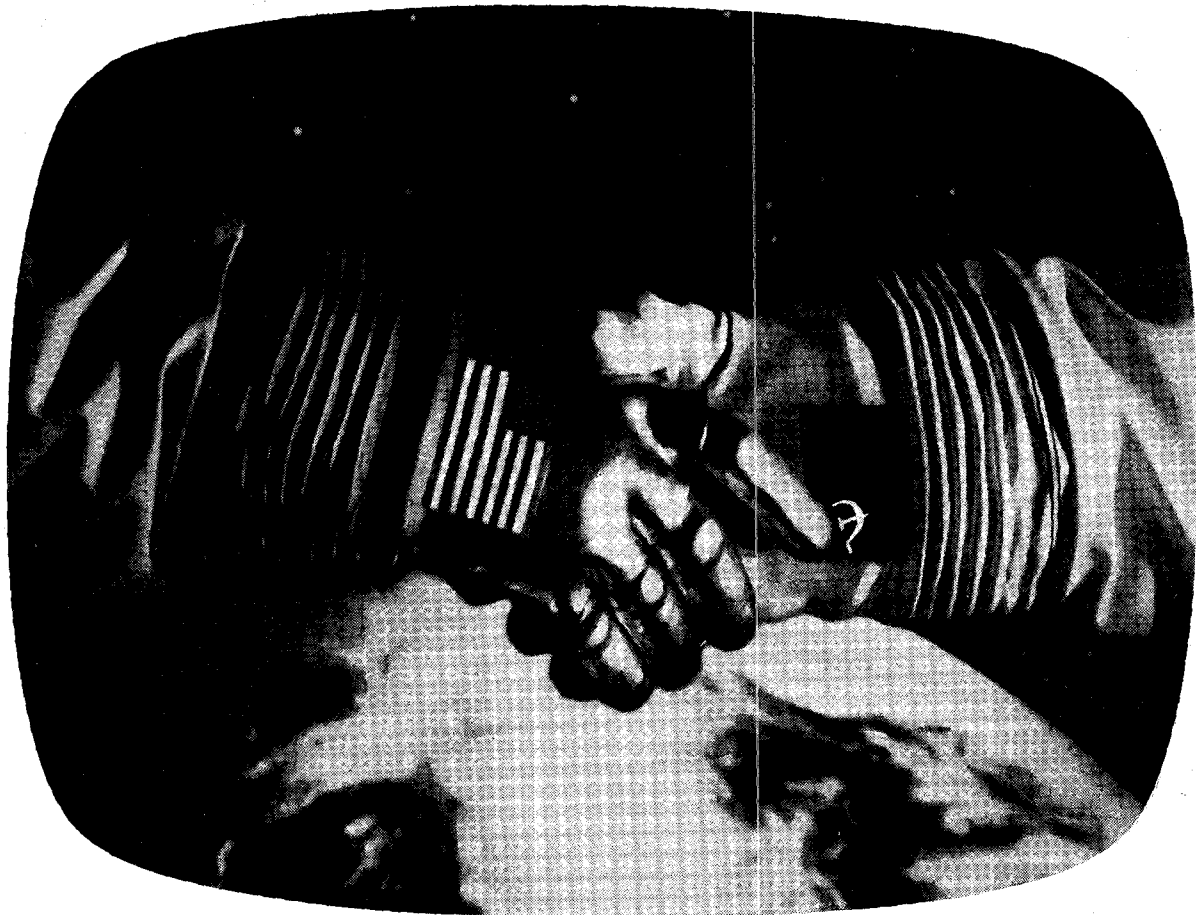
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN India became independent, in 1947, it had no tradition of parliamentary democracy, of general elections, of civil liberties. Even the tradition of "maintaining law and order" and the independent judiciary to insure it were not indigenous; before the establishment of the British Raj, in 1858, anarchy and despotism had been pervasive. In fact, the most abiding tradition was that of an authoritarian, arbitrary government, personified as Ma-Bap (or Mother-Father), but Ma-Bap was more feared than loved, more remote and awesome than personal and indulgent; the only experience most subjects had of Ma-Bap was in terms of persecutions, exactions, and confiscations. After independence, India managed to establish "the world's largest democracy." This democracy had no parallel in the size and diversity of its electorate, in the noble expression of sentiments in its Constitution, in its attempt to adapt all that was best in the English parliamentary experience and the French and American revolutionary experience. Even if the workings of this democracy proved inefficient and cumbersome, and often had more to do with bread and circuses than with good government, the fact that democracy existed in India in any form at all was a cause for wonder everywhere, since most of India's people were unlettered and poor—could not even vote without the help of party ideographs, and were worried primarily about having food in their stomachs rather than about enjoying their civil liberties.

With some justification, critics denounced the Indian democracy from its very inception as a "bourgeois democracy," whose main beneficiaries were the few well-to-do; as an "alien institution," which only thinly masked an essentially rigid, caste-ridden society underneath; as a "constitutional pipe dream," which existed only on paper;

as a "fraud," perpetuated by the worst political corruption the world had ever seen; as a "tissue of lies," which would not survive the test of history. Nevertheless, for almost twenty-eight years that Indian democracy succeeded in providing necessary, if fragile, restraints on the exercise of naked power. And in a country in which the majority of the people are utterly destitute and helpless the most important function of government may well be to provide such restraints—to protect its people from unrestricted harassment and exploitation. Self-restraint, discipline, and high-mindedness in political life were among Mahatma Gandhi's greatest legacies, and because Indian leaders coming after him had his inspiring example to guide them, they showed such restraint in the exercise of their power that up until recently Indian democracy was indeed a miracle. In the last fortnight, however, Indira Gandhi has abandoned the self-restraint she had previously shown, and so, in one stroke, put in jeopardy whatever restraints had taken root in Indian democracy. Since there were no entrenched democratic traditions and institutions in India, she was able to carry out her coup with alarming ease. Her impulse may have been selfish—to stay in office at all costs; arrogant—stemming from a belief that she alone could lead India; calculating—to gain some time for coping with her political woes; panicky—to quickly immobilize the opposition for fear it would overtake her;

cynical—to capitalize on the weaknesses of Indian democracy; narcissistic—to identify her destiny with India's, as in the slogan of her new regime, "India is Indira and Indira is India;" or disinterested, as she claims—to save Indian democracy from its enemies. Whatever the impulse, in acting upon it she may have destroyed for good those delicate restraints on the exercise of naked power which had effectively kept all the enemies of Indian democracy, from Maoist Marxists to Hindu Fascists, at bay. By her police actions, she has made it possible for politicians, much more ruthless and power-hungry than she may be, one day to dislodge her and perpetrate abuses of power so far unimagined. She has locked up her opposition, but she has released a political weapon every bit as potent and destructive as the atomic "device" that India successfully exploded in May of last year. If she does not find a way to reverse her actions, in time to come her greatest legacy to independent India may turn out to be this newer and more subtle weapon.

Family Story

THOMAS BOYLSTON ADAMS, a sixth-generation descendant of John Adams, the second President of the United States, looks very much like a historian, which he is. He is, in fact, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society and, as an Adams, well qualified to pass judgment on the merits of "The Adams Chronicles," public television's great Bicentennial undertaking, now being taped in Adams House, a WNET/13 studio on West Fifty-fourth Street. The producers of the "Chronicles," which will include thirteen episodes and recount a hundred and fifty years of Adams-family history, invited friends and the press over to Adams House one day recently to tour the premises and to hear a



round of encouraging words from the people who are working on the series and putting up the money for it. On hand were Thomas Boylston Adams, some Harvard people, a few foundation people, and some television executives, actors, actresses, and technical experts—altogether, a mixed gathering of Adams-family admirers.

There was a forty-five-minute speechmaking session on the set of Carpenters' Hall, the Philadelphia site of the first Continental Congress, and through it all Thomas Adams, dressed in a blue pinstripe suit, blue shirt, and blue-and-red striped lopsided bow tie, sat looking stern and perturbed. When his turn came to speak, however, he made it clear that he was pleased with the undertaking but miserably hot because of the studio's spotlights.

Mr. Adams seemed much happier later on, when Sherman Yellen, one of the series' eight playwrights, complimented him on his choice of bow ties.

"Isn't this just about the finest tie you've ever seen?" asked Mr. Adams as they stood on the set of Braintree, Massachusetts, the first home of John and Abigail Adams.

"Yes, I have to agree. That is the finest tie I've ever seen," said Mr. Yellen.

Everyone—show-biz people and scholarly people alike—seemed to be on his best behavior. As we spoke to Ed Wittstein, the production designer, who explained that the Braintree and other eighteenth-century sets would give way to the Civil War, the palaces of St. Petersburg, and the Court of St. James's, we were joined by Mary-Jo Kline, associate editor of the Adams Papers at the Massachusetts Historical Society. She said, "Excuse me, Mr. Wittstein, but I just want you to know that, much as we occasionally become frustrated with some of the questions from your staff, we *do* appreciate your passion for accuracy." Mr. Wittstein smiled.

Standing near a bed that during the day's taping had been occupied by two of John Quincy Adams' children, we met Rodman Flender, one of two actors who play the part of Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy and father of Henry. In Rodman's portrayal, Charles Francis ages from ten to thirteen years, and Rodman celebrated his own thirteenth birthday the day he began rehearsing his part in Episode 8. He's a seasoned but not jaded veteran of the stage and screen. "I've done commercials and plays," he said. "I like doing plays a lot, because I enjoy having an audience watch me, but I also enjoy television.

I guess I'm just happy being an actor."

We asked Rodman what goes on in Episode 8.

"There's a lot of political stuff," he replied.

Rodman invited us to tag along on a tour guided by Sandy Hacker, a theatrical electrician, who took us inside the Braintree set for a closeup view of how "The Adams Chronicles" tries to duplicate precisely the details of the Adams family home in the original Braintree. The kitchen hearth, for example, was constructed of suitably blackened bricks, and it seemed to contain all the proper Colonial appurtenances—a bread warmer, an ash dump, adjustable tines for hanging cooking utensils over the fire, cast-iron pots and griddles—plus a convenience that the Colonials missed out on: a propane-gas fire with stone logs. There were also real live onions and potatoes on the set, fresh from the day's taping. We don't know what the vegetables cost, but we can be sure the prices were not as low as those we saw on a sales receipt on the Boston-tavern set: three crocks of honey for thirteen cents, two blocks of salt for four cents, five goose eggs for two cents, and a bucket of milk for two cents.

As Rodman stood in the Braintree kitchen, a man came up to him and said, "I'm you, older." This turned out to be Thomas Stewart, the actor who in Episodes 8, 9, and 10 plays Charles Francis Adams from ages eighteen to thirty-seven. They discussed Charles Francis's transformation from boyhood to manhood.

"What was he really like as a young boy?" we asked.

"I haven't read that much about him," said Rodman, "but I suspect that he was a lot like Brando. You know, he had a great crush on his cousin Mary Catherine Hellen. I play this great scene where Charles and Mary Catherine rendezvous in a closet. A

green closet, actually. He's madly in love with her."

"I don't know that I'd say 'madly in love,'" said Mr. Stewart. "'Deep crush' comes closer to it. The fact is that Mary Catherine flirted with Charles and both of his brothers. She was engaged to his brother George Washington Adams and then married his other brother, John Adams II."

"It's still a nice scene in the closet," said Rodman.

Rodman then went to talk with his mother, and we accompanied Mr. Stewart across the room, where he introduced himself to Leora Dana, who plays Abigail Adams in her older years.

"Hello. You're my grandmother," Mr. Stewart said to her.

"Oh, so I am," said Miss Dana. "This is really so nice to meet all of the other actresses and actors this way. Not at all like Hollywood. There you meet someone in the morning and you're doing a love scene by lunch. Anyway, there are no love scenes here."

"Actually, though, Charles Francis *was* well liked by his grandmother," Mr. Stewart said, smiling. "He published Abigail Adams' letters, and she seems to have doted on him a bit."

"There is *love*," Miss Dana answered, "and there are *kinds* of love."

Mr. Stewart then said that he had to be going. "I'll be seeing you. When do we first work together?"

"Episode 8," she said.

"All right, see you in 8."

"Oh, I just remembered," said Miss Dana. "I die in 8."

Two-Fisted Carpenters

SMART carpenters in New York keep an Omark 721 Powder Actuated Fastening Tool within close reach. The Model 721 simplifies considerably the various dry-wall fastening tasks with which carpenters are increasingly concerned, and reduces toward zero the chance that they will ever have to employ a conventional hammer or a conventional nail. The Omark 721 Powder Actuated Fastening Tool resembles a handgun. It has a long barrel, a trigger, and a power load, and in operation it accommodates a number of two-fisted gestures. Ejecting the used charge, for instance. After one has pressed the fastening tool against the dry wall, pulled the trigger, and sent the fastener into the wall, one snaps the barrel downward to eject the power load. One feels the whole heft of the fastening tool pulling against one's arm, the tool's chamber opens, and the used power load—symbol of a successfully completed task—is ejected.





"For heaven's sake! Get a grip on yourself and go to sleep!"

Very satisfying—and not achievable with a hammer. The loading process, which involves placing the fastener in the tip of the tool's barrel and the power load in the chamber, has its fascination, too, and, of course, the firing of the fastener into the wall is at the center of the fastening experience, but the casual gesture with which a two-fisted carpenter swings the barrel of his Powder Actuated Fastening Tool downward to eject the used cartridge has a special grace.

Since our interest in Powder Actuated Fastening Tools began to grow, we have kept near us a copy of the "Powder Actuated Fastening Systems Basic Training Manual," which is distributed by the Powder Actuated Tool Manufacturers' Institute. This useful booklet includes a quiz. We reproduce Question 11:

11. Which of the following is not a

cause of spall when fastening into masonry:

- (a) Fastener compression of the masonry.
- (b) Fastener striking surface aggregate.
- (c) Over-penetration due to excessive power.
- (d) Driving fastener through a disc.

From our careful reading of the booklet, we can say that "spall" (breaking of the masonry on the surface around the fastener shank) is not caused but, rather, remedied by driving the fastener through a disc, so the answer to Question 11 is (d).

"It's a lot easier than p-toom, p-toom, p-toom with the old hammer," says Raymond Schillberg, of Orbit Drywall, Inc., which uses the Omark 721 Powder Actuated Fastening Tool. Raymond Schillberg is a very pleasant young man in his thirties, with long blond hair, and he has been working

for Orbit for about ten years. During those ten years, he has hardly ever worked with a hammer, and he has absolutely never worked with wood. "People say, 'Oh, you're a carpenter—that's great. All that nice wood. All those nice *grains*.' But I wouldn't even know about a piece of wood. I'd have to call up my friend Paul. I have a friend named Paul Galante, who does a lot with wood." What Raymond Schillberg does work a lot with is a plasterboard called Sheetrock. Sometimes he works in new buildings ("There was a time when all we did was day-care centers. Nothing but day-care centers. I really got tired of day-care centers"), and sometimes he works on renovations. When we saw him last, he was supervising the work Orbit Drywall was doing at the old Hotel Kimberly, on West Seventy-fourth Street. In large, Orbit Drywall

and Raymond Schillberg were striving to turn the old Hotel Kimberly into the Lincoln Square Home for Adults. Day to day, they were putting up Sheetrock.

"Sometimes we fur and sometimes we stud," Schillberg told us. "When you fur, you put up metal strips on the existing wall, then you fasten the Sheetrock to the metal strips. When you stud, you put up a whole frame of metal studs over the existing wall, and then you're not affected by the condition of the old wall at all." A room shrinks during a dry-wall renovation, because the old wall is not replaced but built over. Sometimes in a bathroom the shrinkage is severe and results in tiny bathtubs and midget basins. Moreover, the new walls are not really *sturdy*. All this is regrettable but can't be helped, Schillberg

told us, because the economics of renovation depends on speed. This is where the Omark 721 comes in. We watched him load his Powder Actuated Fastening Tool and fire it into a piece of Sheetrock. He worked very quickly.

Leaving Motown

ONE minor musical motif we follow involves talented people who announce that they intend to "leave Motown," the Detroit record company that superintended the most popular black music of the sixties. So far, The Spinners have left Motown and have had a great success; Gladys Knight and The Pips have left Motown and have had a great success; Martha Reeves has left Motown and has granted interviews. Motown producers

like Lamont Dozier have left Motown; the management of Motown has left Motown (that is, Detroit); and there is no longer any trace in popular music of Motown's regional idiosyncrasy or much evidence of the company's former musical hegemony. Diana Ross, The Temptations, and The Miracles (all of whom remain on the label) have for the record-buying public an interest that is at least partly reminiscent; only Stevie Wonder and The Jackson Five, the last classic Motown act to develop, have continued with undiminished vitality, and last week, in an atmosphere that was—well, businesslike, the Jackson family announced that they had signed a contract with Epic Records (a subsidiary of CBS) and would leave Motown.

The Jackson family announced their decision to leave Motown at a press conference in the Rainbow Grill. For the conference, ten high-backed black chairs were arranged behind a long, narrow table on a dais; dozens of other high-backed black chairs were arranged to face the dais. Taken one by one, the black chairs resembled the chairs found in medium-priced dinette sets; massed together, they lent the room a sober quality such as one might find at the United Nations—at meetings of, say, the Trusteeship Council. Susan Blond, who works for Epic, selected the music that played while the press assembled. "I put on three Jackson Five, three LaBelle, three Jackson Five, three Harold Melvin and The Blue Notes—like that," she told us as we sat in one of the high-backed black chairs. "I can tell this is a Jackson Five song playing now, because I know it isn't LaBelle."

Eleven members of the Jackson family entered the Rainbow Grill and mounted the dais. Ten members of the Jackson family sat in the black high-backed chairs. One member of the Jackson family, Stacy, sat in the lap of her mother, Maureen, the oldest Jackson daughter. At the end of the dais, stage right, sat Joe Jackson, father of the family and manager of the group. He was dressed in a slick black suit. Ranged down the table were Jackie (green jacket, twenty-four years old), Tito (brown jacket, twenty-one years old), Marlon (white leisure jacket, seventeen years old), and Michael (black velvet jacket, plaid vest, sixteen years old). Not present was Jermaine Jackson (twenty years old), who is married to Hazel Joy Gordy (daughter of Berry Gordy, chairman of the board of Motown Records), and who has not yet decided to leave Motown.



"A final question. Would you put your money where your mouth is?"

"There are a lot of little ones," Susan Blond remarked to us.

"But do they make up for Jermaine?" asked a young woman behind us.

A reporter asked the Jackson family why they had decided to leave Motown.

"We left Motown because we look forward to selling a lot of albums," Tito Jackson answered.

"Motown sells a lot of singles. Epic sells a lot of albums," Mr. Jackson added.

A reporter asked Michael Jackson, who is really the star of the group, how he thought the move would affect him.

"I'm sure the promotion will be stronger," Michael Jackson said.

A reporter asked Mr. Jackson how the move would affect the Jacksons' relationship with Berry Gordy.

Mr. Jackson smiled. "You take it as it comes," he said.

Tito and Jackie Jackson looked as self-confident as their father, although they didn't manage to be quite as elusive. Michael looked very shy. Stacy, in her mother's lap, put her face in a glass of ice water. Mr. Jackson said he was very happy to be at CBS, because "everything is possible" at CBS. Michael Jackson said he thought the family would be going after an older audience and might, in their Las Vegas show, do some nostalgia, "so the older people can remember their younger days." Mr. Jackson said he was confident that Jermaine would rejoin the group. "Under his conditions, it'll take a while," Mr. Jackson said. No Jackson said anything sentimental. No Jackson said anything to indicate that there had been anything in the Motown ethic which couldn't be reproduced at will at CBS. No Jackson really explained why their contract with CBS is being announced now, even though they remain under contract to Motown until March, 1976.

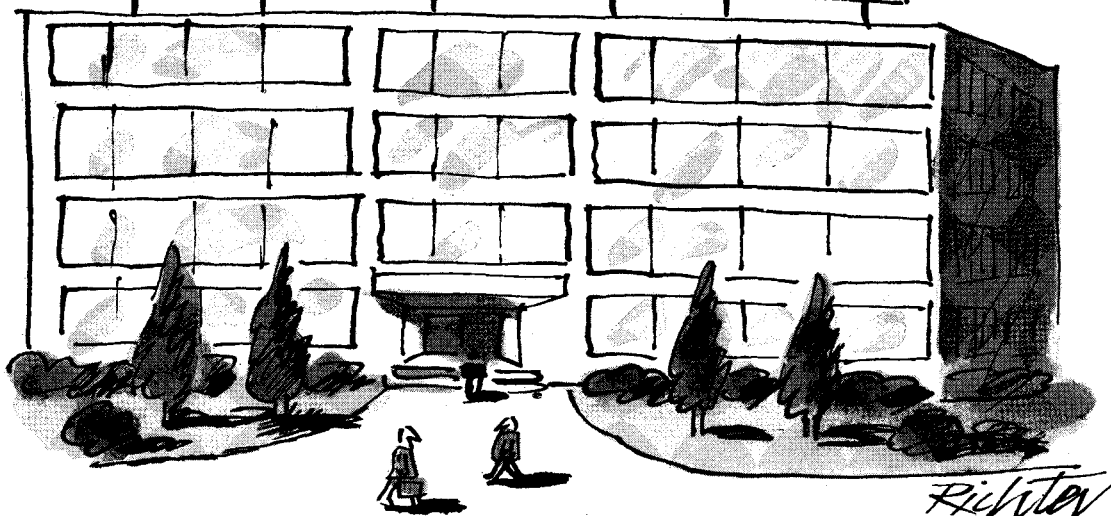
A reporter did ask if the Jacksons had tried to renegotiate their contract with Motown.

"Sure we tried to renegotiate with Motown," Jackie said, "but the figures were just Mickey Mouse."

"Do you know that show 'The Jeffersons'?" the young woman behind us said. "About the upperwardly mobile black man who owns some dry-cleaning stores? Well, Mr. Jackson is Mr.

DETENTE

WEAPON SYSTEMS, INC.



Jefferson, and the children are his dry-cleaning stores."

WE have a report from our correspondent Jamaica Kincaid about Michael Jackson:

Here is my favorite fan letter to Michael Jackson, from the March, 1975, issue of *Right On!*:

DEAR MICHAEL JACKSON:

You are my favorite star. You have all the right things going for yourself. You're cute, beautiful, sweet, and also kind. You'll always be my favorite star, Michael, until you get married, then I'll have to put you down. But while you're free, I want you always to remember me, because I'm in your corner! I love you!

JEANIE WILSON
Norfolk, Va.

Michael Jackson is my favorite teenage idol, because he is so pretty. True, he is not the little ebony cutie he used to be, and his Afro hairdo often shows some split ends, but nevertheless he is just plain old pretty, and as far as I am concerned, if you're pretty, you're cool. Some people think Donny Osmond is cool, some people think David Cassidy is cool, some people think Foster Sylvers is cool, but I think Michael Jackson is coolest. Michael Jackson is so cool that he was discovered by Diana Ross. How many people are ever discovered by Diana Ross? Not many, I bet. Oh, I know, she really discovered The Jackson Five, but I say she discovered Michael. The Jackson Five is just his backup band. I read everything I can get my hands on

about Michael Jackson, so I know a lot of things about him. I don't mean that I know his mother's name is Katherine; his father's name is Joe; he comes from Gary, Indiana; or the song "Ben" was his biggest solo venture. I mean I know things like Michael Jackson is a Virgo; he had his first date on a TV show called "The Dating Game;" his favorite drink is Kool-Aid; he likes cameras and likes to take pictures of people when they are not looking; he keeps white mice for pets; Tito and Jackie call him Big Nose as a pet name; some of his favorite entertainers are Jim Nabors, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Diana Ross; he believes "you gotta give love to get love;" he likes being treated like the guy next door; his eyes are brown; he likes paintings and likes to paint in oils. I get most of this information from *Right On!*, a fan publication for black teen-agers. It's just the greatest. In every issue, there are at least two articles on The Jackson Five and almost always an article on Michael. Recently, I came across a quiz in one issue that said, "Can You Pass Michael's Love Test?" The quiz said that Michael doesn't like a girl who keeps her thoughts to herself; that he delights in being around a lot of people, even when he is on a date; that he likes comics, and his favorite characters are Spider-Man, Green Arrow, and The Incredible Hulk; that he thinks personality is more important than looks; and that he doesn't like jealous types. Do you know what? I failed the test pathetically.

DESECRATION

IT is more than ten years since Sofia committed suicide in the hotel room in Mohabbatpur. At the time, it was a great local scandal, but now almost no one remembers the incident or the people involved in it. The Raja Sahib died shortly afterward—people said it was of grief and bitterness—and Bakhtawar Singh was transferred to another district. The present Superintendent of Police is a mild-mannered man who likes to spend his evenings at home playing card games with his teenage daughters.

The hotel in Mohabbatpur no longer exists. It was sold a few months after Sofia was found there, changed hands several times, and was recently pulled down to make room for a new cinema. This will back onto the old cinema, which is still there, still playing ancient Bombay talkies. The Raja Sahib's house also no longer exists. It was demolished because the land on which it stood has become very valuable, and has been declared an industrial area. Many factories and workshops have come up in recent years.

When the Raja Sahib had first gone to live there with Sofia, there had been nothing except his own house, with a view over the ruined fort and the barren plain beyond it. In the distance there was a little patch of villagers' fields and, huddled out of sight, the village itself. Inside their big house, the Raja Sahib and Sofia had led very isolated lives. This was by choice—his choice. It was as if he had carried her away to this spot with the express purpose of having her to himself, of feasting on his possession of her.

Although she was much younger than he was—more than thirty years younger—she seemed perfectly happy to live there alone with him. But in any case she was the sort of person who exudes happiness. No one knew where the Raja Sahib had met and married her. No one really knew anything about her, except that she was a Muslim (he, of course, was a Hindu) and that she had had a good convent education in Calcutta—or was it Delhi? She seemed to have no one in the world except the Raja Sahib. It was generally thought that she was partly Afghan, perhaps even with a dash of Russian. She certainly did not look entirely Indian; she had light eyes and broad cheekbones and a broad brow. She was graceful and strong, and at times she

laughed a great deal, as if wanting to show off her youth and high spirits, not to mention her magnificent teeth.

Even then, however, during their good years, she suffered from nervous prostrations. At such times, the Raja Sahib sat by her bedside in a darkened room. If necessary, he stayed awake all night and held her hand (she clutched his). Sometimes this went on for two or three weeks at a time, but his patience was inexhaustible. It often got very hot in the room; the house stood unprotected on that barren plain, and there was not enough electricity for air-conditioning—hardly even enough for the fan that sluggishly churned the hot air. Her attacks always seemed to occur during the very hot months, especially during the dust storms, when the landscape all around was blotted out by a pall of desert dust and the sky hung down low and yellow.

But when the air cleared, so did her spirits. The heat continued, but she kept all the shutters closed, and sprinkled water and rose essence on the marble floors and on the scented grass mats hung around the verandas. When night fell, the house was opened to allow the cooler air to enter. She and the Raja Sahib would go up on the roof. They lit candles in colored glass chimneys and read out the Raja Sahib's verse dramas. Around midnight, the servants

would bring up their dinner, which consisted of many elaborate dishes, and sometimes they would also have a bottle of French wine from the Raja Sahib's cellar. The dark earth below and the sky above were both silver from the reflection of the moon and the incredible numbers of stars shining up there. It was so silent that the two of them might as well have been

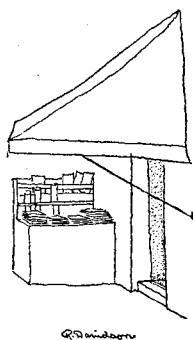
alone in the world—which of course was just what the Raja Sahib wanted.

Sitting on the roof of his house, he was certainly monarch of all he surveyed, such as it was. His family had taken possession of this land during a time of great civil strife some hundred and fifty years before. It was only a few barren acres with some impoverished villages thrown in, but the family members had built themselves a little fort and had even assumed a royal title, though they weren't much more than glorified landowners. They lived like all the other landowners, draining what taxes they could out of their tenant

villagers. They always needed money for their own living, which became very sophisticated, especially when they began to spend more and more time in the big cities like Bombay, Calcutta, or even London. At the beginning of the century, when the fort became too rough and dilapidated to live in, the house was built. It was in a mixture of Mogul and Gothic styles, with many galleries and high rooms closed in by arched verandas. It had been built at great cost, but until the Raja Sahib moved in with Sofia it had usually remained empty except for the ancestral servants.

On those summer nights on the roof, it was always she who read out the Raja Sahib's plays. He sat and listened and watched her. She wore colored silks and the family jewelry as an appropriate costume in which to declaim his blank verse (all his plays were in English blank verse). Sometimes she couldn't understand what she was declaiming, and sometimes it was so high-flown that she burst out laughing. He smiled with her and said, "Go on, go on." He sat cross-legged smoking his hookah, like any peasant; his clothes were those of a peasant, too. Anyone coming up and seeing him would not have thought he was the owner of this house, the husband of Sofia—or indeed the author of all that romantic blank verse. But he was not what he looked or pretended to be. He was a man of considerable education, who had lived for years abroad, had loved the opera and theatre, and had had many cultivated friends. Later—whether through general disgust or a particular disappointment, no one knew—he had turned his back on it all. Now he liked to think of himself as just an ordinary peasant landlord.

The third character in this story, Bakhtawar Singh, really did come from a peasant background. He was an entirely self-made man. Thanks to his efficiency and valor, he had risen rapidly in the service and was now the district Superintendent of Police (known as the S.P.). He had been responsible for the capture of some notorious dacoits. One of these—the uncrowned king of the countryside for almost twenty years—he had himself trapped in a ravine and shot in the head with his revolver, and he had taken the body in his jeep to be displayed outside police headquarters. This deed and others like it had made his name a terror among dacoits and other proscribed criminals. His own men feared him no less, for he was known as a ruthless disciplinarian. But he had a softer side to him. He was terribly fond of women and, wherever





"Damn it, Fats, this big band isn't big enough for both of us!"

he was posted, would find himself a mistress very quickly—usually more than one. He had a wife and family, but they did not play much of a role in his life. All his interests lay elsewhere. His one other interest besides women was Indian classical music, for which he had a very subtle ear.

ONCE a year, the Raja Sahib gave a dinner party for the local gentry. These were officials from the town—the District Magistrate, the Superintendent of Police, the Medical Officer, and the rest—for whom it was the greatest event of the social calendar. The Raja Sahib himself would have gladly dispensed with the occasion, but it was the only company Sofia ever had, apart from himself. For weeks beforehand, she got the servants ready—cajoling rather than commanding them, for she spoke sweetly to everyone always—and had all the china and silver taken out. When the great night came, she sparkled with excitement. The guests were provincial, dreary, unrefined people, but she seemed not to notice that. She made them feel that their presence was a tremendous honor for her. She ran around to serve them and rallied her servants to carry in a

succession of dishes and wines. Inspired by her example, the Raja Sahib also rose to the occasion. He was an excellent raconteur and entertained his guests with witty anecdotes and Urdu couplets, and sometimes even with quotations from the English poets. They applauded him not because they always understood what he was saying but because he was the Raja Sahib. They were delighted with the entertainment, and with themselves for having risen high enough in the world to be invited. There were not many women present, for most of the wives were too uneducated to be brought out into society. Those that came sat very still in their best georgette saris and cast furtive glances at their husbands.

After Bakhtawar Singh was posted to the district as the new S.P., he was invited to the Raja Sahib's dinner. He came alone, his wife being unfit for society, and as soon as he entered the house it was obvious that he was a man of superior personality. He had a fine figure, intelligent eyes, and a bristling mustache. He moved with pride, even with some pomp—certainly a man who knew his own value. He was not put out in the least by the grand surroundings but enjoyed everything as if he

were entirely accustomed to such entertainment. He also appeared to understand and enjoy his host's anecdotes and poetry. When the Raja Sahib threw in a bit of Shakespeare, he confessed frankly that he could not follow it, but when his host translated and explained, he applauded that, too, in real appreciation.

After dinner, there was musical entertainment. The male guests adjourned to the main drawing room, which was an immensely tall room extending the entire height of the house, with a glass rotunda. Here they reclined on Bokhara rugs and leaned against silk bolsters. The ladies had been sent home in motorcars. It would not have been fitting for them to be present, because the musicians were not from a respectable class. Only Sofia was emancipated enough to overlook this restriction. At the first party that Bakhtawar Singh attended, the principal singer was a well-known prostitute from Mohabbatpur. She had a strong, well-trained voice, as well as a handsome presence. Bakhtawar Singh did not take his eyes off her. He sat and swayed his head and exclaimed in rapture at her particularly fine modulations. For his sake, she displayed the



"Sir, here are a few thoughts that have bubbled up from the people."

most delicate subtleties of her art, laying them out like bait to see if he would respond to them, and he cried out as if in passion or pain. Then she smiled. Sofia was also greatly moved. At one point, she turned to Bakhtawar Singh and said, "How good she is." He turned his face to her and nodded, unable to speak for emotion. She was amazed to see tears in his eyes.

Next day, she was still thinking about those tears. She told her husband about it, and he said, "Yes, he liked the music, but he liked the singer, too."

"What do you mean?" Sofia asked. When the Raja Sahib laughed, she cried, "Tell me!" and pummelled his chest with her fists.

"I mean," he said, catching her hands and holding them tight, "that they will become friends."

"She will be his mistress?" Sofia asked, opening her eyes wide.

The Raja Sahib laughed with delight. "Where did you learn such a word? In the convent?"

"How do you know?" she pursued. "No, you must tell me! Is he that type of man?"

"What type?" he said, teasing her.

The subject intrigued her, and she continued to think about it to herself. As always when she brooded about anything, she became silent and withdrawn and sat for hours on the veranda, staring out over the dusty plain. "Sofia, Sofia, what are you thinking?"

the Raja Sahib asked her. She smiled and shook her head. He looked into her strange, light eyes. There was something mysterious about them. Even when she was at her most playful and affectionate, her eyes seemed always to be looking elsewhere, into some different and distant landscape. It was impossible to tell what she was thinking. Perhaps she was not thinking about anything at all, but the distant gaze gave her the appearance of keeping part of herself hidden. This drove the Raja Sahib crazy with love. He wanted to pursue her into the innermost recesses of her nature, and yet at the same time he respected that privacy of hers and left her to herself when she wanted. This happened often; she would sit and brood and also roam around the house and the land in a strange, restless way. In the end, though, she would always come back to him and nestle against his thin, gray-matted chest and seem to be happy there.

FOR several days after the party, Sofia was in one of these moods. She wandered around the garden, though it was very hot outside. There was practically no shade, because nothing could be made to grow, for lack of water. She idly kicked at pieces of stone, some of which were broken garden statuary. When it got too hot, she did not return to the house but took shelter in the little ruined fort. It was

very dark inside there, with narrow underground passages and winding steep stairs, some of which were broken. Sometimes a bat would flit out from some crevice. Sofia was not afraid; the place was familiar to her. But one day, as she sat in one of the narrow stone passages, she heard voices from the roof. She raised her head and listened. Something terrible seemed to be going on up there. Sofia climbed the stairs, steadying herself against the dank wall. Her heart was beating as loudly as those sounds from above. When she got to the top of the stairs and emerged onto the roof, she saw two men. One of them was Bakhtawar Singh. He was beating the other man, who was also a

policeman, around the neck and head with his fists. When the man fell, he kicked him and then hauled him up and beat him more. Sofia gave a cry. Bakhtawar Singh turned his head and saw her. His eyes looked into hers for a moment, and how different they were from that other time when they had been full of tears!

"Get out!" he told the policeman. The man's sobs continued to be heard as he made his way down the stairs. Sofia did not know what to do. Although she wanted to flee, she stood and stared at Bakhtawar Singh. He was quite calm. He put on his khaki bush jacket, careful to adjust the collar and sleeves so as to look smart. He explained that the man had been derelict in his duties and, to escape discipline, had run away and hidden here in the fort. But Bakhtawar Singh had tracked him down. He apologized for trespassing on the Raja Sahib's property and also—here he became courtly and inclined his body toward Sofia—if he had in any way upset and disturbed her. It was not a scene he would have wished a lady to witness.

"There is blood on your hand," she said.

He looked at it. He made a wry face and then wiped it off. (Was it his own or the other man's?) Again he adjusted his jacket, and he smoothed his hair. "Do you often come here?" he asked, indicating the stairs and then

politely standing aside to let her go first. She started down, and looked back to see if he was following.

"I come every day," she said.

It was easy for her to go down the dark stairs, which were familiar to her. But he had to grope his way down very carefully, afraid of stumbling. She jumped down the last two steps and waited for him in the open sunlight.

"You come here all alone?" he asked. "Aren't you afraid?"

"Of what?"

He didn't answer but walked round the back of the fort. Here his horse stood waiting for him, grazing among nettles. He jumped on its back and lightly flicked its flanks, and it cantered off as if joyful to be bearing him.

That night Sofia was very restless, and in the morning her face had the clouded, suffering look that presaged one of her attacks. But when the Raja Sahib wanted to darken the room and make her lie down, she insisted that she was well. She got up, she bathed, she dressed. He was surprised—usually she succumbed very quickly to the first signs of an attack—but now she even said that she wanted to go out. He was very pleased with her and kissed her, as if to reward her for her pluck. But later that day, when she came in again, she did have an attack, and he had to sit by her side and hold her hand and chafe her temples. She wept at his goodness. She kissed the hand that was holding hers. He looked into her strange eyes and said, "Sofia, Sofia, what are you thinking?" But she quickly covered her eyes, so that he could not look into them. Then he had to soothe her all over again.

When he had tried to make her see a doctor, she resisted him. She said all she needed was him sitting by her and she would get well by herself, and it did happen that way. But now she told him that she had heard of a very good doctor in Mohabbatpur, who specialized in nervous diseases. The drive was long and wearying, and she insisted that there was no need for the Raja Sahib to go there with her; she could

go by herself, with the car and chauffeur. They had a loving quarrel about it, and it was only when she said very well, in that case she would not go at all, would not take medical treatment, that he gave way. So now once a week she was driven to Mohabbatpur by herself.

The Raja Sahib awaited her homecoming impatiently, and the evenings of those days were like celebrations. They sat on the roof, with candles and wine, and she told him about her drive to Mohabbatpur and what the doctor had said. The Raja Sahib usually had a new passage from his latest blank-verse drama for her to read. She would start off well enough, but soon she would be overcome by laughter and have to hide her face behind the pages of his manuscript. And he would smile with her and say, "Yes, I know, it's all a lot of nonsense."

"No, no!" she cried. Even though she couldn't understand a good deal of what she was reading, she knew that it expressed his romantic nature and his love for her, which were both as deep as a well. She said, "It is only I who am stupid and read so badly." She pulled herself together and went on

reading, till made helpless with laughter again.

There was something strange about her laughter. It came bubbling out, as always, as if from an overflow of high spirits, but now her spirits seemed almost too high, almost hysterical. Her husband listened to these new notes and was puzzled by them. He could not make up his mind whether the treatment was doing her good or not.

The Raja Sahib was very kind to his servants, but if any of them did anything to offend him, he was quick to dismiss him. One of his bearers, a man who had been in his employ for twenty years, got drunk one night. This was by no means an unusual occurrence among the servants; the house was in a lonely spot, with no amusements, but there was plenty of cheap liquor available from the village. Usually the servants slept off the effects in their quarters, but this bearer came staggering up on the roof to serve the Raja Sahib and Sofia. There was a scene. He fell and was dragged away by the other servants, but he resisted violently, shouting frightful obscenities, so that Sofia had to put her hands over her ears. The Raja Sahib's face

was contorted with fury. The man was dismissed instantly, and when he came back the next day, wretchedly sober, begging pardon and pleading for reinstatement, the Raja Sahib would not hear him. Everyone felt sorry for the man, who had a large family and was, except for these occasional outbreaks, a sober, hard-working person. Sofia felt sorry for him, too. He threw himself at her feet, and so did his wife and many children. They all sobbed, and Sofia sobbed with them. She promised to try and prevail upon the Raja Sahib.

She said everything she could—in a rushed, breathless voice, fearing he would not let her finish—and she did not take her eyes off her husband's face as she spoke. She was horrified by what she saw there. The Raja Sahib had very thin lips, and when he was angry he bit them in so tightly that they quite disappeared. He did it now, and he looked



so stern and unforgiving that she felt she was not talking to her husband at all but to a gaunt and bitter old man who cared nothing for her. Suddenly she gave a cry, and just as the servant had thrown himself at her feet, so she now prostrated herself at the Raja Sahib's. "Forgive!" she cried. "Forgive!" It was as if she were begging forgiveness for everyone who was weak and had sinned. The Raja Sahib tried to make her rise, but she lay flat on the ground, trying over and over again to bring out the word "Forgive" and not succeeding because of her sobs. At last he managed to help her up; he led her to the bed and waited there till she was calm again. But he was so enraged by the cause of this attack that the servant and his family had to leave immediately.

SHE always dismissed the car and chauffeur near the doctor's clinic. She gave the chauffeur quite a lot of money—for his food, she said—and told him to meet her in the same place in the evening. She explained that she had to spend the day under observation at the clinic. After the first few times, no explanation was necessary. The chauffeur held out his hand for the money, and disappeared until the appointed time. Sofia drew up her sari to veil her face and got into a cycle rickshaw. The place Bakhtawar Singh had chosen for them was a rickety two-story hotel, with an eating shop downstairs. It was in a very poor outlying, forgotten part of town, where there was no danger of ever meeting an acquaintance. At first Sofia had been shy about entering the hotel, but as time went on she became bolder. No one ever looked at her or spoke to her. If she was the first to arrive, the key was silently handed to her. She felt secure that the hotel people knew nothing about her, and certainly had never seen her face, which she kept veiled till she was upstairs and the door closed behind her.

In the beginning, he sometimes arrived before her. Then he lay down on the bed, which was the only piece of furniture besides a bucket and a water jug, and was at once asleep. He always slept on his stomach, with one cheek pressed into the pillow. She would come in and stand and look at his dark, muscular, naked back. It had a scar on it, from a knife wound. She lightly ran her finger along this scar, and if that did not wake him, she unwound his loosely tied dhoti, which was all he was wearing. That awakened him immediately.

He was strange to her. That scar on

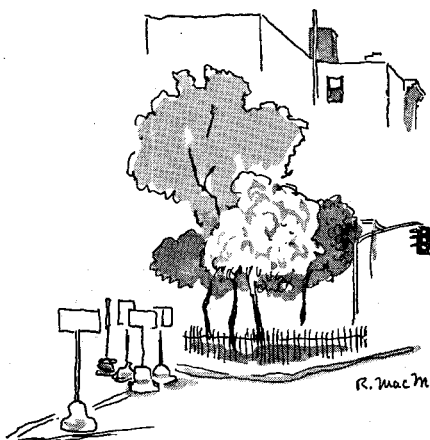
his back was not the only one; there were others on his chest and an ugly long one on his left thigh, sustained during a prison riot. She wanted to know all about his violent encounters, and about his boyhood, his upward struggle, even his low origins. She often asked him about the woman singer at the dinner party. Was it true what the Raja Sahib had said—that he had liked her? Had he sought her out afterward? He did not deny it, but laughed as at a pleasant memory. Sofia wanted to know more and more. What it was like to be with a woman like that? Had there been others? How many, and what was it like with all of them? He was amused by her curiosity and did not mind satisfying it, often with demonstrations.

Although he had had many women, they had mostly been prostitutes and singers. Sometimes he had had affairs with the wives of other police officers, but these, too, had been rather coarse, uneducated women. Sofia was his first girl of a good family. Her refinement intrigued him. He loved watching her dress, brush her hair, treat her skin with lotions. He liked to watch her eat. But sometimes it seemed as if he deliberately wanted to violate her delicacy. For instance, he knew that she hated the coarse, hot lentils that he loved from his boyhood. He would order great quantities, with coarse bread, and cram the food into his mouth and then into hers, though it burned her palate. As their intimacy progressed, he also made her perform acts that he had learned from prostitutes. It seemed that he could not reach far enough into her, physically and in every other way. Like the Raja Sahib, he was intrigued by the look in her foreign eyes, but he wanted to seek out that mystery and expose it, as all the rest of her was exposed to him.

The fact that she was a Muslim had a strange fascination for him. Here, too, he differed from the Raja

Sahib, who, as an educated nobleman, had transcended barriers of caste and community. But for Bakhtawar Singh these were still strong. All sorts of dark superstitions remained embedded in his mind. He questioned her about things he had heard whispered in the narrow Hindu alleys he came from—the rites of circumcision, the eating of unclean flesh, what Muslims did with virgin girls. She laughed, never having heard of such things. But when she assured him that they could not be true, he nodded as if he knew better. He pointed to one of his scars, sustained during a Hindu-Muslim riot that he had suppressed. He had witnessed several such riots and knew the sort of atrocities committed in them. He told her what he had seen Muslim men do to Hindu women. Again she would not believe him. But she begged him not to go on; she put her hands over her ears, pleading with him. But he forced her hands down again and went on telling her, and laughed at her reaction. "That's what they did," he assured her. "Your brothers. It's all true." And then he struck her, playfully but quite hard, with the flat of his hand.

All week, every week, she waited for her day in Mohabbatpur to come round. She was restless and she began to make trips into the nearby town. It was the usual type of district town, with two cinemas, a jail, a church, temples and mosques, and a Civil Lines, where the government officers lived. Sofia now began to come here to visit the officers' wives whom she had been content to see just once a year at her dinner party. Now she sought them out frequently. She played with their children and designed flower patterns for them to embroider. All the time, her thoughts were elsewhere; she was waiting for it to be time to leave. Then, with hurried farewells, promises to come again soon, she climbed into her car and sat back. She told the chauffeur—the same man who took her to Mohabbatpur every week—to drive her through the Police Lines. First there were the policemen's barracks—a row of hutments, where men in vests and shorts could be seen oiling their beards and winding their turbans; they looked up in astonishment from these tasks as her saloon car drove past. She leaned back so as not to be seen, but when they had driven beyond the barracks and had reached the Police Headquarters, she looked eagerly out of the window again. Every time, she hoped to get a glimpse of him, but it never happened; the car drove through and





"No color TV! Only black-and-white! I laughed in his face."

she did not dare to have it slow down. But there was one further treat in store, for beyond the offices were the residential houses of the police officers—the Assistant Deputy S.P., the Deputy S.P., the S.P.

One day, she leaned forward and said to the chauffeur, "Turn in."

"In here?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, mad with excitement.

It had been a sudden impulse—she had intended simply to drive past his house, as usual—but now she could not turn back, she *had* to see. She got out. It was an old house, built in the times

of the British for their own S.P., and now evidently inhabited by people who did not know how to look after such a place. A cow was tethered to a tree on what had once been a front lawn; the veranda was empty and unswept, except for some broken crates. The house, too, was practically unfurnished. Sofia wandered through the derelict rooms, and it was only when she had penetrated to the inner courtyard that the life of the house began. Here there were children and noise and cooking smells. A woman came out of the kitchen and stared at her. She had a small child riding on her hip; she was

perspiring, perhaps from the cooking fire, and a few strands of hair stuck to her forehead. She wore a plain and rather dirty cotton sari. She might have been his servant rather than his wife. She looked older than he did, tired and worn out. When Sofia asked whether this was the house of the Deputy S.P., she shook her head wearily, without a smile. She told one of her children to point out the right house, and turned back into her kitchen with no further curiosity. A child began to cry.

At their next meeting, Sofia told Bakhtawar Singh what she had done. He was surprised and not angry, as



"I've always been the first to admit that I'm no angel."

she had feared, but amused. He could not understand her motives, but he did not puzzle himself about them. He was feeling terribly sleepy; he said he had been up all night (he didn't say why). It was stifling in the hotel room, and perspiration ran down his naked chest and back. It was also very noisy, for the room faced onto an inner yard, which was bounded on its opposite side by a cinema. From noon onward, the entire courtyard boomed with the ancient sound track—it was a very poor cinema and could afford to play only very old films—filling their room with Bombay dialogue and music. Bakhtawar Singh seemed not to care about the heat or the noise. He slept through both. He always slept when he was tired; nothing could disturb him. It astonished Sofia, and so did his imperviousness to their surroundings—the horribly shabby room and smell of cheap oil frying from the eating shop downstairs. But now, after seeing his home, Sofia understood that he was used to comfortless surroundings, and she felt so sorry for him that she began to kiss him tenderly while he slept, as if wishing to make up to him for all his deprivations. He woke up and looked at her in surprise as she cried out, "Oh, my poor darling!"

"Why?" he asked, not feeling poor at all.

She began for the first time to question him about his marriage. But he shrugged, bored by the subject. It was a marriage like every other, arranged by their two families when he and his wife were very young. It was all right; they had children—sons as well as daughters. His wife had plenty to do, he presumed she was content—and why shouldn't she be? She had a good house to live in, sufficient money for her

household expenses, and respect as the wife of the S.P. He laughed briefly. Yes, indeed, if she had anything to complain of he would like to know what it was. Sofia agreed with him. She even became indignant, thinking of his wife who had all these benefits and did not even care to keep a nice home for him. And not just his home—what about his wife herself? When she thought of that bedraggled figure, more a servant than a wife, Sofia's indignation rose—and with it her tender pity for him, so that again she embraced him and even spilled a few hot tears, which fell onto his naked chest and made him laugh with surprise.

A YEAR passed, and it was again time for the Raja Sahib's annual party. As always, Sofia was terribly excited and began her preparations weeks beforehand. Only this time her excitement reached such a pitch that the Raja Sahib was worried. He tried to joke her out of it; he asked her whom was she expecting, what terribly important guest. Had she invited the President of India, or perhaps the King of Afghanistan? "Yes, yes, the King of Afghanistan!" she cried, laughing but with that note of hysteria he always found so disturbing. Also, she lost her temper for the first time with a servant; it was for nothing, for some trifle, and afterward she was so contrite that she could not do enough to make it up to the man.

The party was, as usual, a great success. The Raja Sahib made everyone laugh with his anecdotes, and Bakhtawar Singh also told some stories, which everyone liked. The same singer from Mohabbatpur had been called, and she entertained with the same skill.

And again—Sofia watched him—Bakhtawar Singh wept with emotion. She was deeply touched; he was manly to the point of violence (after all, he *was* a policeman), and yet what softness and delicacy there was in him. She revelled in the richness of his nature. The Raja Sahib must have been watching him, too, because later, after the party, he told Sofia, "Our friend enjoyed the musical entertainment again this year."

"Of course," Sofia said gravely. "She is a very fine singer."

The Raja Sahib said nothing, but there was something in his silence that told her he was having his own thoughts.

"If not," she said, as if he had contradicted her, "then why did you call for her again this year?"

"But of course," he said. "She is very fine." And he chuckled to himself.

Then Sofia lost her temper with him—suddenly, violently, just as she had with the servant. The Raja Sahib was struck dumb with amazement, but the next moment he began to blame himself. He felt he had offended her with his insinuation, and he kissed her hands to beg for her forgiveness. Her convent-bred delicacy amused him, but he adored it too.

She felt she could not wait for her day in Mohabbatpur to come round. The next morning, she called the chauffeur and gave him a note to deliver to the S.P. in his office. She had a special expressionless way of giving orders to the chauffeur, and he a special expressionless way of receiving them. She waited in the fort for Bakhtawar Singh to appear in answer to her summons, but the only person who came was the chauffeur, with her note back again. He explained that he had been unable to find the S.P., who had not been in his office. Sofia felt a terrible rage rising inside her, and she had to struggle with herself not to vent it on the chauffeur. When the man had gone, she sank down against the stone wall and hid her face in her hands. She did not know what was happening to her. It was not only that her whole life had changed; she herself had changed and had become a different person, with emotions that were completely unfamiliar to her.

Unfortunately, when their day in Mohabbatpur at last came round,

Bakhtawar Singh was late (this happened frequently now). She had to wait for him in the hot little room. The cinema show had started, and the usual dialogue and songs came from the defective sound track, echoing through courtyard and hotel. Tormented by this noise, by the heat, and by her own thoughts, Sofia was now sure that he was with the singer. Probably he was enjoying himself so much that he had forgotten all about her and would not come.

But he did come, though he was two hours late. He was astonished by the way she clung to him, crying and laughing and trembling all over. He liked it, and kissed her in return. Just then the sound track burst into song. It was an old favorite—a song that had been on the lips of millions; everyone knew it and adored it. Bakhtawar Singh recognized it immediately and began to sing, "O my heart, all he has left you is a splinter of himself, to make you bleed!" She drew away from him and saw him smiling with pleasure under his mustache as he sang. She cried out, "Oh, you pig!"

It was like a blow in the face. He stopped singing immediately. The song continued on the sound track. They looked at each other. She put her hand to her mouth with fear—fear of the depths within her from which that word had arisen (never, never in her life had she uttered or thought such abuse), and fear of the consequences.

But after that moment's stunned silence all he did was laugh. He took off his bush jacket and threw himself on the bed. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "What happened?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think it must be the heat." She paused. "And waiting for you," she added, but in a voice so low she was not sure he had heard.

She lay down next to him. He said nothing more. The incident and her word of abuse seemed wiped out of his mind completely. She was so grateful for this that she, too, said nothing, asked no questions. She was content to forget her suspicions—or at least to keep them to herself and bear with them as best she could.

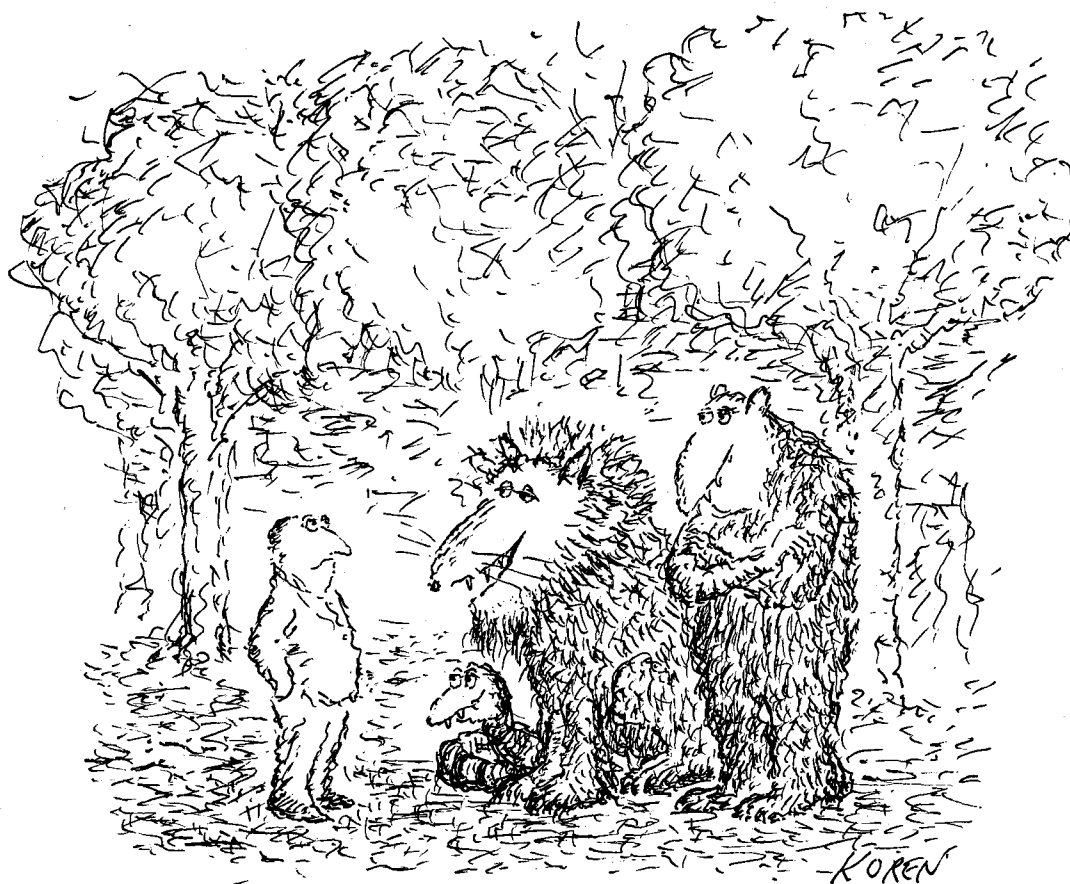
That night she had a dream. She dreamed everything was as it had been in the first years of her marriage, and she and the Raja Sahib as happy as they

had been then. But then one night—they were together on the roof, by candle- and moonlight—he was stung by some insect that came flying out of the food they were eating. At first they took no notice, but the swelling got worse and worse, and by morning he was tossing in agony. His entire body was discolored; he had become almost unrecognizable. There were several people around his bed, and one of them took Sofia aside and told her that the Raja Sahib would be dead within an hour. Sofia screamed out loud, but the next moment she woke up, for the Raja Sahib had turned on the light and was holding her in his arms. Yes, that very same Raja Sahib about whom she had just been dreaming, only he was not discolored, not dying, but as he was always—her own husband, with gray-stubbed cheeks and sunken lips. She looked into his face for a moment and, fully awake now, she said, "It's all right. I had a nightmare." She tried to laugh it off. When he wanted to comfort her, she said again, "It's all right," with the same laugh and trying to keep the irritation out of her voice. "Go to sleep," she told him, and, pretending to do so herself, she turned on her side away from him.

She continued to be haunted by the thought of the singer. Then she

thought, If with one, why not with many? She herself saw him for only those few hours a week. She did not know how he spent the rest of his time, but she was sure he did not spend much of it in his own home. It had had the look of a place whose master was mostly absent. And how could it be otherwise? Sofia thought of his wife—her neglected appearance, her air of utter weariness. Bakhtawar Singh could not be expected to waste himself there. But where did he go? In between their weekly meetings, there was much time for him to go to many places, and much time for her to brood.

She got into the habit of summoning the chauffeur more frequently to take her into town. The ladies in the Civil Lines were always pleased to see her, and now she found more to talk about with them, for she had begun to take an interest in the local gossip. They were experts on this, and were eager to tell her that the Doctor beat his wife, the Magistrate took bribes, and the Deputy S.P. had venereal disease. And the S.P.? Sofia asked, busy threading an embroidery needle. Here they clapped their hands over their mouths and rolled their eyes around, as if at something too terrible, too scandalous to tell. Was he, Sofia asked—dropping the needle, so that she had to bend down to pick it up again—was he



"What's it like to be at the top of the food chain?"

known to be an . . . adventurous person? "Oh! Oh! Oh!" they cried, and then they laughed because where to start, where to stop, telling of *his* adventures?

Sofia decided that it was her fault. It was his wife's fault first, of course, but now it was hers too. She had to arrange to be with him more often. Her first step was to tell the Raja Sahib that the doctor said she would have to attend the clinic several times a week. The Raja Sahib agreed at once. She felt so grateful that she was ready to give him more details, but he cut her short. He said that of course they must follow the doctor's advice, whatever it was. But the way he spoke—in a flat, resigned voice—disturbed her, so that she looked at him more attentively than she had for some time past. It struck her that he did not look well. Was he ill? Or was it only old age? He did look old, and emaciated, too, she noticed, with his skinny, wrinkled neck. She felt very sorry for him and put out her hand to touch his cheek. She was amazed by his response. He seemed to tremble at her touch, and the expression on his face was transformed. She took him in her arms. He *was* trembling. "Are you well?" she whispered to him anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" he said in a joyful voice. "Very, very well."

She continued to hold him. She said, "Why aren't you writing any dramas for me these days?"

"I will write," he said. "As many as you like." And then he clung to her, as if afraid to be let go from her embrace.

But when she told Bakhtawar Singh that they could now meet more frequently, he said it would be difficult for him. Of course he wanted to, he said—and how much! Here he turned to her and with sparkling eyes quoted a line of verse which said that if all the drops of water in the sea were hours of the day that he could spend with her, still they would not be sufficient for him. "But . . ." he added regretfully.

"Yes?" she asked, in a voice she tried to keep calm.

"Sh-h-h— Listen," he said, and put his hand over her mouth.

There was an old man saying Muhammadan prayers in the next room. The hotel had only two rooms, one facing the courtyard and the other the street. This latter was usually empty during the day—though not at night—but today there was someone in it. The wall was very thin, and they could clearly hear the murmur of his prayers

THE STONE WALL CIRCLING THE GARDEN

Instantly my fingers know surely
where the stone will fit.
Its curved weight surges up my arms,
humming in my blood:
*I have waited now a hundred years, knowing
I belong here.*
A twist, a nudge, and there it is
in its fixed place
in a destined design, balanced in the sun
which says: *So be it,*
I adore all circles, I commend your work.
I hear the bees arrive
and the earth revolve, tightening the grip
of each stone, one
to the other, to the other, to the other,
in the bronze heat,
ore of my bones, which says: *Breathe in
the bees' dark rose
and the dust of the air.* And so I do
as the circle grows
more still, gathering the garden in,
while bees follow
the odor the wind-lanes waft away
beyond my sight.
And there another circle tightens, made
of the shape of stones,
as the bees revolve and the dust follows
beyond in the wind-lanes,
each speck shaped like a star, where a circle
tightens and holds
like a single stone—like the stone I grasp
in the fixed clutch
of my hands, which says: *There is nothing
further for you to desire.*

—ROBERT PACK

and even the sound of his forehead striking the ground.

"What is he saying?" Bakhtawar Singh whispered.

"I don't know," she said. "The usual—*la illaha il lallah* . . . I don't know."

"You don't know your own prayers?" Bakhtawar Singh said, truly shocked.

She said, "I could come every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday." She tried to make her voice tempting, but instead it came out shy.

"You do it," he said suddenly.

"Do what?"

"Like he's doing," he said, jerking his head toward the other room, where the old man was. "Why not?" he

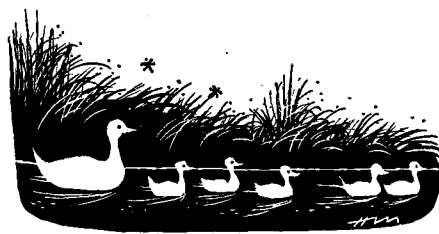
urged her. He seemed to want it terribly.

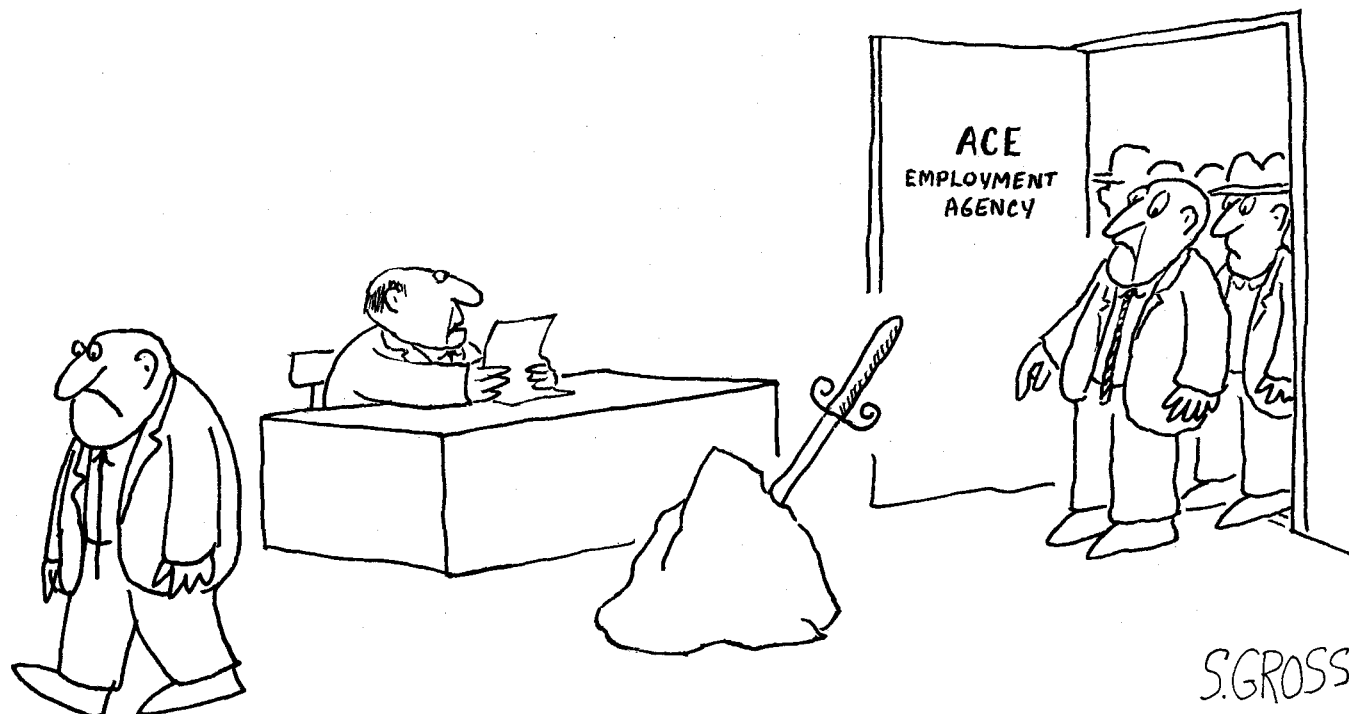
She laughed nervously. "You need a prayer carpet. And you must cover your head." (They were both stark naked.)

"Do it like that. Go on," he wheedled. "Do it."

She laughed again, pretending it was a joke. She knelt naked on the floor and began to pray the way the old man was praying in the next room, knocking her forehead on the ground. Bakhtawar Singh urged her on, watching her with tremendous pleasure from the bed. Somehow the words came back to her and she said them in chorus with the old man next door. After a while, Bakhtawar Singh got off the bed and joined her on the floor and mounted her from behind. He wouldn't let her stop praying, though. "Go on," he said, and how he laughed as she went on. Never had he had such enjoyment out of her as on that day.

But he still wouldn't agree to meet her more than once a week. Later, when she tried ever so gently to in-





"Sorry. Next!"

sist, he became playful and said didn't she know that he was a very busy policeman. Busy with what, she asked, also trying to be playful. He laughed enormously at that and was very loving, as if to repay her for her good joke. But then after a while he grew more serious and said, "Listen—it's better not to drive so often through Police Lines."

"Why not?" Driving past his office after her visits to the ladies in the Civil Lines was still the highlight of her expeditions into town.

He shrugged. "They are beginning to talk."

"Who?"

"Everyone." He shrugged again. It was only her he was warning. People talked enough about him anyway; let them have one more thing. What did he care?

"Oh, nonsense," she said. But she could not help recollecting that the last few times all the policemen outside their hutments seemed to have been waiting for her car. They had cheered her as she drove past. She had wondered at the time what it meant but had soon put it out of her mind. She did that now, too; she couldn't waste her few hours with Bakhtawar Singh thinking about trivial matters.

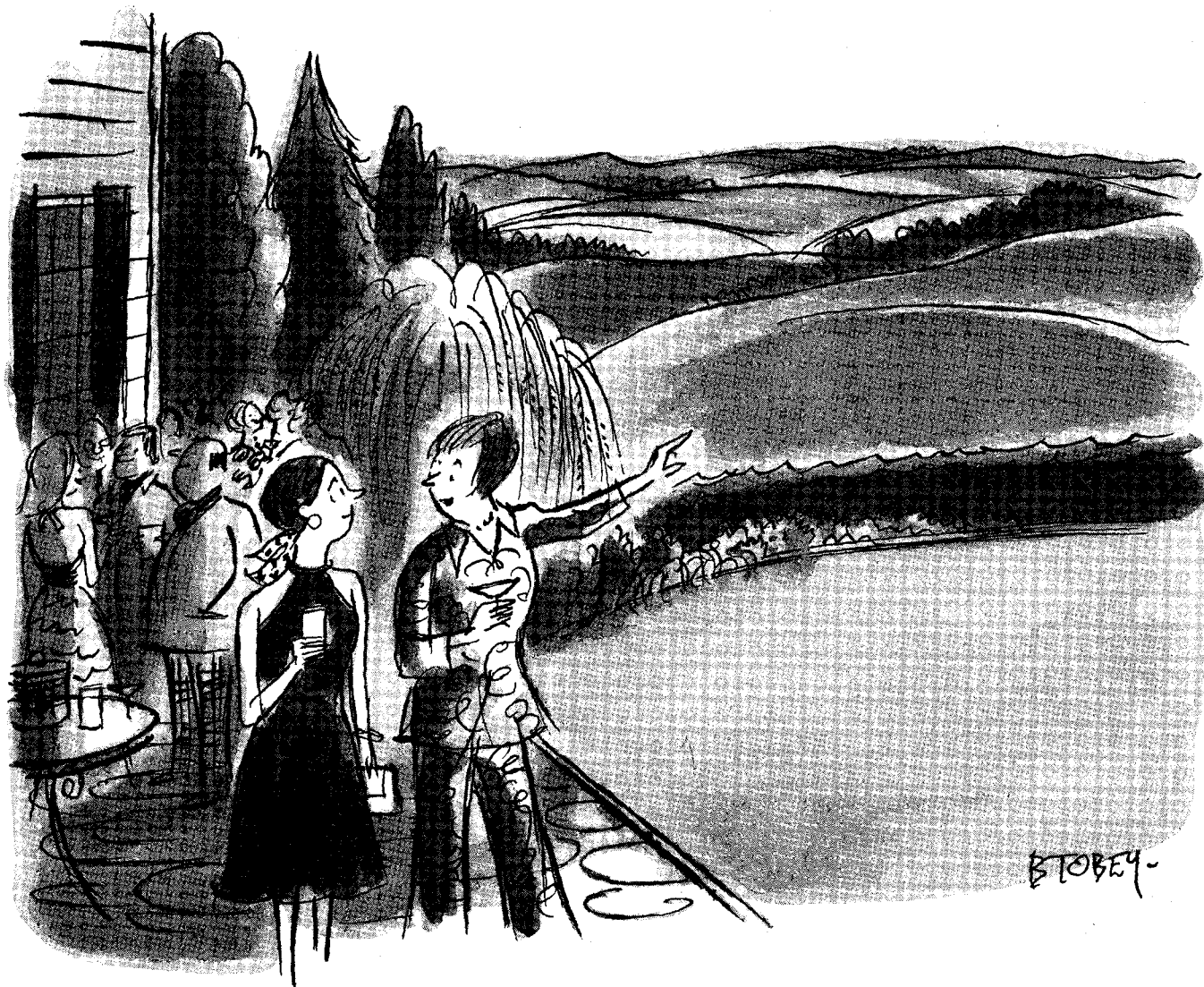
But she remembered his warning the next time she went to visit the ladies in the Civil Lines. She wasn't sure then whether it was her imagination or whether there really was something dif-

ferent in the way they were with her. Sometimes she thought she saw them turn aside, as if to suppress a smile, or exchange looks with each other that she was not supposed to see. And when the gossip turned to the S.P. they made very straight faces, like people who know more than they are prepared to show. Sofia decided it was her imagination; even if it wasn't, she could not worry about it. Later, when she drove through the Police Lines, her car was cheered again by the men in underwear lounging outside their quarters, but she didn't trouble herself much about that, either. There were so many other things on her mind. That day, she instructed the chauffeur to take her to the S.P.'s residence again, but at the last moment—he had already turned into the gate and now had to reverse—she changed her mind. She did not want to see his wife again; it was almost as if she were afraid. Besides, there was no need for it. The moment she saw the house, she realized that she had never ceased to think of that sad, bedraggled woman inside. Indeed, as time passed the vision had not dimmed but had become clearer. She found also that her feelings toward this unknown woman had changed completely, so that, far from thinking about her with scorn, she now had such pity for her that her heart ached as sharply as if it were herself.

Sofia had not known that one's heart could literally, physically ache. But now

that it had begun it never stopped; it was something she was learning to live with, the way a patient learns to live with his disease. And moreover, like the patient, she was aware that this was only the beginning and that her disease would get worse and pass through many stages before it was finished with her. From week to week, she lived only for her day in Mohabbatpur, as if that were the one time when she could get some temporary relief from pain. She did not notice that, on the contrary, it was on that day that her condition worsened and passed into a more acute stage, especially when he came late, or was absentminded, or—and this was beginning to happen, too—failed to turn up altogether. Then, when she was driven back home, the pain in her heart was so great that she had to hold her hand there. It seemed to her that if only there were someone, one other living soul she could tell about it, she might get some relief. Gazing at the chauffeur's stolid, impassive back, she realized that he was now the person who was closest to her. It was as if she had confided in him, without words. She only told him where she wanted to go, and he went there. He told her when he needed money, and she gave it to him. She had also arranged for several increments in his salary.

The Raja Sahib had written a new drama for her. Poor Raja Sahib! He was always there, and she was always



"Ed's security blanket. Two hundred and twenty acres!"

with him, but she never thought about him. If her eyes fell on him, either she did not see or, if she did, she postponed consideration of it until some other time. She was aware that there was something wrong with him, but he did not speak of it, and she was grateful to him for not obtruding his own troubles. But when he told her about the new drama he wanted her to read aloud, she was glad to oblige him. She ordered a marvellous meal for that night and had a bottle of wine put on ice. She dressed herself in one of his grandmother's saris, of a gold so heavy that it was difficult to carry. The candles in blue glass chimneys were lit on the roof. She read out his drama with all the expression she had been taught at her convent to put into poetry readings. As usual, she didn't understand a good deal of what she was reading, but she did notice that there was something different about his verses. There was one line that read

"Oh, if thou didst but know what it is like to live in hell the way I do!" It struck her so much that she had to stop reading. She looked across at the Raja Sahib; his face was rather ghostly in the blue candlelight.

"Go on," he said, giving her that gentle, self-deprecating smile he always had for her when she was reading his dramas.

But she could not go on. She thought, What does he know about that, about living in hell? But as she went on looking at him and he went on smiling at her, she longed to tell him what it *was* like.

"What is it, Sofia? What are you thinking?"

There had never been anyone in the world who looked into her eyes the way he did, with such love but at the same time with a tender respect that would not reach farther into her than was permissible between human beings. And it was because she was afraid of

changing that look that she did not speak. What if he should turn aside from her, the way he had when she had asked forgiveness for the drunken servant?

"Sofia, Sofia, what are you thinking?"

She smiled and shook her head and, with an effort, went on reading. She saw that she could not tell him but would have to go on bearing it by herself for as long as possible, though she was not sure how much longer that could be. —R. PRAWER JHABVALA

New officers to be installed, in addition to Marks, are Irvin Zipperstein, first vice president; Gerald Wilks, second vice president; Si Burick, secretary; Richard Moyer, assistant secretary; Charles Weprin, treasurer and, Mrs. Louis Goldman, assistant treasurer.

"Speaking of the Devil..."—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal Herald*.

Hello, there, Mrs. Goldman!

A VOYAGE

MANY times when I was a child we had driven past the octagonal stone school building that had not been used in my lifetime or in my parents' lifetime. It sat out in a field, by then, and the plow went past the door, drawn first by huge white horses, then by tractors, crossing the place where the path had been, and the one where the privy had been, and crops of wheat and corn grew and rattled around it and were harvested. Whenever we passed the building, it meant, if it was on the right, that we were going to visit my parents' relatives—but my mother had none. And if it was on the left, that we were coming away from them again. Each time, if we had been gone for a winter or so, we would say we hoped it had not been torn down.

And there I stood inside it when both parents were gone. It was larger than I had expected. Long rays of the afternoon sun came through the narrow stone windows. It was later in the afternoon than the children would have stayed. There were shelves around the walls, with nothing on them. The plaster had been an ivory beige. Corinthian flutings, painted white, around the windows.

As I stood inside, listening to the dry stalks in the field, everything was looking past me. I felt a tall, heavy wave wash over me and go on to break somewhere else, and then I was there without it, casting a shadow in the beam from the window, looking at the shelves, thinking of the alphabet, and through it.

Perhaps the building's proportions made it seem larger inside than it looked from outside. With the years it had sunk into the ground. The wooden floor was rotten in places. Abroad, in Europe, in France, I had seen an octagonal stone dovecote, somewhat larger across and much higher. As high as a castle tower or a church belfry. Wagon spokes of rafters. The walls speckled with light, but most of the shaft in shadow, lined with thousands of square stone niches built into the masonry, and beside each opening a recess to the left, and another to the right, for the nests. A few wild pigeons flapped in the rafters and on the stone window grilles.

The light on the patches of plaster behind the shelves was also reflected from an angled bay of the central reading room of the British Museum, some years earlier, with the reference dictionaries of language after language

arranged alphabetically around it. Coastline, horizon, zodiac. Except for the doors.

The small panes that remained intact had turned pearly. Like the tall slender octagonal glasses, from which some had once expected to drink aquavit, on that ship which the Swedes had launched to be the pride of the new navy they hoped to build. Many of those who sailed out on her had studied all through their childhoods, in uniform, for that moment. I think the Swedish rulers were hoping to challenge the English, as the Spaniards had done. To hold the Baltic, first—some such idea. They were years building that ship, but not a toast was ever drunk on board. There were many gun decks, many rows of gunports, much gilding, since the vessel would be a flagship. Many statues of ancient gods, deities from languages no longer spoken by children, auspices made of wood. Golden carvings representing sea spirits and players of music clambered over the high curling stern, which was black, as I remember. The launching was a royal occasion. Someone would have been to Venice and seen a doge marry the Adriatic, and heard the music. What animals did they eat, that day, from the points of their knives? Every Swede can still tell you that they christened the giant ship of the line the *Wasa*, which now means the same thing, to start with, in every language, as soon as it is known.

It sailed out with all its flags flying, its band playing in answer to the band on shore, everyone in full-dress uniform, officers and men lining the rails or aloft in the rigging or manning the guns at the open gunports, and looking through them at the sea rushing past, the light of the northern

day reflected in the spray. Everyone on shore watching, waving, shouting. Puffs from the cannons on shore, then the sound of the royal salute reaching the ship many seconds later, across the water. The vessel rounding the headland under full sail, in the brisk wind, and all its guns answering the salute. And then, so suddenly that the watchers on shore rubbed their eyes, to which tears had not yet arrived, the great ship sinking with all hands. Perhaps the sea flooded the open gunports. Nobody knows for certain how it happened.

After three centuries, light returned to the wreck, swimming down to it with air hoses, peering in. Everything was preserved by the water there, and by the mud, the darkness, and the fact that the objects were new. It was said that everything was just as it had been—as though anyone knew.

The crowns of Sweden had changed heads many times. The schoolhouse was already standing empty.

A proposition was put forward to raise the wreck intact from the sea bottom, and the king approved and subscribed royal funds for the enterprise. It took years to lace a harness around the vessel in the mud and hoist it, with pneumatic equipment, inch by inch toward ultramodern sections of floating drydock, on the surface. There was a royal celebration on the day when the ship first broke the surface of the water from below.

Meanwhile, samples had been brought up and examined in laboratories. A method of preserving them from the air of our age had been devised. It included, for many of the materials, a chemical treatment to embalm the tissues not only of wood but of fabrics: clothing—much of it never worn—sails, rigging, wet flags. And it assumed the construction of a hangar: a vast hall built to house—as eventually it did—the whole of the *Wasa*, indoors, in a controlled, surprisingly warm temperature, cradled in a delicate scaffoldwork of beams, with jets of warm seawater playing over it continuously to keep its moisture at a measured level, black hoses winding through it, lights inside the hull showing the dripping interiors, while a swirling cloud of steam rises constantly around it toward the translucent ceiling, the new surface. Replicas of the original misted octagonal glasses from the ship are sold at the door, packed for travelling. A raised decorative band runs around the nacreous sides, like scars of shelves. I could check the facts, but this is something I remember.

—W. S. MERWIN



THE MAN FROM DREAM CITY

YOU can be had," Mae West said to Cary Grant in "She Done Him Wrong," which opened in January, 1933, and that was what the women stars of most of his greatest hits were saying to him for thirty years, as he backed away—but not too far. One after another, the great ladies courted him—Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth" and "My Favorite Wife," Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby" and "Holiday," Jean Arthur and Rita Hayworth in "Only Angels Have Wings," Ingrid Bergman in "Notorious," Grace Kelly in "To Catch a Thief," Eva Marie Saint in "North by Northwest," Audrey Hepburn in "Charade." Willing but not forward, Cary Grant must be the most publicly seduced male the world has known, yet he has never become a public joke—not even when Tony Curtis parodied him in "Some Like It Hot," encouraging Marilyn Monroe to rape. The little bit of shyness and reserve in Grant is pure box-office gold, and being the pursued doesn't make him seem weak or passively soft. It makes him glamorous—and, since he is not as available as other men, far more desirable.

Cary Grant is the male love object. Men want to be as lucky and enviable as he is—they want to be like him. And women imagine landing him. Like Robert Redford, he's sexiest in pictures in which the woman is the aggressor and all the film's erotic energy is concentrated on him, as it was in "Notorious": Ingrid Bergman practically ravished him while he was trying to conduct a phone conversation. Redford has never been so radiantly glamorous as in "The Way We Were," when we saw him through Barbra Streisand's infatuated eyes. But in "The Great Gatsby," when Redford needed to do for Mia Farrow what Streisand had done for him, he couldn't transcend his immaculate self-absorption. If he had looked at her with desire, everything else about the movie might have been forgiven. Cary Grant would not have failed; yearning for an idealized love was not be-



yond his resources. It may even be part of his essence: in the sleekly con-fected "The Philadelphia Story," he brought conviction to the dim role of the blue blood standing by Katharine Hepburn and waiting on the sidelines. He expressed the very sort of desperate constancy that Redford failed to express. Grant's marital farces with Irene Dunne probably wouldn't have been as effective as they were if he hadn't suggested a bedevilled constancy in the midst of the confusion. The heroine who chases him knows that deep down he wants to be caught only by her. He draws women to him by making them feel he needs them, yet the last thing he'd do would be to come right out and say it. In "Only Angels Have Wings," Jean Arthur half falls apart waiting for him to make a move; in "His Girl Friday," he's unabashed about everything in the world except why he doesn't want Rosalind Russell to go off with Ralph Bellamy. He isn't weak, yet something in him makes him hold back—and that something (a slight uncertainty? the fear of a commitment? a mixture of ardor and idealism?) makes him more exciting.

The romantic male stars aren't necessarily sexually aggressive. Henry Fonda wasn't; neither was James Stewart, or, later, Marcello Mastroianni. The foursquare Clark Gable, with his bold, open challenge to women, was more the exception than the rule, and Gable wasn't romantic, like Grant. Gable got down to brass tacks; his advances were basic, his unspoken question was "Well, sister, what do you say?" If she said no, she was failing what might almost be nature's test. She'd become over-civilized, afraid of her instincts—

afraid of being a woman. There was a violent, primal appeal in Gable's sex scenes: it was all out front—in the way he looked at her, man to woman. Cary Grant doesn't challenge a woman that way. (When he tried, as the frontiersman in "The Howards of Virginia," he looked thick and stupid.) With Gable, sex is inevitable: What is there but sex? Basically, he thinks women are good for only one thing.

Grant is interested in the qualities of a particular woman—her sappy expression, her non sequiturs, the way her voice bobbles. She isn't going to be pushed to the wall as soon as she's alone with him. With Grant, the social, urban man, there are infinite possibilities for mutual entertainment. They might dance the night away or stroll or go to a carnival—and nothing sexual would happen unless she wanted it to. Grant doesn't assert his male supremacy; in the climax of a picture he doesn't triumph by his fists and brawn—or even by outwitting anybody. He isn't a conqueror, like Gable. But he's a winner. The game, however, is an artful dodge. He gets the blithe, funny girl by maneuvering her into going after him. He's a fairy-tale hero, but she has to pass through the trials: She has to trim her cold or pompous adversariness; she has to dispel his fog. In picture after picture, he seems to give up his resistance at the end, as if to say, What's the use of fighting?

Many men must have wanted to be Clark Gable and look straight at a woman with a faint smirk and lifted, questioning eyebrows. What man doesn't—at some level—want to feel supremely confident and earthy and irresistible? But a few steps up the dreamy social ladder there's the more subtle fantasy of worldly grace—of being so gallant and gentlemanly and charming that every woman longs to be your date. And at that deluxe level men want to be Cary Grant. Men as far apart as John F. Kennedy and Lucky Luciano thought that he should star in their life story. Who but Cary Grant could be a fantasy self-image for a President and a gangster

chief? Who else could demonstrate that sophistication didn't have to be a sign of weakness—that it could be the polished, fun-loving style of those who were basically tough? Cary Grant has said that even he wanted to be Cary Grant.

And for women, if the roof leaks, or the car stalls, or you don't know how to get the super to keep his paws off you, you may long for a Clark Gable to take charge, but when you think of going out, Cary Grant is your dream date—not sexless but sex with civilized grace, sex with mystery. He's the man of the big city, triumphantly suntanned. Sitting out there in Los Angeles, the expatriate New York writers projected onto him their fantasies of Eastern connoisseurship and suavity. How could the heroine ever consider marrying a rich rube from Oklahoma and leaving Cary Grant and the night spots? Los Angeles itself has never recovered from the inferiority complex that its movies nourished, and every moviegoing kid in America felt that the people in New York were smarter, livelier, and better-looking than anyone in his home town. The audience didn't become hostile; it took the contempt as earned. There were no Cary Grants in the sticks. He and his counterparts were to be found only in the imaginary cities of the movies. When you look at him, you take for granted expensive tailors, international travel, and the best that life has to offer. Women see a man they could have fun with. Clark Gable is an intensely realistic sexual presence; you don't fool around with Gable. But with Grant there are no pressures, no demands; he's the sky that women aspire to. When he and a woman are together, they can laugh at each other and at themselves. He's a slapstick Prince Charming.

Mae West's raucous invitation to him—"Why don't you come up sometime and see me? Come on up. I'll tell your fortune"—was echoed thirty years later by Audrey Hepburn in "Charade": "Won't you come in for a minute? I don't bite, you know, unless it's called for." And then, purringly, "Do you know what's wrong with you? Nothing." That might be a summary of Cary Grant, the finest romantic comedian of his era: there's nothing the matter with him. Many of the male actors who entered movies when sound came in showed remarkable powers of endurance—James Cagney, Bing Crosby, Charles Boyer, Fred Astaire—but they didn't remain heroes. Spencer Tracy didn't, either; he became paternal and judicious.

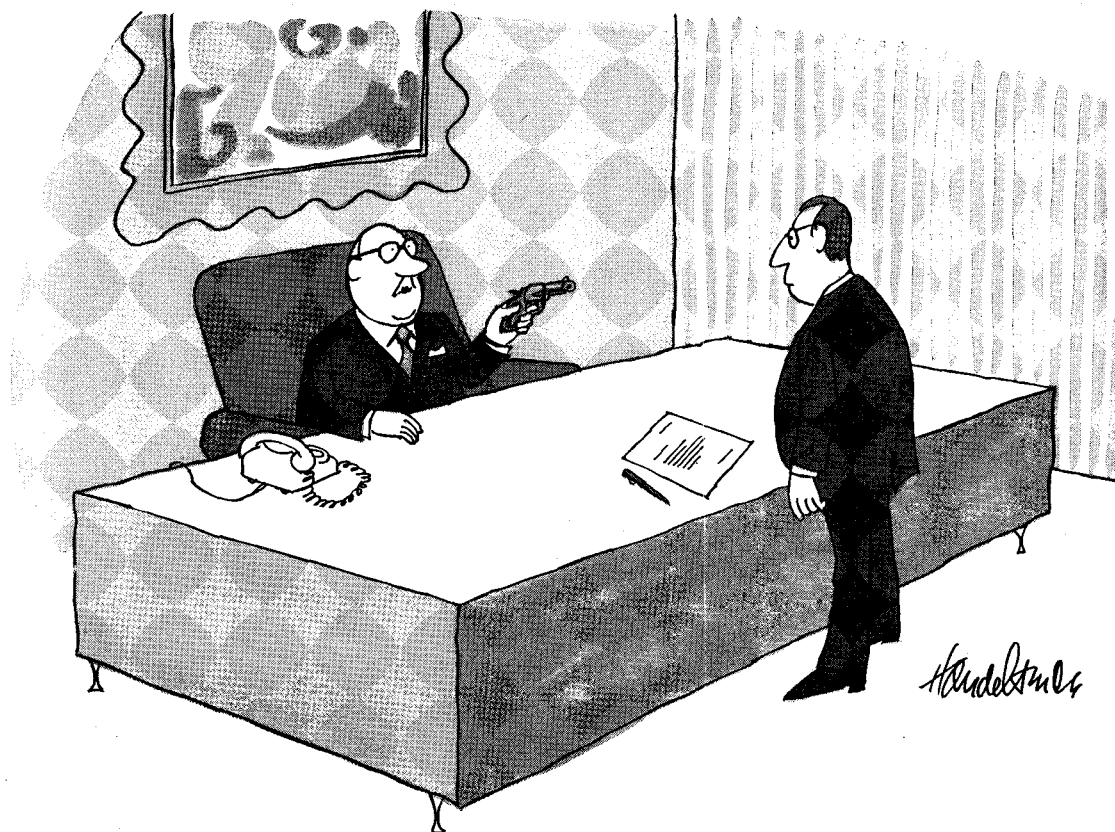
Henry Fonda and James Stewart turned into folksy elder statesmen, sagacious but desexed. Cary Grant has had the longest romantic reign in the short history of movies. He might be cast as an arrogant rich boy, an unscrupulous cynic, or a selfish diplomat, but there was nothing sullen or self-centered in his acting. Grant never got star-stuck on himself; he never seemed to be saying, Look at me. The most obvious characteristic of his acting is the absence of narcissism—the outgoingness to the audience.

CARY GRANT was a knockout in his dapper young days as a Paramount leading man to such suffering sinners as Sylvia Sydney, Carole Lombard, Tallulah Bankhead, Marlene Dietrich, Nancy Carroll. He appeared with this batch in 1932; Paramount threw him into seven pictures in his first year. In some two dozen roles in four years, he was a passable imitation of Noël Coward or Jack Buchanan, though not as brittle as Coward or as ingratiatingly silly as Buchanan. He played a celebrated javelin thrower in "This Is the Night," a rotten rich roué in "Sinners in the Sun," the hus-

band of a diva in "Enter Madam" and of another diva in "When You're in Love." He was a flier who went blind in "Wings in the Dark;" he wore a dinky mustache and was captured by the Kurds in "The Last Outpost;" he used a black bullwhip on the villainous Jack La Rue in "The Woman Accused." But that's all a blur. He didn't have a strong enough personality to impose himself on viewers, and most people don't remember Cary Grant for those roles, or even much for his tall-dark-and-handsome stints with Mae West. He might never have become a star if it had not been for the sudden onset of screwball comedy in 1934—the year when "The Thin Man" and "Twentieth Century" and "It Happened One Night" changed American movies. His performances in screwball comedies—particularly "The Awful Truth," in 1937, his twenty-ninth picture—turned him into the comedian-hero that people think of as Cary Grant. He was resplendent before but characterless, even a trace languid—a slightly wilted sheik. He was Mae West's classiest and best leading man, but he did more for her in "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel"



"What do you have, Miss, that will stick to a man's ribs?"



*"As you know, Baxter, we don't just kick people out at your level.
That's why I am asking for your resignation."*

than she did for him. She brought out his passivity, and a quality of refinement in him which made her physical aggression seem a playful gambit. (With tough men opposite her, she was less charming, more crude.) Sizing him up with her satyr's eyes and deciding he was a prize catch, she raised our estimate of him. Yet Grant still had that pretty-boy killer look; he was too good-looking to be on the level. And although he was outrageously attractive with Mae West, he was vaguely ill at ease; his face muscles betrayed him, and he looked a little fleshy. He didn't yet know how the camera should see him; he didn't focus his eyes on her the way he learned to use his eyes later. No doubt he felt absurd in his soulful, cow-eyed leading-man roles, and tried to conceal it; when he had nothing to do in a scene, he stood lunged forward as if hoping to catch a ball. He became Cary Grant when he learned to project his feelings of absurdity through his characters and to make a style out of their feeling silly. Once he realized that each movement could be stylized for humor, the eyepopping, the cocked head, the forward lunge, and the slightly ungainly stride became as certain as the pen strokes of a master cartoonist. The new element of romantic slapstick in the mid-thirties comedies—the teasing role reversals and shifts of

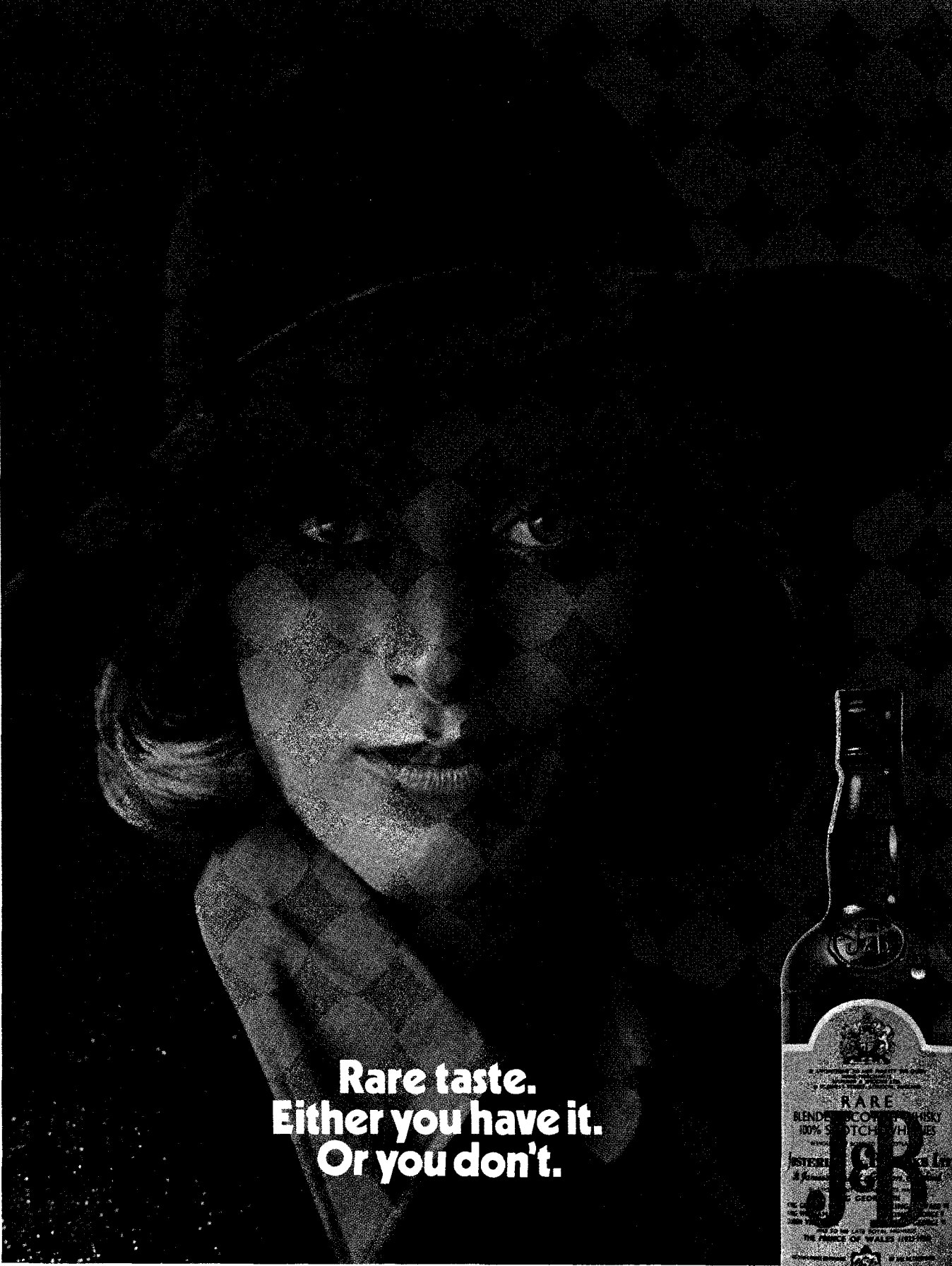
mood—loosened him up and brought him to life. At last, he could do on the screen what he had been trained to do, and a rambunctious, springy side of his nature came out. Less "Continental" and more physical, he became funny and at the same time sexy. He was no longer effete; the booming voice had vitality.

It was in 1935, when the director George Cukor cast him as a loud-mouthed product of the British slums—a con man and strolling player—in the Katharine Hepburn picture "Sylvia Scarlett," that Grant's boisterous energy first broke through. He was so brashly likable that viewers felt vaguely discomfited at the end when Brian Aherne (who had given an insufferably egotistic performance) wound up with Hepburn. Grant, on loan from Paramount to RKO, doesn't play the leading male role, yet his con man is so loose and virile that he has more life than anything else in the picture. Grant seemed to be enjoying himself on the screen in a way he never had before. Cukor said that Grant suddenly "felt the ground under his feet." Instead of hiding in his role, as usual, he expanded and gave his scenes momentum. "Sylvia Scarlett" was a box-office failure, but Grant knew now what he could play, and a year later, free to pick his own projects, he appeared in

"Topper" and his fan mail jumped from two hundred letters a week to fourteen hundred. A few months after that, he got into his full stride with "The Awful Truth."

What makes Grant such an uncannily romantic comedian is that with the heroine he's different from the way he is with everybody else; you sense an affinity between them. In "The Awful Truth," he's a hearty, sociable businessman when he's with other people, but when he's with Irene Dunne you feel the tenderness that he conceals from others. The conventional bedroom-farce plot (filmed twice before) is about a couple who still love each other but have a tiff and file for divorce; during the period of the interlocutory decree, the husband has visiting rights to see their dog, and this cunning device enables Grant to hang around,

romping affectionately with the dog while showing his (unstated) longing for his wife. Grant is a comic master at throwaway lines, and he turns them into a dialogue, as if he were talking to himself. The husband can't quite straighten out his marriage, yet every muttered, throwaway word expresses how badly he wants to. Grant's work with Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth" is the most gifted stooging imaginable. She was betrayed by the costume designer: she's shrilly dressed. And though she is often funny, she overdoes the coy gurgles, and that bright, toothy smile of hers—she shows both rows of teeth, prettily held together—can make one want to slug her. The ancestor of Julie Andrews, Irene Dunne has a bad habit of condescending to anything oddball her character does—signalling the audience that she's really a lady playacting. But Grant stabilizes her and provides the believability. He's forceful and extroverted, yet he underplays so gently that his restraint enables her to get by with her affectations. Grant uses his intense physical awareness to make the scenes play, and never to make himself look good at the expense of someone else—not even when he could waltz away with the show. He performs the gags with great gusto, but he never lets us forget that the character is behaving like an



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oaf because he doesn't want to lose his wife, and that he's trying to protect his raw places.

Henry Fonda played roles similar to Grant's, and it isn't hard to imagine Fonda as the husband in "The Awful Truth" or as the paleontologist hero of "Bringing Up Baby," but Fonda would have been more of a hayseed, and lighter-weight. And if Grant had played Fonda's role in "The Lady Eve" Grant wouldn't have been the perfect, pratfalling innocent that Fonda was: Fonda, with his saintly bumpkin's apologetic smile and his double-jointed gait, could play bashful stupes more convincingly than any other romantic star. However, it's part of the audience's pleasure in Grant that he isn't a green kid—he's a muscular, full-bodied man making a fool of himself. There were other gifted urbane *farceurs*. The best of them, William Powell, with his skeptical, tolerant equanimity, was supremely likable; he got the most out of each blink and each twitch of his lips, and he had amazing dimples, which he could invoke without even smiling. But Powell and the others didn't have romantic ardor hidden inside their jokes. And although there were other fine romantic actors, such as Charles Boyer, their love scenes often turned mooshy, while Grant's had the redeeming zest of farce.

Perfection in drawing-room comedy was almost certainly Grant's dream of glory (it appears to have remained so), but he had, as a young vaudeville comedian, acquired the skills that were to turn him into an idol for all social classes. Drawing-room-comedy stars—no matter how artful—don't become that kind of idol. When we in the audience began to sense the pleasure he took in low comedy, we accepted him as one of us. Ray Milland, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Young acted the screwball-comedy heroes proficiently, but the roles didn't release anything in their own natures—didn't liberate and complete them, the way farce completed Grant. Afterward, even when he played straight romantic parts the freedom and strength stayed with him. And never left him: he gave some embarrassed, awful performances when he was miscast, but he was never less than a star. He might still parade in the tuxedos and the tails of his dashing-young-idiot days, but he was a buoyant, lusty performer. The assurance he gained in slapstick turned him into the smoothie he had aspired to be. He brought elegance to low comedy, and low comedy gave him the

corky common-man touch that made him a great star. Grant was English, so Hollywood thought he sounded educated and was just right for rich playboys, but he didn't speak in the gentlemanly tones that American moviegoers think of as British; he was a Cockney. In the early sixties, when he was offered the role of Henry Higgins in the big movie version of "My Fair Lady," he laughed at the idea. "The way I talk now," he said, "is the way Eliza talked at the beginning." Cary Grant's romantic elegance is wrapped around the resilient, tough core of a mutt, and Americans dream of thoroughbreds while identifying with mutts. So do moviegoers the world over. The greatest movie stars have not been highborn; they have been strong-willed (often deprived) kids who came to embody their own dreams, and the public's.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER LEACH, born in Bristol on January 18, 1904, was the only child of Elias James Leach and Elsie Kingdom Leach, their firstborn son having died in infancy. Elias Leach was tall, and in photographs he seems almost reprehensibly handsome, with a cavalier's mustache, soft, flashing dark eyes, and a faintly melancholy look of resignation. He is said to have been convivial and fond of singing—a temperament his wife definitely did not share. There wasn't much they did share. He came, probably, from a Jewish background, but went along with his wife's Anglicanism. He couldn't live up to her middle-class expectations, however. Elias Leach pressed men's suits in a garment factory, and although he worked hard in the first years of the marriage, he never rose far or made much of a living. Mrs. Leach pampered their protesting child, keeping him in baby dresses, and then in short pants and long curls. A domineering woman with an early history of mental instability, she was married to a pantspresser but she wanted her son to be a cultured, piano-playing little gentleman. The parents were miserable together, and the boy was caught in the middle. When Archie was nine, he returned home from school one day to find that his mother was missing; he was led to think she had gone to a

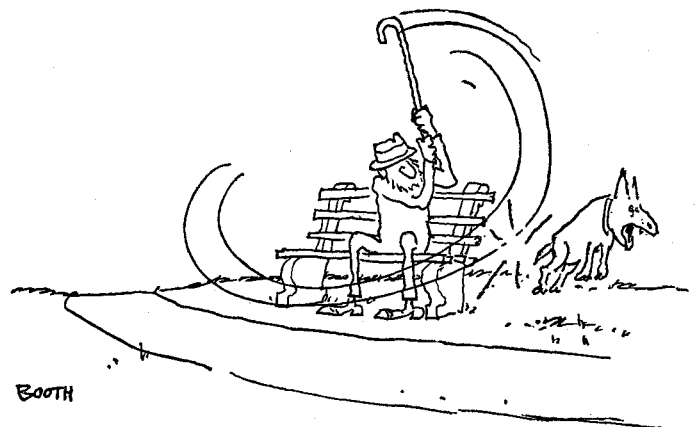
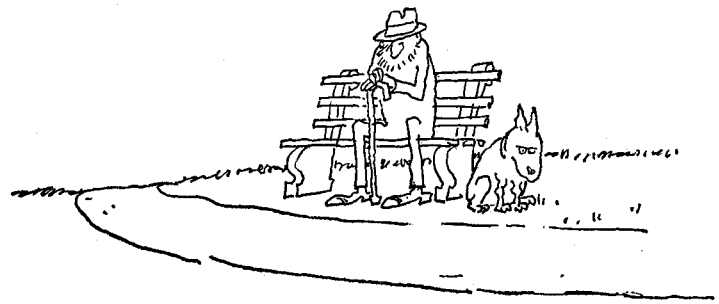
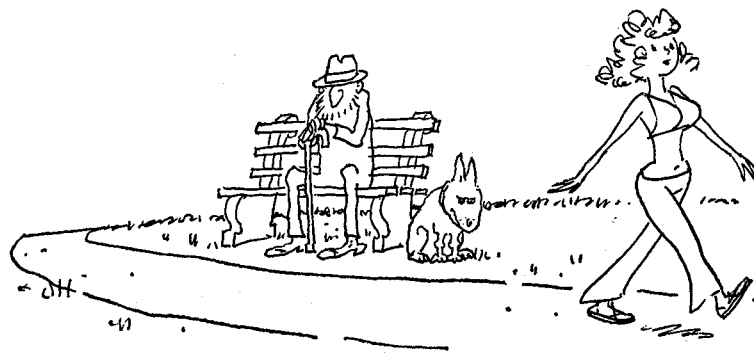
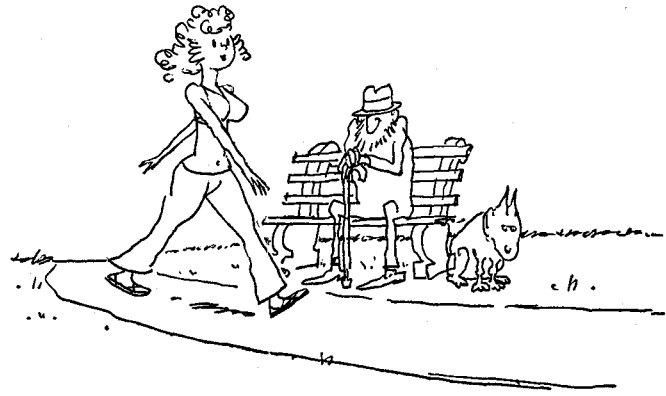
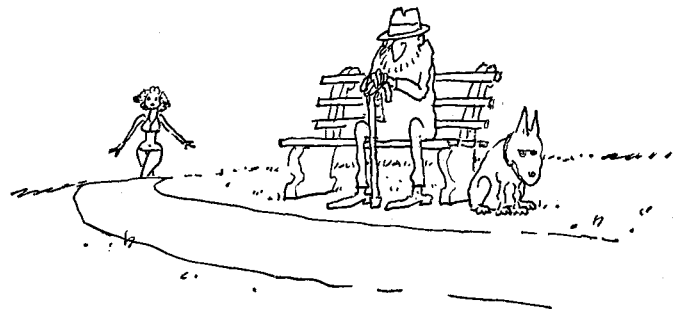
local seaside resort, and it was a long time before he learned that she had broken down and been taken to an institution. In a series of autobiographical articles published in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1963, he wrote, "I was not to see my mother again for more than twenty years, by which time my name was changed and I was a full-grown man living in America, thousands of miles away in California. I was known to most people of the world by sight and by name, yet not to my mother."

After Mrs. Leach's removal, Leach and his son took up quarters in the same building as Leach's mother, but the boy was left pretty much on his own, fixing meals for himself most of the week, and trying to live up to his absent mother's hopes for him. He went to Boy Scout meetings, studied hard, and won a school scholarship; he planned to try for a further scholarship, which would take him to college, but found out that even with a scholarship college would be too expensive. From early childhood, he had been going to the children's Saturday movie matinées, and he later said that the sessions with Chaplin, Ford Sterling and the Keystone Cops, Fatty Arbuckle, Mack Swain, John Bunny and Flora Finch, and Broncho Billy Anderson were the high point of his week. When his mother was still at home, he had a party (the only children's party he remembers attending) that featured a candle-powered magic lantern with comic slides, to which he added his own joking commentary. His first contact with music hall came quite by chance. At school, he liked chemistry, and he sometimes hung around the lab on rainy days; the assistant science teacher was an electrician, who had installed the lighting system at the Bristol Hippodrome, and one Saturday matinée he took Archie, just turned thirteen, backstage.

It was probably the only free atmosphere the boy had ever experienced. He wrote later that backstage, in a "dazzling land of smiling, jostling people," he *knew*. "What other life could there *be* but that of an actor? . . . They were classless, cheerful, and care-free." He was lonely enough and had enough hustle to start going to the Hippodrome, and another theatre, the Empire, in the early evenings, making himself useful; he helped with the lights, ran errands, and began to pick up the show-business vernacular. When he learned that Bob Pender, a former Drury Lane clown, had a troupe of young knockabout comedians



that suffered attrition each time a boy came of military age, he wrote, in the guise of his father, asking that Archibald be taken for training. Pender replied offering an interview and enclosing the railway fare to Norwich, and Archie ran away from home to become an apprentice. He was so tall that Pender accepted him, not realizing that he wasn't yet fourteen—the legal age for leaving school. It took a few days before Leach noticed that his son was gone. Earlier that year, Archie had taken a spill on an icy playground and broken an upper front tooth. Rather than tell his father, he had gone to a dental school and had the remainder of the tooth pulled out. His other teeth had closed together over the gap (giving him his characteristic upper-lip-pulled-down, tough-urchin grin) without his father's ever noticing. But, whatever Leach's failings, he appears to have meant well, and when it registered with him that the boy had run off, he tracked him down and brought him back. He might as well have saved himself the effort. Having given up his dream of college, Archie no longer cared about school, and he concentrated on acrobatics, so he'd be in shape to rejoin Pender as soon as he could. It was soon. Just after he turned fourteen, he and another boy attempted to explore the girls' lavatories, and he was expelled from school. Three days later, with his father's consent, he was a member of Pender's troupe. Only three months passed before



he returned to Bristol in triumph—on the stage at the Empire, his old schoolmates in the audience.

ARCHIE LEACH found his vocation early and stuck to it. He studied dancing, tumbling, stilt-walking, and pantomime, and performed constantly in provincial towns and cities and in the London vaudeville houses. In the Christmas season, the troupe appeared in the traditional entertainments for children—slapstick musical-comedy versions of such stories as "Cinderella" and "Puss in Boots." Living dormitory-style, exercising and rehearsing, Archie had left his parents' class-ridden world behind. Once he'd joined up with Pender, he never lived with his father again, and he lost track of him over the years. The music-hall theatre became his world; he has said that at each theatre, when he wasn't on-stage, he was watching and studying the other acts from the wings. In July, 1920, when Pender selected a group of eight boys for an engagement in New York City, the sixteen-year-old Archie was among them. They sailed on the S.S. Olympic, which was also carrying the celebrated honeymooners Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford. More than forty years later, Cary Grant described his reaction to Fairbanks: "Once even I found myself being photographed with Mr. Fairbanks during a game of shuffleboard. As I stood beside him, I tried with shy, inadequate words to tell him of my adulation. He was a splendidly

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*"What is it this time? My maleness? My Anglo-Saxoness?
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trained athlete and acrobat, affable and warmed by success and well-being. A gentleman in the true sense of the word. . . . It suddenly dawns on me as this is being written that I've doggedly striven to keep tanned ever since, only because of a desire to emulate his healthful appearance." He and Fairbanks had much in common: shattered, messy childhoods, and fathers who drifted away and turned to drink. It appears that they were both part Jewish but were raised as Christians; and they both used acrobatics in their careers—though Fairbanks, a narrowly limited actor but a fine acrobat, was a passionate devotee, while Grant used acrobatics only as a means of getting into theatrical life. And, though they represented different eras, they were loved by the public in similar ways—for their strapping health and high spirits, for being *on* and giving out whenever they were in front of an audience, for grinning with pleasure at their own good luck. Grant's later marriage to Barbara Hutton—Babs, the golden girl, "the richest girl in the world"—had a fairy-tale resemblance to the Fairbanks-Pickford nuptials.

In New York City, the Bob Pender boys were a great success at the Hippodrome, which was considered the world's largest theatre. After the engagement was over, they got booked in the major Eastern cities and wound up back in New York at the top—the Palace. When the American tour ended, in 1922, and it was time to go home, Archie Leach and several of the

other boys decided to stay. He had four solid years of performing behind him, but he had never actually been in a play, and though he'd been singing on the stage, he'd never spoken dialogue. The Pender troupe had been big time, but on his own he wasn't even small time—he had no act. In the first summer of job-hunting in New York, his savings went and he ate into the return fare Pender had given him for an emergency retreat. He must, however, have been an incredible charmer (it isn't hard to imagine), because, although he was only eighteen, he was invited to fill in at dinner parties, where he sat among the wealthy and famous—on one occasion, he was delegated to be the escort of the great soprano Lucrezia Bori. By day, after he finally landed work, he was a stilt-walker on the boardwalk at Coney Island, advertising Steeplechase Park. (It was many years before his status in life was commensurate with the regard people had for him.) In the fall, he shared quarters with a young Australian, who later became known as the costume designer Orry-Kelly; in those days, Kelly made and tried to sell hand-painted neckties, and Archie Leach peddled them along Sixth Avenue and in Greenwich Village. Around the same time, Leach and other ex-members of the Pender troupe got together in the new Hippodrome show, and joined up with some Americans and organized a vaudeville act. After trying it out in small towns in the East, they played the lesser vaudeville circuits through

Canada and back across the country from California to New York. In 1924, having saved enough money to go their separate ways, the boys disbanded, some of them returning to England, Archie Leach to job-hunting in New York again.

He worked in juggling acts, and with unicycle riders, and with dancers; he was the audience plant with a mind-reading act. As a straight man for comics, he got one-night stands at churches and lodges, and brief engagements in the stage shows that movie theatres used to put on before the film. As his timing improved and he became more experienced, he got more bookings; he says that eventually he played "practically every small town in America." Then, when he was working in New York, a friend who was a musical-comedy juvenile suggest-

ed that instead of going on with his vaudeville career he should try to get into Broadway musical comedy, and introduced him to Reggie Hammerstein, who took him to his uncle, the producer Arthur Hammerstein. At the end of 1927, Archie Leach appeared in the role of an Australian—the second male lead—in the Otto Harbach-Oscar Hammerstein II show "Golden Dawn," which opened the new Hammerstein's Theatre and ran there until the late spring. He'd got onto Broadway, all right—and Broadway was then in its frivolous heyday—but he hadn't got into musical comedy. It was operetta he was caught in, and, having signed a contract with the Hammersteins, that's where he stayed. Marilyn Miller wanted him as a replacement for Jack Donahue, her leading man in the Ziegfeld hit "Rosalie," but Arthur Hammerstein and Ziegfeld were enemies, and instead (despite his pleas) his contract was turned over to the Shuberts—for three full years of operetta.

Archie Leach's first Shubert show was "Boom Boom," a 1929 hit, starring Jeanette MacDonald. (*The New Yorker's* reviewer, Charles Brackett, wrote that "'Boom Boom' can teach one more about despair than the most expert philosopher.") During its run, he and Jeanette MacDonald were both tested at Paramount's Astoria studio. She was immediately signed up to be the bubbly Maurice Chevalier's petulant, coy co-star in Ernst Lubitsch's "The Love Parade;" he was rejected, be-

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cause he had a thick neck and bow-legs. Had he been signed as a singing star, he might have been stuck in a Mountie's hat, like Nelson Eddy. He did become a singing star on the stage. He played a leading role in a lavish and, apparently, admirable version of "Die Fledermaus" called "A Wonderful Night," but it opened on October 31, 1929, two days after the stock-market crash, and it crashed, too; for months it was performed to near-empty houses. In the summer of 1931, the Shuberts sent him to St. Louis for the open-air Municipal Opera season, where he was a great success in such shows as "Irene," "Rio Rita," "Countess Maritza," "The Three Musketeers," and the Broadway casualty "A Wonderful Night." After that, he got a temporary release from the Shuberts and appeared on Broadway in the role of Cary Lockwood, supporting Fay Wray (who was already a popular movie actress) in "Nikki," a musical play by her husband, John Monk Saunders, which flopped.

In 1931, Leach also appeared in "Singapore Sue," a ten-minute movie short, starring Anna Chang, that Casey Robinson made for Paramount in Astoria; Leach, Millard Mitchell, and two other actors played American sailors in an Oriental café. Leach is striking; he grabs the screen—but not pleasantly, and he does have a huge neck. He's rather gross in general—heavy-featured, and with a wide, false smile. His curly-lipped sailor is excessively handsome—overripe, like the voluptuous young Victor Mature. Some of the early-thirties Hollywood publicity photographs of Grant are like that, too; the images have the pop over-eagerness one often sees in graduation and wedding poses in photographers' shopwindows. Self-consciousness and bad makeup must have overcome him on that first bout with the movie camera, because photographs of him in his stage performances show a far more refined handsomeness, and the Leach of "Singapore Sue" doesn't fit the image of him in accounts by his contemporaries.

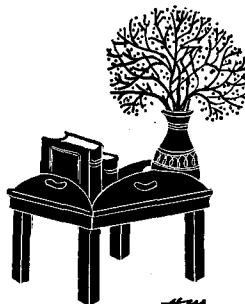
Although Leach didn't appear in the smart shows, he was something of a figure in the New York smart set, and he was known to the Algonquin group in that period when the theatrical and literary worlds were one. Some people considered him an intellectual and a powerhouse talent of the future. Moss Hart later described him as disconsolate in those years; Hart and Leach were among a group of dreamers talking of changing the theatre (the circle also included Edward Chodorov and Preston Sturges) who met daily in the

Rudley's Restaurant at Forty-first Street and Broadway. It was a hang-out where one got leads about possible jobs, and many performers frequented the place—Jeanette MacDonald, George Murphy, Humphrey Bogart. But Archie Leach was the only actor who was a regular at the Rudley rebels' table. The Anzac role he'd played in "Golden Dawn" must have clung to him, or perhaps, since he never talked much about his background, some of the others mistook his Cockney for an Australian accent, because they called him Kangaroo, and sometimes Boomerang. "He was never a very open fellow," Chodorov says, "but he was earnest and we liked him." "Intellectual" was probably the wrong word for Leach. They talked; he listened. He doesn't appear to have been much of a reader (except later on, during his marriage to Betsy Drake, when he became immersed in the literature of hypnotism and the occult), but there's no indication that anyone ever doubted his native intelligence. It's a wide-awake intelligence, though this may not be apparent from his public remarks of the sixties, which had a wholesome Rotarian tone he adopted during LSD treatments with a medical guru. In his youth, Leach liked to hang around people who were gifted and highly educated; always looking for ways to improve himself, he probably hoped that their knowledge would rub off on him. But there must have been more to it than that; he must have looked up to the brilliant young Rudley's group because the theatre he worked in didn't fully satisfy his mind. Uneducated outside the theatre, he was eager for spiritual leadership—for wisdom. In Hollywood, he was to sit at the feet of Clifford Odets, the leading wisdom merchant of the theatrical left (the sagacity was what marred Odets' plays). And during his many years of LSD sessions he was euphoric about how the drug had enabled him to relax his conscious controls and reach his subconscious, thus making him a better man—less selfish, fit at last for marriage, and so on. Obviously, he felt that he'd found a scientific route to wisdom.

When "Nikki" closed, on October 31, 1931, Leach decided to take a "vacation," and set out with a composer friend to drive to Los Angeles. He knew what he was after; many of the people he'd been working with were already in the movies. He had

the situation cooled: he'd been earning from three hundred dollars to four hundred and fifty dollars a week for several years, and the Shuberts were eager to employ him if he returned. He had barely arrived in Hollywood when he was taken to a small dinner party at the home of B. P. Schulberg, the head of Paramount, who invited him to make a test ("Singapore Sue" had not yet been released), and after seeing it Schulberg offered him a contract. The studio executives wanted his name changed, and his friends Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders suggested that he use "Cary Lockwood." He proposed it when he went back to discuss the contract, but he was told that "Lockwood" was a little long. Someone went down a list

of names and stopped at "Grant." He nodded, they nodded, and the contract went into effect on December 7th. He wasn't ever "discovered." Movies were simply the next step.



IF Archie Leach's upward progress seems a familiar saga, it is familiar in the rags-to-riches mode of a tycoon or a statesman. What is missing from his steady climb to fame is tension. He became a performer in an era in which learning to entertain the public was a trade; he worked at his trade, progressed, and rose to the top. He has probably never had the sort of doubts about acting which have plagued so many later performers, and he didn't agonize over choices, as actors of his stature do now. A young actor now generally feels that he is an artist only when he uses his technique for personal expression and for something he believes in. And so he has a problem that Archie Leach never faced: When the actor became an artist in the modern sense, he also became a sellout. He began to feel emasculated when he played formula roles that depended on technique only, and he had to fight himself to retain his belief in the audience, which often preferred what he did when he sold out. He was up against all the temptations, corruptions, and conflicts that writers and composers and painters had long been wrestling with. Commerce is a bind for actors now in a way it never was for Archie Leach; art for him was always a trade.

He was unusually long-sighted about his career, and prodigiously disciplined, and so he got into a position in which he didn't have to take any guff from

anybody. The Hammersteins had sold him to the Shuberts when he wanted to go to Ziegfeld; and to get movie roles he had to commit himself to a five-year contract with Paramount. But that was the last time he let others have the power to tell him what to do. He was twenty-seven when he signed the contract—at a starting salary of four hundred and fifty dollars a week. Paramount didn't know what it had. It used him as a second-string Gary Cooper, putting him in the pictures Cooper was too busy for—or, even worse, in imitations of roles that Cooper had just scored in. In between, Paramount lent him out to other studios and collected the fees. He was no more than a pawn in these deals. M-G-M requested him for one of the top roles in "Mutiny on the Bounty," a role he desperately wanted, but Paramount refused, and Franchot Tone won the part. A little later, Paramount lent him to M-G-M to support Jean Harlow in the piddling "Suzy."

When that contract ended, in February, 1937, Cary Grant, just turned thirty-three, was raring to go. He never signed another exclusive contract with a studio; he selected his scripts and his directors, and this is probably what saved him from turning into a depressingly sentimental figure, like the later, tired Gary Cooper, or a drudge, like the big M-G-M stars. It was in his first year on his own, free of studio orders, that he became a true star. In comedy, Cary Grant just might be the greatest straight man in the business, and his specialty is to apply his aplomb as a straight man to romance.

The "lunatic" thirties comedies that made him a star are still enjoyed, but their rationale has dropped from sight. In essence, they turned love and marriage into vaudeville acts and changed the movie heroine from sweet clinging vine into vaudeville partner. Starting in 1934, when things were still bad but Roosevelt and the New Deal had created an upswing spirit, the happy screwball comedies were entertainment for a country that had weathered the worst of the Depression and was beginning to feel hopeful. Yet people had been shaken up. The new comedies suggested an element of lunacy and confusion in the world; the heroes and heroines rolled with the punches and laughed at disasters. Love became slightly surreal; it became stylized—lovers talked back to each other, and fast. Comedy became the new romance, and trading wisecracks was the

new courtship rite. The cheerful, wacked-out heroes and heroines had abandoned sanity; they were a little crazy, and that's what they liked in each other. They were like the wisecracking soldiers in service comedies: if you were swapping quips, you were alive—you hadn't gone under. The jokes were a national form of gallantry—humor for survival. Actual lunatics in these movies became enjoyable eccentrics, endearing nuts who often made better sense than anybody else (or at least as much sense), while the butts of screwball humor were the prigs and phonies, the conventional go-getters, the stick-in-the-mud conformists. Ralph Bellamy, the classic loser and opposite number to Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth" and again in "His Girl Friday," still thought in the strict, stuffed-shirt terms of the Babbitty past. The word "square" wasn't yet in slang use, but that's the part Bellamy played—the man who didn't get the joke. Obliging and available, always around when you didn't want him (there was really no time when you did), he was the man to be jilted.

The comedies celebrated a change in values. In the movies of the twenties and the early thirties, girls who chased after riches and luxury learned the error of their ways, but after 1934 sin wasn't the big movie theme it had been. Adultery was no longer tragic; the unashamed, wisecracking gold-diggers saw to that. Glenda Farrell, one of the toughest and most honestly predatory of the millionaire-hunters, put it this way in "Gold Diggers of 1937": "It's so hard to be good under the capitalistic system." Impudence became a virtue. Earlier, the sweet, archly virginal heroine had often had a breezy, good-hearted confidante; now the roles were reversed, and the lively, resilient heroine might have an innocent kid sister or a naïve little friend from her home town who needed looking after.

What man in the Depression years would welcome a darling, dependent girl? Maybe the hero's shy buddy, but not the hero. He looked for the girl with verve; often she was so high and buoyant she could bounce right over trouble without noticing it. It was Carole Lombard's good-hearted giddiness that made her lovable, Jean Arthur's flightiness, Myrna Loy's blithe imperviousness—and in "Bringing Up Baby" Katharine Hepburn was so light-headed, so out of it, that she was unbeatable. The mistreated, masochis-

tic women who had been moping through the confessional movies, pining for the men who had ruined them and looking tenderly at their fatherless offspring, either faded (like Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, and Helen Hayes) or changed their styles (like Constance Bennett in "Topper," Lombard in "Twentieth Century," and, of course, Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night" and Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild" and "The Awful Truth"). The stars came down to earth in the middle and late thirties—and became even bigger stars. Marlene Dietrich, who had turned into a lolling mannequin, reëmerged as the battling floozy of "Destry Rides Again." Just as in the late sixties some of the performers loosened up and became hip, thirties performers such as Joel McCrea and Fredric March became lighter-toned, gabby, and flip. An actor who changes from serious to comic roles doesn't have problems with the audience (the audience loves seeing actors shed their dignity, which has generally become a threadbare pose long before it's shed); it's the change from comic to serious that may confound the audience's expectations.

The speed and stylization of screwball humor were like a stunt, and some of the biggest directors of the thirties had come out of two-reel comedy and had the right training. Leo McCarey, who directed "The Awful Truth," had directed the Marx Brothers in "Duck Soup" and, before that, Laurel & Hardy comedies for Hal Roach. George Stevens, who directed Grant in "Gunga Din," was also a Hal Roach alumnus—cameraman on Laurel & Hardy and Harry Langdon shorts, and then a Roach director. "Topper," with its sunny hocus-pocus and Grant as a debonair ghost, was actually a Hal Roach production; it was considered Roach's most ambitious project. Movies in the thirties were still close to their beginnings. Wesley Ruggles, who directed Grant in "I'm No Angel," had been one of Mack Sennett's Keystone Cops; Howard Hawks, who directed Grant in several of his best thirties films, had started as a director by writing and directing two comedy shorts. The directors had graduated from slapstick when sound came in and Hollywood took over Broadway's plays, but after a few years all that talk without much action was becoming wearying.

The screwball movies brought back the slapstick tradition of vaudeville and the two-reelers, and blended it into those brittle Broadway comedies. When it was joined to a marital farce or a



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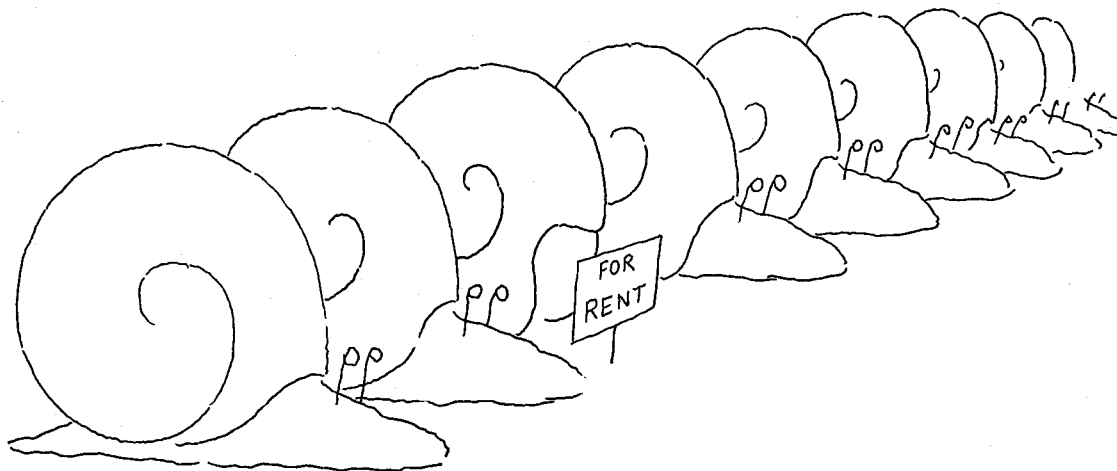
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slightly daring society romance, slapstick no longer seemed like kid stuff: it was no longer innocent and was no longer regarded as "low" comedy. The screwball movies pleased people of all ages. (The faithful adaptations of stage plays had often been a little tepid for children.) And the directors, who had come out of a Hollywood in which improvising and building gags were part of the fun of moviemaking, went back—partly, at least—to that way of working. No longer so script-bound, movies regained some of the creative energy and exuberance—and the joy in horseplay, too—that had been lost in the early years of talkies. The new freedom can be seen even in small ways, in trivia. Grant's screwball comedies are full of cross-references, and gags from one are repeated or continued in another. In "The Awful Truth," Irene Dunne, trying to do in her (almost) ex-husband—Grant—refers to him as Jerry the Nipper; in "Bringing Up Baby," Hepburn, pretending to be a gun moll, tells the town constable that Grant is the notorious Jerry the Nipper. And the same dog trots through the pictures, as Mr. Smith in "The Awful Truth," as George in "Bringing Up Baby" (and as Mr. Atlas in "Topper Takes a Trip" and Asta in the "Thin Man" movies). That dog was a great actor: he appeared to adore each master in turn.

Once Grant's Paramount contract ended, there seemed no stopping him. As long as the screwball-comedy period lasted, he was king. After "The Awful Truth," in 1937, he did two pictures with Katharine Hepburn in 1938—"Bringing Up Baby" and "Holiday." It was a true mating—they had the same high-energy level, the same physical absorption in acting. In 1939 he did "Gunga Din" and "Only Angels Have Wings," and in 1940 "His Girl Friday," "My Favorite Wife," and "The Philadelphia Story."

During those peak years—1937 to 1940—he proved himself in romantic melodrama, high comedy, and low farce. He does uproarious mugging in the knockabout jamboree "Gunga Din"—a moviemakers' prank, like "Beat the Devil." Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur stole the adolescent boys' fantasy atmosphere from "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," then took the plot from their own "The Front Page," mixed it with a slapstick "The Three Musketeers," and set it in a Hollywood Kipling India. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays the Hildy Johnson role—he plans to leave the British Army to get married and go into the tea business—and Victor McLaglen, in the Walter Burns role, and Grant, as the Cockney bruiser Archibald Cutter, scheme to get him to reënlist. When the three comrades fight off their enemies, they're like three Fairbankses flying through the air. Grant looks so great in his helmet in the bright sunshine and seems to be having such a marvellous time that he becomes the picture's romantic center, and his affection for the worshipful Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe) becomes the love story. The picture is both a stirring, beautifully photographed satiric colonial-adventure story and a wallop vaudeville show. Grant's grimaces and cries when Annie the elephant tries to follow him and Sam Jaffe onto a rope bridge over a chasm are his broadest clowning. (The scene is right out of Laurel & Hardy.) And he's never been more of a burlesque comic than when he arrives at the gold temple of the religious cult of thugs and whinnies with greedy delight at the very moment he's being shot at. The thug guru is shaven-headed Eduardo Ciannelli (the original Diamond Louis of "The Front Page"), who wears a loincloth and chants "Kill! Kill! Kill for the love of killing!" Perhaps because the picture

winds up with a bit of pop magic—an eye-moistening, Kiplingesque tribute to Gunga Din, shown in Heaven in the British Army uniform he longed to wear—the press treated it rather severely, and George Stevens, the director, was a little apologetic about it. He may have got in over his head. He had replaced Howard Hawks as director, and when he added his Stan Laurel specialties to the heroic flourishes Hawks had prepared, and after the various re-write men (William Faulk-

ner and Joel Sayre were among them) built on to the gags, the result was a great, bounding piece of camp. Grant has always claimed that he doesn't like to exert himself, and that his ideal role would be a silent man in a wheelchair, but his performance here tells a different story. (All his performances tell a different story.) The following year, when Grant played Walter Burns in "His Girl Friday" (this time an acknowledged remake of "The Front Page," and, with Charles Lederer's additions, a spastic explosion of dialogue), he raised mugging to a joyful art. Grant obviously loves the comedy of monomaniac egotism: Walter Burns' callousness and unscrupulousness are expressed in some of the best farce lines ever written in this country, and Grant hits those lines with a smack. He uses the same stiff-neck, cocked-head stance that he did in "Gunga Din": it's his position for all-out, unsubtle farce. He snorts and whoops. His Walter Burns is a strong-arm performance, defiantly self-centered and funny.

When Grant was reunited with Irene Dunne in "My Favorite Wife," they had another box-office smash, but his playing wasn't as fresh as in "The Awful Truth." This marital farce was really moldy (it was based on Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," filmed at least a dozen times, starting in 1911), and Grant's performance as the rattled husband is a matter of comic bewilderment and skittish double takes. The presence in the cast of his close friend Randolph Scott (they shared a house for several years) as the rival for Irene Dunne's affections may have interfered with his concentration; he doesn't provide an underlayer of conviction. He's expert but lightweight, and the role and the bustling plot don't bring anything new out of him.

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just about over by then. The screwball comedies, in particular, had become strained and witless; the spoiled, headstrong runaway heiresses and the top-hatted playboy cutups had begun to pall on the public, and third-rate directors who had no feeling for slapstick thought it was enough to have players giggling and falling over the furniture. Right from the start, screwball comedy was infected by the germ of commercial hypocrisy. The fun-loving rich, with their glistening clothes, whitewall tires, mansions in the country, and sleek Art Deco apartments, exalted a carefree contempt for material values. The heroes and heroines rarely had any visible means of support, but they lived high, and in movie after movie their indifference to such mundane matters as food and rent became a self-admiring attitude—the attitude that is still touted in “Travels with My Aunt” and “Mame.” Like Mame, the unconventional heroines of the thirties were beloved by their servants. Irene Dunne in white fox and a trailing evening gown would kick her satin train impatiently to tell us that it was not money but love and laughter that mattered. The costume designers often went in for sprightly effects: Irene Dunne and Katharine Hepburn would be put into pixie hats that clung on the side of the head, dipping over one eye, while on top there were pagodas that shot up six or seven inches to a peak. All too often, the villains were stuffy society people or social climbers (as in “Mame”), and the heroes and heroines just too incorrigibly happy-go-lucky. Love seemed to mean making a fool of yourself. The froth hung heavy on many a screwball comedy, and as the pictures got worse and the Cary Grant parts began to be played by Lee Bowman and David Niven the public got fed up. The movement had already run down before the war started. In the forties, there were still some screwball comedies, but they were antic and shrill, except for a few strays: some of the Tracy-Hepburn pictures, and the comedies in which Preston Sturges reinvented slapstick in a more organic form—creating an image of Americans as a people who never stopped explaining themselves while balling up whatever they were trying to do.

THOUGH he remained a top box-office star, Cary Grant fell on evil days. After 1940, he didn't seem to have any place to go—there were no longer Cary Grant pictures. Instead, he acted in pictures that he wasn't right for, and in pictures that nobody could have been right for—abominations like

the 1942 anti-Nazi romantic comedy “Once Upon a Honeymoon,” in which he was an American newsman in Warsaw trying to rescue the American stripper Ginger Rogers from her Nazi husband (Walter Slezak). From the first frame, it was as clammily contrived as anything that Paramount had shoved him into, and in one pathetically insensitive sequence Grant and Rogers are mistaken for Jews and held in a concentration camp. His performance is frequently atrocious: he twinkles with condescending affection when the nitwit stripper develops a political consciousness and helps a Jewish hotel maid escape from danger. Mostly, he acted in stock situation comedies—comedies with no comic roots, like “The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer” (1947), in which Myrna Loy is a judge who works out a deal. Grant, a philandering artist, will go to jail unless he dates her schoolgirl sister (Shirley Temple) until the teen-ager's crush on him wears off. Escorting Shirley Temple—wearing his shirt open and acting like an adolescent—Cary Grant is degradingly unfunny. There's no core of plausibility in his role. Grant doesn't have the eyes of a Don Juan, or the temperament. When the artist is accused of being a skirt-chaser, it seems like some kind of mistake.

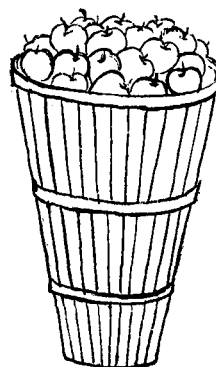
In the thirties, Grant would sometimes appear in a role, such as the despondent husband of a mercenary, cold-hearted woman (Kay Francis) in the 1939 “In Name Only,” that suggested that he had unexplored dimensions. They remained unexplored. In 1941, when he departed from comedy, it was in just the sort of sincere tearjerker that Hollywood was always proud of—“Penny Serenade,” with Irene Dunne again. The unrealistic casting of this inert, horribly pristine film is the trick: the appeal to the audience is that these two glamorous stars play an ordinary couple and suffer the calamities that do in fact happen to ordinary people. When tragedy strikes Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, it hurts the audience in a special way—“Penny Serenade” is a sweet-and-sour pacifier. Grant, who got an Academy Award nomination, could hardly have been better. Using his dark eyes and his sensuous, clouded handsomeness as a romantic mask, he gave his role a defensive, not quite forthright quality, and he brought out everything that it was possible to bring out of his warmed-over lines, weight-

ing them perfectly, so that they almost seemed felt.

Nearly all Grant's seventy-two films have a certain amount of class and are well above the Hollywood average, but most of them, when you come right down to it, are not really very good. Grant could glide through a picture in a way that leaves one indifferent, as in the role of a quaint guardian angel named Dudley in the bland, musty Goldwyn production “The Bishop's Wife” (1947), and he could be the standard put-upon male of burbling comedy, as in “Every Girl Should Be Married” (1948) and the pitifully punk “Room for One More” (1952)—the nice-nice pictures he made with Betsy Drake, who in 1949 became his third wife. He could be fairly persuasive in astute, reflective parts, as in the Richard Brooks thriller “Crisis” (1950), in which he plays a brain surgeon forced to operate on a Latin-American dictator (José Ferrer). He's a seasoned performer here, though his energy level isn't as high as in the true Grant roles and he's a little cold, staring absently when he means to indicate serious thought. What's missing is probably that his own sense of humor isn't allowed to come through; generally when he isn't playing a man who laughs easily he isn't all there.

He was able to keep his independence because he had a good head for business. Within a short time of leaving Paramount, he could command a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a picture, and that was only the beginning. Later, he formed partnerships and produced his pictures through his own corporations—Grandon, Granart, Granley, and Granox. He didn't do what stars like Kirk Douglas did when they gained control over their productions: he didn't appear in Westerns, for the virtually guaranteed market. He was too self-aware for that; he was a lonely

holdout in the period when even Frank Sinatra turned cowpoke. From the thirties on, Grant looked for comedies that would be mass-oriented versions of the Noël Coward and Philip Barry and Frederick Lonsdale drawing-room and boudoir farces that Broadway theatre-goers admired in the twenties. And so he settled for Sidney Sheldon (“The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer,” “Dream Wife”), or Stanley Shapiro (“Operation Petticoat,” “That Touch of Mink”), for Norman Panama and Melvin Frank (“Mr. Blandings



Judith Shalom

Builds His Dream House”), or for Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose (“Room for One More,” “Houseboat”). He sought the best material and got the second-rate and synthetic, because good writers wouldn’t (and couldn’t) write that way anymore. His taste didn’t change, but he didn’t do the real thing—not even the real Lonsdale. His friends say he believes that the world doesn’t understand fine language. With “People Will Talk” and “The Talk of the Town,” he was probably reaching toward Shaw. He got the loquacity without the wit.

Considering that he selected his roles, these choices indicate one of the traps of stardom. When actors are young, they’re eager for great roles, but when they become stars they generally become fearful that the public won’t accept them in something different. They look for roles that seem a little more worthwhile than the general run. With one exception—“None but the Lonely Heart”—Cary Grant appeared to be content throughout his career to bring *savoir-faire* to pratfalls, romantic misunderstandings, and narrow escapes. It seems reasonable to assume that he attained something so close to the highest aspirations of his youth that, as far as acting was concerned, he had no other goals—and no conflicts. Moss Hart said that Archie Leach’s gloom vanished when he became Cary Grant.

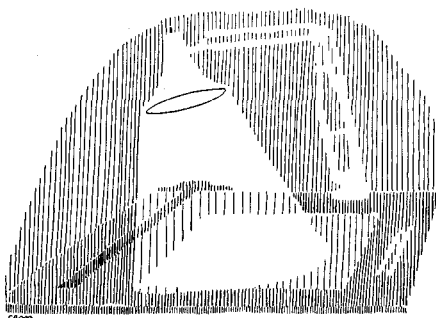
THE only trace of gloom in Grant’s movies is in “None but the Lonely Heart,” which he made in association with Clifford Odets (as writer and director) in 1944. The film was an ironic interlude in Grant’s career, coming, as it did, between the cloying whimsey of “Once Upon a Time,” in which he was a Broadway sharpie exploiting a boy who had a pet dancing caterpillar, and “Night and Day,” the ten-ton Cole Porter musical bio, in which he skittered about as a youthful Yalie before facing life with stoic courage and inscrutable psychic hangups. In “None but the Lonely Heart,” set in the East End of London, he plays Ernie Mott, a young Cockney—a restless drifter who lacks the will to leave the ghetto for good. Ernie grew up in oppressive poverty, but he wants to make life better for his mother, who runs a grubby antiques and secondhand-furniture shop. Made at Grant’s instigation (he acquired the rights to the book), the film was a gesture toward the ideas he shared with the other dissidents at Rudley’s, and, even more, a gesture toward his own

roots—toward the grimness of his life before he apprenticed himself to the theatre. His mother was released from confinement in 1933 (that same year, his father died of “extreme toxicity”), and he established a surprisingly close relationship with her. Eccentric but hardy and self-sufficient, she had a whole new life after that twenty-year incarceration. She lived into her mid-nineties, and until she was in her late eighties she did all her own shopping and housework, and occupied her days with antiquing—driving fierce bargains when she spotted something she wanted. Grant has described her as “extremely good company.” He wrote that “sometimes we laugh together until tears come into our eyes.” In the thirties, he flew to England several times a year to see her, and he took the English beauty Virginia Cherrill (Chaplin’s leading lady in “City Lights”) to meet his mother before they were married, in London, in 1934—his first marriage, which was dissolved the following year. The outbreak of the Second World War must have brought his English past even closer to him; he was still a British subject, and in 1939 he became involved in activities to aid the British. Later, when the United States was in the war, he went on trips to entertain the troops and on bond-selling tours. (In one routine, he played straight man to Bert Lahr.) In June, 1942, less than two weeks before his marriage to Barbara Hutton, he legally changed his name and became an American citizen.

Grant’s old name had long been a joke—to the public and to him. He had named his pet Sealyham Archibald, and when the dog ran away from his Los Angeles home (it is said that the dog ran out the door while Grant was carrying Virginia Cherrill over the threshold), he took large ads in the papers giving the dog’s name. In “Gunga Din,” when Grant, as the soldier Cutter, receives an invitation to a regimental ball, he reads the salutation aloud—“Arch-i-bald Cutter”—chewing the syllables and savoring their preposterousness. As the editor in “His Girl Friday,” when Grant is threatened

with prison by the mayor and the sheriff, he yammers out, “The last man to say that to me was Archie Leach, just a week before he cut his throat.”

Yet when he played Ernie Mott in “None but the Lonely Heart” he became Archie Leach again; even the names are similar. “None but the Lonely Heart” was the first movie Clifford Odets had ever directed, and although the original material was not his but a best-selling novel by Richard Llewellyn, Odets gave it the rich melancholy of his best plays. Too much of it, however: the dirgelike, mournful, fogged-up atmosphere seemed fake and stagy. Odets worked up each scene (almost as one develops scenes in the theatre) and didn’t get them to flow thematically, but he went all out. He brought off some hard-earned effects with an élan that recalled Orson Welles’ first films, and there were unexpected crosscurrents. (Ernie’s girl, played by June Duprez, was plaintive and distressed, and turned out not to be Ernie’s girl at all.) It was an extraordinary début film, and it is an indication of the movie industry’s attitude toward talent that Odets got only one other chance to direct—fifteen years later (“The Story on Page One,” in 1959). The complicated texture of “None but the Lonely Heart” made a pervasive, long-lasting impression. What can one remember of such Grant films as “Room for One More” or “Dream Wife” or “Kiss Them for Me” or “Houseboat”? But from “None but the Lonely Heart” one retains June Duprez’s puzzlingly perverse face and voice; a scene of Grant and a buddy (Barry Fitzgerald) drunk in a tunnel, letting out their voices and teasing their echoes; and—especially—Grant and Ethel Barrymore together. She played his mother, and her great, heavy eyes matched up with his. In her screen roles, this statuesque, handsome woman usually substituted presence and charm and hokum for performance; she wasn’t tedious, like her brother Lionel, but she was a hollow technician. Not this time, though. In a few scenes, she and Grant touched off emotions in each other which neither of them ever showed on the screen again. When Ernie, who has become a petty racketeer, is told that his mother has been arrested for trafficking in stolen goods, he has an instant’s disbelief: “They got her inside, you mean—pinched?” Grant says that line with more fervor than any other line he ever delivered. And there are viewers who still—after three decades—recall the timbre of Ethel Barrymore’s voice in the prison





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hospital when she cries, "Disgraced you, Son."

Grant is not as vivid in the memory as Ethel Barrymore is. Of the profusion of themes in the film, the deeply troubled bond of love between the mother and the son must have been a strong factor in his original decision to buy the book. Yet he didn't fully express what had attracted him to the material. His performance was finer than one might have expected, considering that in all his years on the stage he'd never actually done a play without music, and that he couldn't use the confident technique that made him such a dynamo in screen comedy, or the straightforward, subdued acting he depended on in the war film "Destination Tokyo." Grant was always desperately uncomfortable when he played anyone who wasn't close to his own age, and though he may have felt like the Ernie of the novel (a dreamy nineteen-year-old, an unformed artist-in-*intellectual*), as an actor he was too set in his ways. The slight stylization of his comic technique—the deadpan primed to react, the fencer's awareness of the camera, all the self-protective skills he'd acquired—worked against him when he needed to be expressive. Cary Grant acts from the outside; he's the wrong kind of actor to play a disharmonious character, a precursor of the fifties rebel-hero. Grant isn't totally on the surface: there's a mystery in him—he has an almost stricken look, a memory of suffering—but he's not the modern kind of actor who taps his unconscious in his acting. Part of his charm is that his angers are all externally provoked; there are no internal pressures in him that need worry us, no rage or rebelliousness to churn us up. If he reacts with exasperation or a glowering look, we know everything there is to know about his reaction. When we watch Brando, the dramatic stage is *in* him, and the external aggressions against him are the occasions for us to see the conflicts within; the traditional actor's distance and his perfect clarity are gone. Life seemed simpler with Cary Grant's pre-Freudian, pre-psychological acting-as-entertaining. But he couldn't split Ernie Mott apart effectively, and he couldn't hold him together, either. And—it was nobody's fault—one reason Ernie wasn't as vivid a character as he needed to be was that it was Cary Grant trying to be grubby Ernie Mott. A movie star like Cary Grant carries his movie past with him. He becomes the sum of his most successful roles, and he has only to appear for our good will to be extended to him. We smile when we

see him, we laugh before he does anything; it makes us happy just to look at him. And so in "None but the Lonely Heart," in the role that was closest to Grant's own buried feelings—the only character he ever played that he is known to have consciously identified with—he seemed somewhat miscast.

It's impossible to estimate how much this failure meant to him, but more than a year passed before he plunged into the inanities of "Night and Day"—the only year since he had entered movies in which he made no pictures, and a bad year in other ways, too, since his marriage to Barbara Hutton broke up. However, Cary Grant appears to be a profoundly practical man; after the disappointing box-office returns from "None but the Lonely Heart" (he did get an Academy Award nomination for it, but the award was given to Bing Crosby for "Going My Way"), he never tried anything except Cary Grant roles. As far as one can judge, he never looked back. He remained a lifelong friend of Clifford Odets; he was proud to be accepted by Odets, and Odets was proud that the handsome, tanned idol was there at his feet. But Odets' passion no longer fired Cary Grant to make business decisions. When Odets was trying to set up picture deals and needed him as a star, he didn't return the calls. This didn't spoil their friendship—they had both been living in Los Angeles a long time.

NO doubt Grant was big enough at the box-office to have kept going indefinitely, surviving fables about caterpillars, and even such mournful mistakes as hauling a cannon through the Napoleonic period of "The Pride and the Passion." But if Alfred Hitchcock, who had worked with him earlier on "Suspicion," hadn't rescued him with "Notorious," in 1946, and again, in 1955, with "To Catch a Thief" (a flimsy script but with a show-off role for him) and in 1959 with "North by Northwest," and if Grant hadn't appeared in the Stanley Donen film "Charade" in 1963, his development as an actor would have essentially been over in 1940, when he was only thirty-six. In all four of those romantic suspense comedies, Grant played the glamorous, worldly figure that "Cary Grant" had come to mean: he was cast as Cary Grant, and he gave a performance as Cary Grant. It was his one creation, and it had become the only role for him to play—the only role, finally, he *could* play.

Had he made different choices, had

he taken more risks like "None but the Lonely Heart," he might eventually have won acceptance as an actor with a wide range. He might have become a great actor; he had the intensity, and the command of an audience's attention. But how can one tell? One thinks of Cary Grant in such a set way it's difficult even to speculate about his capacities. Yet, considering his wealth and his unusually independent situation, it's apparent that if he was constricted, it wasn't just Hollywood's doing but his own.

Working within the framework of commercial movies, James Mason, who at one time also seemed a highly specialized star, moved on from romantic starring roles to a series of deeper character portraits. However, Mason had to move away from the sexual center of his movies to do it, and it's doubtful if Grant would have sacrificed—or even endangered—the type of stardom he had won. His bargaining power was probably more important to him than his development as an actor; he *was* a tycoon. Whatever his reasons were, they're concealed now by his brisk businessman's manner. He doesn't seem to know or to care whether his pictures were good or bad; he says that if they did well at the box office, that's all that matters to him, and this doesn't appear to be an affectation. He made a gigantic profit on the gagged-up "Operation Petticoat," which he produced in 1959; his friends say that he makes no distinction between that and "Notorious."

Cary Grant always looks as if he'd just come from a workout in a miracle gym. And it's easy for audiences to forget about his stinkers (they're not held against him), because he himself isn't very different in them from the way he is when he has a strong director and a script with some drive. It's his sameness that general audiences respond to; they may weary of him, but still he's a guaranteed product. (It's the pictures that aren't.) And if he didn't grow as an actor, he certainly perfected "Cary Grant." One does not necessarily admire an icon, as one admires, say, Laurence Olivier, but it can be a wonderful object of contemplation. (If Olivier had patented the brand of adorable spoiled-boy charm he exhibited on the stage in "No Time for Comedy," he might have had a career much like Grant's—and, indeed, in "Sleuth" Olivier played the sort of role which would then have been all that could be expected of him.)

As a movie star, Grant is so much a man of the city that he couldn't play

a rural hero or a noble, rugged man of action, and so much a modern man that he couldn't appear in a costume or period picture without looking obstreperous—as if he felt he was being made a fool of. In "The Howards of Virginia," it wasn't just the hot-blooded fighter-lover role that threw him, it was also wearing a Revolutionary uniform and a tricornered hat, with his hair in a chignon; he waddled through the picture like a bowlegged duck. The thought of him in Biblical sackcloth or

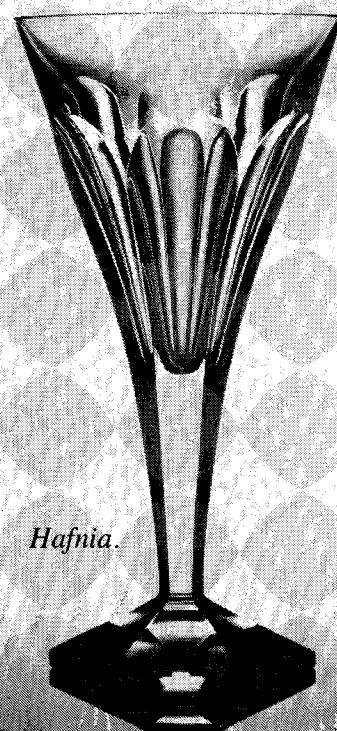
in a Roman toga or some Egyptian getup is grisly-funny. And he's inconceivable in most of the modern urban films: how could Cary Grant play a silent stud or a two-fisted supercop? Grant never quite created another

character—not even in the limited sense that screen stars sometimes do, using their own bodies and personalities as the base for imaginative creations. There are no Fred C. Dobbies or Sam Spades in his career. It's doubtful if he could even play a biographical character without being robbed of his essence. As Cole Porter, he wanders around in "Night and Day" looking politely oblivious; he's afraid to cut loose and be himself, yet he's too constrained to suggest anything resembling Cole Porter, so the hero seems to have a sickly, joyless nature. Composing song after song, his Cole Porter appears to have less music in his soul than any other living creature. Grant relaxes a little just once, while singing "You're the Top" with Ginny Simms.

He sings quite often in movies—as in "The Awful Truth," when he parodies Ralph Bellamy's version of "Home on the Range," or in "Suzy," in which he does the number that is included in "That's Entertainment," and he replaced Bing Crosby as the Mock Turtle in the 1933 "Alice in Wonderland," and sang "Beautiful Soup"—but he played an actual singing role in only one movie, early in his career: the disarmingly frilly 1934 "Kiss and Make Up," one of Paramount's many imitations of the Lubitsch musical-comedy style. A sense of fun breaks through when he shows off his vaudeville skills—a confident, full-hearted exhibitionism. He frequently plays the piano in movies—happily and enthusiastically—and he does off the screen, too. For the past decade, since the breakup of his fourth marriage—to Dyan Cannon—following the birth of a daughter (his first child), he's been in retirement from the screen, but he's been active as an executive with Faber-



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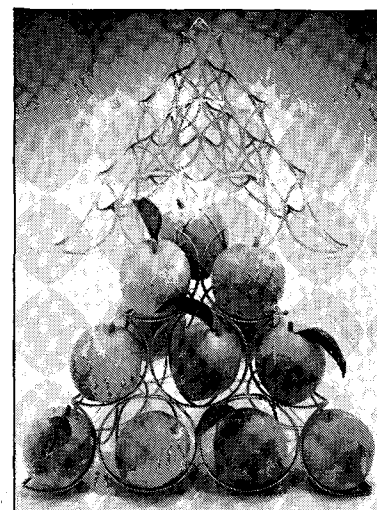
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gé, whose president, George Barrie, used to play the saxophone for a living (Barrie composed the title song for "A Touch of Class," produced by Brut, a subsidiary of Fabergé); they sometimes have jam sessions after board meetings, with Grant playing piano or organ. It's a corporate business right out of a thirties Cary Grant movie: in "Kiss and Make Up," he actually ran a swank beauty salon. Grant belongs to the tradition of the success-worshipping immigrant boy who works his way to the top, but with a difference: the success he believes in is in the international high style of the worldly, fun-loving men he played—he's got Rolls-Royces stashed away in key cities. He has lived up to his screen image, and then some; welcome everywhere, more sought after than the Duke of Windsor was, he's glitteringly—almost foolishly—hale at seventy-one.

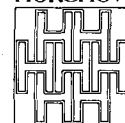
Grant has had an apparently wide range of roles, but only apparently. Even in the era when he became a star, his sexual attraction worked only with a certain type of co-star—usually playing a high-strung, scatterbrained heroine, dizzy but not dumb. He would have been a disaster opposite Joan Crawford. With her gash smile, thick-syrup voice, and enormous tension, she required a roughneck titan like Gable to smite her; she would have turned Cary Grant into Woody Allen. A typical fan-magazine quote from Joan Crawford in her big-box-office youth was "Whatever we feel toward the man of the moment, it is he who is our very life and soul." It hardly matters whether Crawford herself was the author of those sentiments; that was the kind of woman she represented on the screen. It's easy to visualize Cary Grant's panic at the thought of being somebody's "very life and soul." He wanted to have a good time with a girl. It was always implicit that she had something going on her own; she was a free lance. She wasn't going to weigh him down—not like Crawford, who was all character armor and exorbitant needs. Crawford actually intended to take over the man of the moment's life and soul; that was what love meant in her pictures, and why she was so effective with skinny, refined, rich-hero types, like Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone, whom she could scoop up. She gave the same intensity to everything she did; she inspired awe. But Grant didn't want to be carried away—nobody scoops up Cary Grant—and he didn't want an electrical powerhouse. (He's unthinkable with Bette Davis.) Once Grant became a star, there was a



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civilized equality in his sex partnerships, though his co-star had to be not only a pal but an ardent pal. When he appeared with Myrna Loy, they were pleasant together, but they didn't really strike sparks. Loy isn't particularly vulnerable, and she isn't dominant, either; she's so cool and airy she doesn't take the initiative, and since he doesn't, either (except perfunctorily), nothing happens. They're too much alike—both lightly self-deprecating, both faintly reserved and aloof.

In dramatic roles, the women stars of the thirties and forties could sometimes triumph over mediocre material. This has been one of the saving aspects of the movie medium: Garbo could project so much more than a role required that we responded to her own emotional nature. Her uniquely spiritual eroticism turned men into willing slaves, and she was often at her best with rather passive men—frequently asexual or unisexual or homosexual (though not meant to be in the course of the films). Garbo's love transcended sex; her sensuality transcended sex. She played opposite Clark Gable once, and the collision, though heated, didn't quite work; his macho directness—and opacity—reduced her from passionate goddess to passionate woman. And Garbo seemed to lose her soul when she played mere women—that's why she was finished when the audience had had enough of goddesses. But for a time in the late twenties and early thirties, when she leaned back on a couch and exposed her throat, the whole audience could dream away—heterosexual men as much as the homosexuals (whom she was, indeed, generally seducing in her movies). Something similar operated, to a lesser extent, with Katharine Hepburn. In the thirties, she was frequently most effective with the kind of juveniles who were called boys: they were male versions of sensitive waifs, all cheekbone. She was effective, but there wasn't much sexual tension in those movies. And, despite the camaraderie and marvellous byplay of her later series with Spencer Tracy, she lost some of her charge when she acted with him. She was humanized but maybe also a little subjugated, and when we saw her through his eyes there seemed to be something the matter with her—she was too high-strung, had too much temperament. Tracy was stodgily heterosexual. She was more exciting with Cary Grant, who had a faint ambiguity and didn't want her to be more like ordinary women: Katharine Hepburn



was a one-of-a-kind entertainment, and he could enjoy the show. The element of Broadway conventionality that mars "The Philadelphia Story" is in the way she's set up for a fall—as a snow maiden and a phony. Grant is cast as an élitist variation of the later Spencer Tracy characters.

Cary Grant could bring out the sexuality of his co-stars in comedies. Ingrid Bergman, a powerful presence on the screen, and with a deep, emotional voice (her voice is a big part of her romantic appeal in "Casablanca"), is a trifle heavy-spirited for comedy. She was never again as sexy as in that famous scene in "Notorious" when she just keeps advancing on Grant; you feel that she's so far gone on him that she can't wait any longer—and it's

funny. Although Grant is a perfectionist on the set, some of his directors say that he wrecks certain scenes because he won't do fully articulated passages of dialogue. He wants always to be searching for how he feels; he wants to waffle charmingly. This may be a pain to a scenarist or a director, but in his own terms Grant knows what he's doing. He's the greatest sexual stooge the screen has ever known: his side steps and delighted stares turn his co-stars into comic goddesses. Nobody else has ever been able to do that.

When the sexual psychology of a comedy was right for Grant, he could be sensational, but if it was wrong and his energy still came pouring out, he could be terrible. In Frank Capra's "Arsenic and Old Lace" (made in 1941 but not released until 1944, because, by contract, it couldn't open until the Broadway production closed) he's more painful to watch than a normally bad actor—like, say, Robert Cummings—would be, because our affection for Grant enters into our discomfort. As it was originally written, the Mortimer Brewster role—an acerbic theatre critic being pursued by his aggressive, no-nonsense fiancée—wouldn't have been bad for Grant, but the Capra film sweetened the critic and turned the fiancée into a cuddly, innocuous little dear (Priscilla Lane). Capra called Grant Hollywood's greatest *farceur*, but the role was shaped as if for Fred MacMurray, and Grant was pushed into frenzied overreacting—prolonging his stupefied double takes, stretching out his whinny. Sometime after the whopping success of "It Happened One Night," Frank Capra had lost his instinct for sex scenes, and his comedies became almost obscenely neuter, with clean, friendly old grand-

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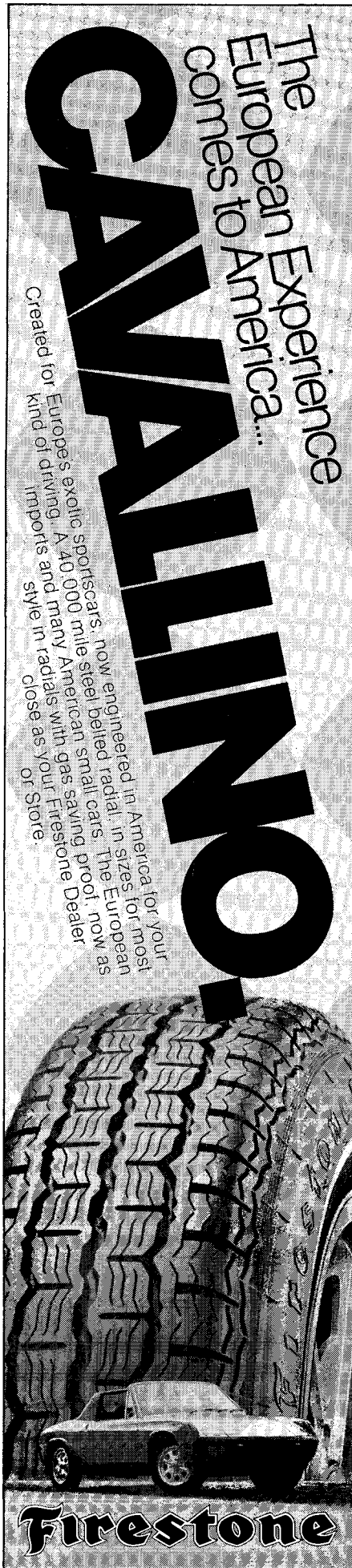
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pas presiding over blandly retarded families. Capra's hick jollity was not the atmosphere for Cary Grant; and he was turned into a manic eunuch in "Arsenic and Old Lace."

In drag scenes—even in his best movies—Grant also loses his grace. He is never so butch—so beefy and clumsy a he-man—as in his female impersonations or in scenes involving a clothes switch. In "Bringing Up Baby," Katharine Hepburn takes his suit away, and he has nothing to wear but a flouncy fur-trimmed negligee. When Hepburn's aunt (May Robson) arrives and demands crossly, querulously, "Why are you wearing a robe?" Grant, exasperated, answers, "Because I just went gay all of a sudden." It doesn't work: he goes completely out of character. Burt Lancaster was deliriously, unself-consciously funny in a long drag sequence in "The Crimson Pirate" (a parody adventure picture roughly comparable to "Gunga Din"); he turned himself into a scrambled cartoon of a woman, as Harry Ritz had done in "On the Avenue." That's what Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon did in "Some Like It Hot"—only they did it by yielding to their feminine disguises and becoming their own visions of gorgeous, desirable girls. Bert Remsen does it that way in "California Split," anxiously seeing himself as a gracious lady of quality. But Grant doesn't yield to cartooning femininity or to enjoying it; he doesn't play a woman, he threatens to—flirting with the idea and giggling over it. His sequence in a skirt and a horsehair wig in the stupid, humiliating "I Was a Male War Bride" was a fizzle. He made himself brusque and clumsy to call attention to how inappropriate the women's clothes were on him—as if he needed to prove he was a big, burly guy.

The beautifully tailored clothes that seem now to be almost an intrinsic part of the Cary Grant persona came very late in his career. Decked out in the pinstripes, wide lapels, and bulky shoulders of the early forties, Grant, with his thick, shiny black hair, often suggested a race-track tout or a hood. He was a snappy dresser, and when he was playing Ivy League gentlemen, his clothes were often kingpin flashy, in the George Raft manner. Happy and hearty, he looked terrific in those noisy clothes; he wore baggy pants in "Only Angels Have Wings" and was still a sexual magnet. But sometimes his slouch hats and floppy, loose-draped jackets seemed to dominate the actor inside. His strutting appearance was distracting, like a gaudy stage set. As he got

older, however, he and his slim-line clothes developed such an ideal one-to-one love affair that people could grin appreciatively in the sheer pleasure of observing the union. In "North by Northwest," the lean-fitting suit he wore through so many perils seemed the skin of his character; and in "Charade," when for the sake of a dim joke about drip-dry he got under the shower with his suit on, he lost the skin of his character—even though that character was "Cary Grant."

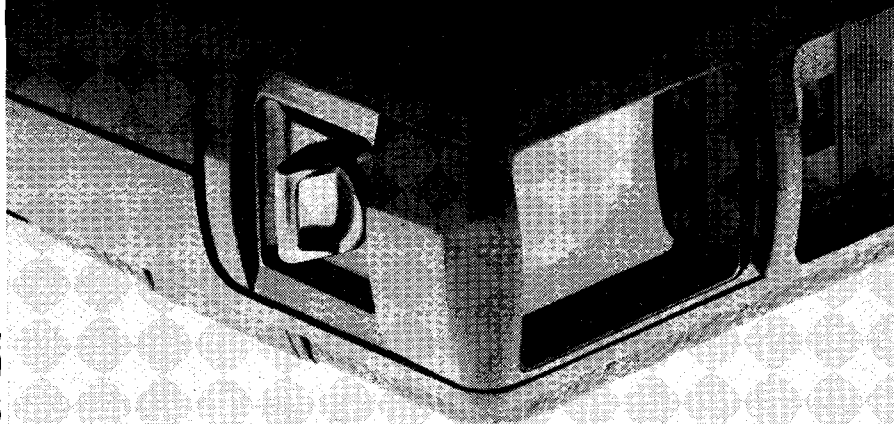
IT'S a peerless creation, the "Cary Grant" of the later triumphs—"Notorious," "To Catch a Thief," "North by Northwest," and "Charade." Without a trace of narcissism, he appears as a man women are drawn to—a worldly, sophisticated man who has become more attractive with the years. And Grant really had got better-looking. The sensual lusciousness was burned off: age purified him (as it has purified Paul Newman). His acting was purified, too; it became more economical. When he was young, he had been able to do lovely fluff like "Topper" without being too elfin, or getting smirky, like Ray Milland, or becoming a brittle, too bright gentleman, like Franchot Tone. But he'd done more than his share of arch mugging—lowering his eyebrows and pulling his head back as if something funny were going on in front of him when nothing was. Now the excess energy was pared away; his performances were simple and understated and seamlessly smooth. In "Charade," he gives an amazingly calm performance; he knows how much his presence does for him and how little he needs to do. His romantic glamour, which had reached a high peak in 1939 in "Only Angels Have Wings," wasn't lost; his glamour was now a matter of his resonances from the past, and he wore it like a mantle.

Some stars (Kirk Douglas, for one) don't realize that as they get older, if they continue to play the same sort of parts, they no longer need to use big, bold strokes; they risk self-caricature when they show their old flash, and they're a bit of a joke when they try to demonstrate that they're as good as they ever were. But if they pare down their styles and let our memories and imaginations fill in from the past, they can seem masters. Sitting in an airport V.I.P. lounge a few years ago, Anthony Quinn looked up from the TV set on which he was watching "To Catch a Thief" and said, "That's the actor I always wanted to be"—which is fairly funny, not only because

Quinn and Grant are such contrasting types but because Quinn has never learned the first thing from Cary Grant. He's never understood that he needs to dry out a little. Some actors are almost insultingly robust. If you should ask Anthony Quinn "Do you know how to dance?" he would cry "Do I know how to dance?" and he'd answer the question with his whole body—and you'd probably wind up sorry that you'd asked. Cary Grant might twirl a couple of fingers, or perhaps he'd execute an intricate, quick step and make us long for more. Unlike the macho actors who as they got older became strident about their virility, puffing their big, flabby chests in an effort to make themselves look even larger, Grant, with his sexual diffidence, quietly became less physical—and more assured. He doesn't wear out his welcome: when he has a good role, we never get enough of him. Not only is his reserve his greatest romantic resource—it is the resource that enables him to age gracefully.

What the directors and writers of those four suspense films understood was that Cary Grant could no longer play an ordinary man—he had to be what he had become to the audience. In box-office terms, he might get by with playing opposite Doris Day in "That Touch of Mink," but he was interchangeable with Rock Hudson in this sort of picture, and the role was a little demeaning—it didn't take cognizance of his grace or of the authority that enduring stardom confers. The special charm of "Notorious," of the piffle "To Catch a Thief," and of "North by Northwest" and "Charade" is that they give him his due. He is, after all, an immortal—an ideal of sophistication forever. He spins high in the sky, like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. He may not be able to do much, but what he can do no one else has ever done so well, and because of his civilized nonaggressiveness and his witty acceptance of his own foolishness we see ourselves idealized in him. He's self-aware in a charming, non-egotistic way that appeals to the very people we'd want to appeal to. Even when he plays Cockneys, he isn't English or foreign to us—or American, either, exactly. Some stars lose their nationality, especially if their voices are distinctive. Ronald Colman, with his familiar cultivated, rhythmic singsong, seemed no more British, really, than the American Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; they were both "dashing" men of the world. Ingrid Bergman doesn't sound Swedish to us but sounds simply like Ingrid Bergman. Cary Grant became

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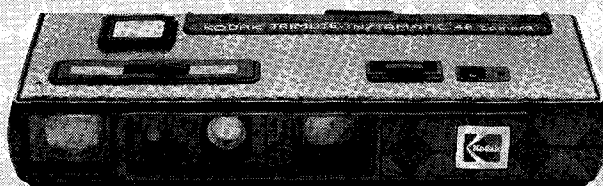
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stateless early: he was always Cary Grant. Making love to him, the heroines of the later movies are all aware that he's a legendary presence, that they're trying to seduce a legend. "How do you shave in there?" Audrey Hepburn asks bemusedly in "Charade," putting her finger up to the cleft in his chin. Her character in the movie is to be smitten by him and to dote on him. Actually, he had begun to show his age by that time (1963); it was obvious that he was being lighted very carefully and kept in three-quarter shots, and that his face was rounder and a little puffy. And although lamp-black may have shielded the neck, one could tell that it was being shielded. But we saw him on Audrey Hepburn's terms: Cary Grant at his most elegant. He didn't need the show-stopping handsomeness of his youth; his style, though it was based on his handsomeness, had transcended it.

Everyone likes the idea of Cary Grant. Everyone thinks of him affectionately, because he embodies what seems a happier time—a time when we had a simpler relationship to a performer. We could admire him for his timing and nonchalance; we didn't expect emotional revelations from Cary Grant. We were used to his keeping his distance—which, if we cared to, we could close in idle fantasy. He appeared before us in his radiantly shallow perfection, and that was all we wanted of him. He was the Dufy of acting—shallow but in a good way, shallow without trying to be deep. We didn't want depth from him; we asked only that he be handsome and silky and make us laugh.

Cary Grant's bravado—his wonderful sense of pleasure in performance, which we respond to and share in—is a pride in craft. His confident timing is linked to a sense of movies as popular entertainment: he wants to please the public. He became a "polished," "finished" performer in a tradition that has long since atrophied. The suave, accomplished actors were usually poor boys who went into a trade and trained themselves to become perfect gentlemen. They're the ones who seem to have "class," Cary Grant achieved Mrs. Leach's ideal, and it turned out to be the whole world's ideal. —PAULINE KAEI

A SAD THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the *Encyclopædia Britannica's* article on "Artillery"]

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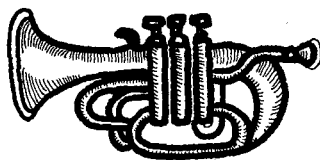
THE Bolshoi Opera, now at the Metropolitan Opera House on its first visit to this country, brings to New York audiences a revelation of what grand opera can be when it is done by a company that is solidly founded and securely funded, a company whose artists are accustomed to performing in their own language to an audience that understands them, whose whole concern is for the work in hand and not the greater glory of particular interpreters. Graved in bronze, on a tablet overlooking the pool at Lincoln Center, are some fine words by John D. Rockefeller III:

The arts are not for the privileged few, but for the many. Their place is not on the periphery of daily life, but at its center. They should function not merely as another form of entertainment but, rather, should contribute significantly to our well being and happiness.

The Bolshoi productions are conceived in this spirit. The jungle world of Western opera has bred some rare, wonderful monsters, and I am glad they exist. Only one of the Bolshoi performers—and he a conductor—would I rank among the handful of the world's greatest operatic artists. In Europe and America, we can encounter some grand performances that reach the level of the Bolshoi offerings in integrity of purpose and surpass it in imaginative power and splendor of individual executions. And there are still some companies—though ever fewer in these days of jet travel and of instant, instantly exploited reputations—that are steady, true ensembles. But a company quite like the Bolshoi is not to be found. I should not want it as my only troupe. The repertory is not unadventurous—of the six operas brought to New York, three (Prokofiev's "The Gambler" and "War and Peace," Kiril Molchanov's "The Dawns Are Quiet Here") are from the twentieth century, and three (Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and "The Queen of Spades") from the nineteenth—but it is small. (The company does no Wagner, for example, though it is contemplating a "Lohengrin.") I am grateful to have lived and to live in two cities that have both an "international showcase" and a "national" opera company, each playing a large and varied repertory. But very grateful,

too, for the chance of hearing and seeing the sure, established, consolidated work of the Bolshoi.

THE season opened with "Boris Godunov." It was given in the Rimsky-Korsakov version of the score, and this I regret, for the Bolshoi is a company vocally, orchestrally, and



temperamentally superbly equipped to sound the full eloquence of Mussorgsky's original. It was shortened, notably by the removal of the first Polish scene (the pretty cracovienne for Marina's women, her mazurka, and the dialogue with Rangoni), and it was lengthened by the addition of the scene outside St. Basil's Cathedral, scored by Ippolitov-Ivanov in Rimskian manner. The scene in Kromy Forest came not last, where Mussorgsky placed it, but before the Death of Boris, whither Rimsky moved it. This, too, I regret, for although Mussorgsky's first version of the opera did end with Boris's death, the Kromy scene he added in 1871 is a more potent and more affecting finale. Boris usually has the last word in productions that "star" an exceptional performer of the title role; the Bolshoi presentation would end more fittingly with the popular scene and the Simpleton's lament, not only because the chorus is the "star" of the show but also because the drama enacted is above all that of the people. (For St. Basil and Kromy, Mussorgsky's alternatives, to be done consecutively is also unfortunate, but the Bolshoi got over this difficulty, in part, by doing St. Basil before the last intermission; there, it joined with the surviving Polish scene to make a new Act III.)

No one denies that in its own right the Rimsky recension is a splendid and powerful opera. The Bolshoi performance of it is traditional in the best sense of the word. Mahler is often credited with the remark "*Tradition ist Schlampererei*" ("Tradition is slovenliness"). What he really said—he was director of the Vienna Opera at the time—is "*What you people call tradition is mere slovenliness,*" and referred to practices unthinkingly followed, to musical or dramatic observances motivated only by the fact that others had done things that way before. There is nothing thoughtless or unmotivated in the Bolshoi's traditional presentation of "Bor-

is." The production dates from 1948 but makes a vivid and fresh impression—fresher, indeed, than it did when I last saw it, in Paris, five years ago. (In general, the company is more lively, less routinized than it was then; the new dominance of admirable young conductors may have something to do with this, and also, of course, the challenge of a New York debut.) There are at least nine-and-sixty ways of going about the opera, and although not every single one of them is right, most of them can cast light on some aspect of it. In Salzburg, Karajan directed a glittering supershow—Rimsky version, in Russian. In Glasgow, in a small theatre, Michael Geliot directed a sombre, intimate drama—Mussorgsky version, in English translation. Covent Garden, whose production, originally by Peter Brook, is coeval with the Bolshoi's, has over the years rung countless changes both textual and linguistic. Earlier this season, the Metropolitan Opera itself produced a large, thoughtful, and beautiful realization of the Mussorgsky score, in rote-learned Russian. The Bolshoi handling is less distinctive than the Met's, does not bear so prominently the particular seals of its designer, director, and conductor, but it does have what, in these days of *Werktreue*, or truth to a work as its creators conceived it, would be counted the highest virtue if only the concept of *Werktreue* had been extended to the musical theatre. To do—and, for that matter, to admire—a production of a nineteenth-century masterpiece in a style that its creators would recognize and approve is to be called "old-fashioned," since fickle fashion heaps its praises on the novel conception, the personal reinterpretation, the "re-creation in terms of our own day." Fashion is certainly important, and the innovators with genius have taught us much. But tradition—the dedicated exploration and interpretation of a work in its original terms, not Mahler's "What you people call tradition"—is more important still, and its results can be more deeply satisfying.

The Bolshoi "Boris," staged in big, handsome, realistic scenery by Fyodor Fyodorevsky, looks much as "Boris" must always have looked in the nineteenth century. The production is quite uneccentric, and within it, as a viewing of successive casts made clear, there is room for individual ideas about movement, gesture, and dramatic emphasis. From first to last, the choral singing was superb—powerful, deep-toned, dramatic, and many-colored; for the sound of the Bolshoi chorus alone this

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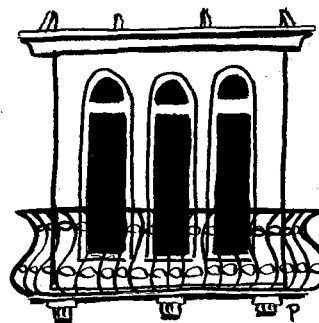
performance would merit a visit. Yevgeny Nesterenko, the Boris on the first night, was a reliable and correct performer, fairly impressive but without the huge personality and compelling vocal authority of the very best Borises. Of Alexander Vedernikov, at the second performance, much the same can be said. Neither did anything wrong; neither was magnificent. Mark Reshetin, the Pimen on both occasions, has a very fine, expressive bass. Boris Morozov, at the second performance, was a splendid Varlaam; not just his delivery of the Kazan song but all the colors of his voice were energetic and filled with character. Grigory was sung first by Vladimir Atlantov, a Bolshoi tenor who has made an international reputation. His timbre and, it would seem, his artistic intentions are somewhat crudely Italianate rather than characteristically Russian—as if he took Franco Corelli as his model. His successor, Vladislav Piavko, gave a keener, subtler performance. Yelena Obraztsova, Marina both times, brought the house down with her big, cantabile solo at the close of the Fountain Duet, in the Polish scene. If there was some vinegar in her tone, there was honey in her phrasing. This was the way I have long waited to hear the passage done—each note glued to the next, the tempo slow, flexible, yet amorously urgent, the whole sequence irresistibly seductive in utterance. Other performers of note were Nina Grigorieva, the Nurse one night and the Hostess of the Inn the other, with a big, solid, bouncy contralto; Mikhail Shkaptsov, as Mitiukha, the peasant who sings a few solo lines; and, above all, Yury Mazurok, as Shchelkalov. At his best, Mr. Mazurok seems to me to have the most beautiful baritone voice in the world, and as Shchelkalov, on the first night, he was at that best. Every operagoer must recall phrases the sound of which moved him to ecstasy. Not since the young Fischer-Dieskau, as Wolfram in a Bayreuth "Tannhäuser," turned my heart over with his singing of the words "Bleib bei Elisabeth!" have I been so transported by lyric baritone sound as during Mr. Mazurok's delivery of Shchelkalov's brief address, in the first scene. Both Xenias—Tamara Sorokina and Lidia Kovalyova—were edgy, impure, unpleasant sopranos, but they were the only singers in the large casts who

seriously let down the side. The numerous basses, baritones, and tenors maintained a good level.

But a simple report sheet, artist by artist, cannot give much idea of the whole or convey the sense one gained of an ideal performance, existing in the imagination of all, toward which each was striving to contribute his share. Very beautiful, very clear enunciation of the text was a general virtue. When Stanislavsky prepared this opera for performance by his Opera Studio, he told his cast that

the whole of "Boris Godunov" needs to be based on dazzling diction. You need to know how to speak Pushkin's lines. There is very little staging involved. Everything is based on the words in the phrases! You are to pronounce the text in such a musical way that Pushkin's verse will be preserved. That is your main objective.... In contrast to all the former productions you have been in here, you will be concerned not with action but with conveying all the charm of Pushkin's poetry.

(Stanislavsky's direction of "Boris," and of "Eugene Onegin," "The Queen of Spades," and several other operas, is described in detail in "Stanislavsky on Opera," by Constantin Stanislavsky and Pavel Rumyantsev, to be published next month by Theatre Arts Books.) "All the charm of Pushkin's poetry" must elude anyone not versed in Russian, but the charm of words distinctly, purely, and expressively uttered is universal, and the Bolshoi's "dazzling diction" made me feel that, if only I knew more than a few words of Russian, I would understand



all that these singers say. Russian-speakers in the audience confirm that almost every line is intelligible. The artists must be praised for it. Also the conductor, Yury Simonov, who let the words through without in any way reducing the expressive power or dim-

ming the colors of his orchestra. Verbal audibility is partly a matter of instrumental rehearsal, of achieving (as Karajan does) a balance so precise and intonation so true that the orchestral sound is transparent, a support for and not a barrier to or a veil over the voices. This transparency was not Mr. Simonov's only merit. In every way he persuaded me, during "Boris," that he is one of the world's great operatic conductors, with a perfect sense of timing and timbre, a pacing that leads the listener from phrase to phrase, a sense of

form that spans the whole of a scene. He covered a huge dynamic range, without ever inviting attention to stray from the music-drama and dwell simply on its stunning execution. He has an immaculate, very precise and communicative, unflashy technique. Responsive, coöperative and not dictatorial, he seems to breathe and bow along with his singers and players, to inspire and draw inspiration from them. Still in his thirties, he is now the Bolshoi Opera's principal conductor. Conductors who combine virtuoso command, unobtrusiveness, and profound interpretative powers in so high a degree are most rare.

THE second opera of the visit was "The Gambler," an uneven but exhilarating product of Prokofiev's impetuous youth. In about 1914 he began it, at a time when stage adaptations of Dostoevsky were being tried. The ballets for Diaghilev—"Ala and Lolly" and "The Buffoon"—intervened. (The first never reached the stage, but was converted into the Scythian Suite; war delayed production of the second to 1921.) Spurred by the Diaghilev successes abroad, the Maryinsky Theatre began to think about new works. One of its conductors, Albert Coates, said to Prokofiev, "Write your 'Gambler,' and we'll produce it." Prokofiev wrote it. ("Encouraged by the interest aroused by the Scythian Suite, I chose the most radical language possible.") A read-through for the Maryinsky opera committee was arranged on a day when the conservative Glazunov and Cui could not be present; "The Gambler" was accepted, put into rehearsal, and announced for 1917. But soon after the February Revolution work on it was dropped; the singers could not cope with the "cacophony of sounds, with its incredible intervals and discordant notes." Not until 1929, in Brussels, was "The Gambler" performed; Prokofiev revised his score for the occasion. It disappeared again until performances were given in Naples in 1955, in Darmstadt the following year, and in New York (in the Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse, with two-piano accompaniment) the year after that. Since then there has been a trickle of productions, and last year the Bolshoi took "The Gambler" into its repertory. The standard Soviet work on the composer—Israel Nesteyev's, of 1957—disapproves of the opera:

Despite its satirical note, the libretto of "The Gambler" is on the whole very pessimistic, and lacking in morality and

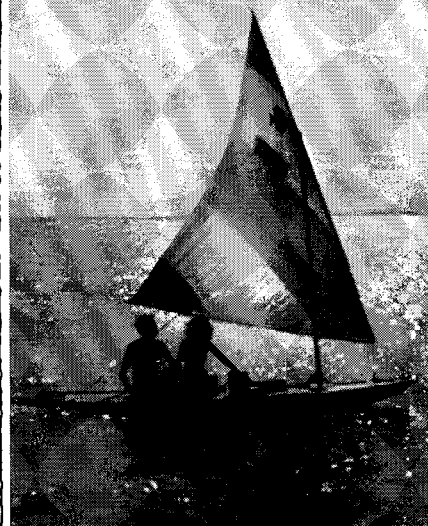
faith in man. The music accentuates these qualities.... The continuous recitative, for the most part high-strung and unrelied by a single arioso passage, inevitably becomes monotonous.

But the line on Prokofiev has changed since then; several pieces of his once scorned have entered the Soviet repertory, and Boris Pokrovsky, the director of the Bolshoi production, can find in "The Gambler" one "positive character"—the composer himself, whose music "exposes, denounces, and passes a merciless verdict" on "the world of material gain" and its contemptible inhabitants, by whom Alexei and Polina, "the poor tutor and the dowerless young woman," are destroyed. "Therein lies the moral message of the opera and its humanism: the lyrical sympathy with which the composer depicts the victims of this warped and ugly environment."

I don't believe Prokofiev intended any such moral message. Dostoevsky's autobiographical tale, from which the composer drew his own libretto, is of two self-destructive and mutually destructive lovers who move in a "mist of egoistical preoccupations." (The phrase is John Updike's, from his review, in these pages, of the University of Chicago Press volume that gathers Dostoevsky's "The Gambler," related letters, the diary of the real-life Polina, and *her* story, "The Stranger and Her Lover.") Prokofiev discerned in it, I believe, no more than some dramatic confrontations lending themselves to music of high emotional tension, a well-varied supporting cast who, with touches of caricature, could be made vivid, and the chance for a virtuoso divertissement round the roulette tables. Characteristically, the enfant terrible began his composition by setting Alexei's satirical account of Russian family life. In adapting the book for the stage, he encountered two problems. First, it is written as Alexei's journal; we learn about the other characters, their relationships, and past events only as the narrator learns about them, and see them only through his eyes. Second, the principal theme is a troubled, undefined relationship between two people who cannot themselves comprehend or formulate their feelings. (In Prokofiev's next opera but one, "The Fiery Angel," based on Valery Bryusov's autobiographical allegory, both difficulties recur in exactly the same form.) Prokofiev solves the second problem by writing, so to speak, eloquently unspecific love music that can prompt a listener to feel intensely with Polina and Alexei without quite

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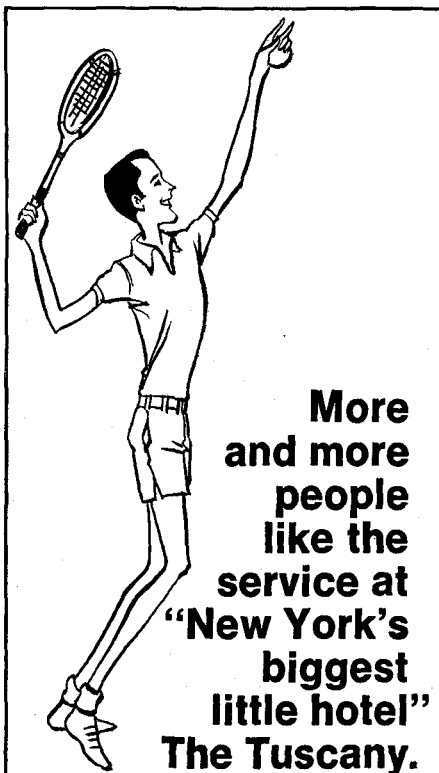
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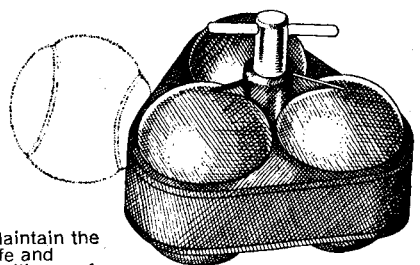
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understanding—any more than they do—just what is being felt, or why. The first problem—transforming a first-person narrative into a dramatic action—is often quite gauche tackled; there are lines and incidents in the libretto that make no sense unless one has read the book. (That is true of almost all Prokofiev's operas.)

What "The Gambler" shows abundantly—Nesteyev admits it, Pokrovsky delights in it—is Prokofiev's flair for brilliantly theatrical music. In a well-known passage, the composer analyzed four strains in his creative personality at the time of "The Gambler": neo-classical; toccatalike ("this perhaps the least important"); lyrical; and "the modern trend... the search for a language in which to express powerful emotions." A possible fifth, an element that some termed grotesque, he preferred to regard as an intensification of the others, and rejected the word "grotesque" in favor of "scherzo-ish— or else the three words describing the various degrees of the scherzo: whimsicality, laughter, mockery." Examples of all five strains may be found in almost any of his works. Lyricism dominates in "The Ugly Duckling" and in the Akhmatova song settings, Opus 27, composed around "Gambler" time; but in "The Gambler" the fourth and fifth strains are uppermost. The performances of the opera I have enjoyed most have been crisp, "scherzo-ish" readings in which the drama of the characters has seemed less important than the exuberant quality of the music and its torrents of headlong invention. The Bolshoi performance disturbed me because of its imprecision—not orchestrally (for under the young Alexander Lazarev the playing was bright and keen) but vocally. The singers were seldom exactly on the beat; they tended to utter the lines with the kind of freedom from strict tempo that Richard Strauss asks for in his conversation piece "Intermezzo"—parlando and rubato. Such expressive freedom is in many works welcome, but cannot be right for this score, in which the voices are so often an element in elaborate scherzo patterns. Not understanding Russian, I may have missed compensating verbal inflections that give life to the characters; the imprecision may have been deliberate, or it may have arisen from a stage/pit acoustic relationship different from the Bolshoi Theatre's. In a few cases—notably in lines sung by the important characters of the General and the Grandmother, played by Alexander Ognivtsev and Larissa Avdeyeva—it

extended to cavalier pitch definition of the notes. Mr. Pokrovsky and his designer, Valery Leventhal, had devised an animated production that was, appropriately, conceived in the "modern" manner of the twenties, and set on a revolving turntable. The show had plenty of spirit.

THE third opera was "Eugene Onegin." An account of that can wait until next week.

—ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

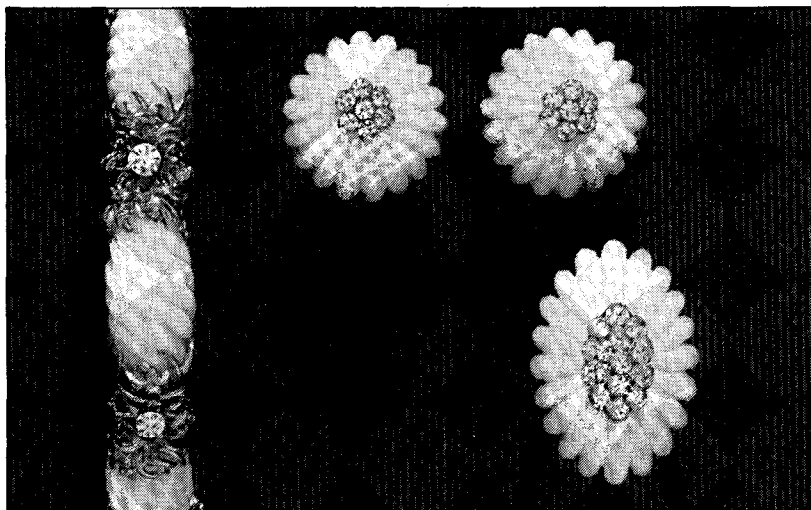
Sympathy for the Stones

I LOVE watching the Rolling Stones perform. Yet if some visitors from Mars were to request a sample of the Stones at their best, I'd get them a bunch of records rather than take them to a concert. In part, I suppose, this preference reflects the bias of the obsessive listener, aware of and addicted to musical—particularly vocal—and spiritual subtleties that tend to get lost in the effort to project to the last row of an arena like Madison Square Garden. But even from a sheerly orgiastic point of view the choice holds, for ultimately it has less to do with subtleties than with the baldly obvious: sex. Mick Jagger's preeminence as a singer depends to a large extent on his incredible erotic power. Whatever else they may be, his recorded performances are nearly always seductions, sometimes blunt and blatant, sometimes overlaid with anger, pain, tenderness, or—in recent years—weary confusion (*not* the same thing as decadence). But for some reason (a reaction to Altamont? a desire to shake his macho reputation? the conviction that being a sex symbol is kid stuff?) Jagger seems to have decided to play down his sexuality onstage. On the Stones' current tour, as in 1972, Mick has chosen, rather, to embody some abstract principle of rock and roll: Jumpin' Jack Flash is an imp, not a man—a lightning rod for an impersonal, asexual, superhuman energy. The result is uniquely exciting, but it has a certain one-dimensional quality. It is as if Jagger's sexual being were so tied in with the rest of his emotions that to submerge it was to submerge himself. Some songs—mainly pure rockers, like "Brown Sugar" and "It's Only Rock 'n Roll"—are perfect vehicles for this sort of minimalist intensity. But when Jagger moves on to "Gimme Shelter" or "Wild Horses," or even "Rip This Joint," one has an uneasy sense of something missing. As if to distract

from that lack, Mick clowns a lot. His humor—undoubtedly influenced by Ron Wood, who has replaced Mick Taylor's solemn musicianship with the Faces' brand of working-class zaniness as well as an earthier guitar style—is uncharacteristically silly. Mick plays that masterpiece of lubricity "Star Star" for yuks, sparring with an inflated phallic prop that looks like Casper the Friendly Ghost; he dumps buckets of water on the audience and on himself. Usually, the trouble with rock stars is that they take themselves too seriously; Jagger seems at times to be denying his seriousness altogether. I find the denial disingenuous, and it makes me uncomfortable.

These reservations intruded sporadically on my enjoyment of the Stones' opening night in New York, on Sunday, June 22nd. There were other problems too: bugs in the sound system; dull patches—particularly an interminable version of "Fingerprint File." Still, I spent most of the evening dancing in my seat—and in my seat merely because the people behind me insisted. I arrived at the Garden early; like most of the audience, I was already stoned on anticipation. Shortly after eight, the buildup began. Bands of steel drummers, situated in strategic parts of the hall, slowly converged in front of the Stones' collapsible six-pointed stage, which was folded up like a huge silver tulip. The drummers played; strings of tiny blue lights flashed, faster and faster; projections of the Stones' eagle logo circled the walls. At nine-twenty-five, when the crowd could no longer be denied, the stage opened to reveal Mick Jagger clinging to one of its points, dressed in what looked like magenta lounging pajamas. The concert began with "Honky Tonk Women;" it concluded with "Jumpin' Jack Flash." In between, for nineteen songs and more than two hours, Jagger kept up an amazing pace, dashing, dancing, tumbling, miming all around that pretentious stage, and finally swinging out over the audience on a trapezelike contraption, as if only flying could satisfy his urge to move.

As an encore, the Stones did "Sympathy for the Devil," for the first time in America since Altamont. It was a daring idea, and the moment when they played the first notes of the introduction—when I realized, without quite believing it, what was going on—was mythic. But, as it turned out, the idea was more daring than the reality. The performance—except for a surprise guest solo by Eric Clapton—was perfunctory; the Stones shared it with

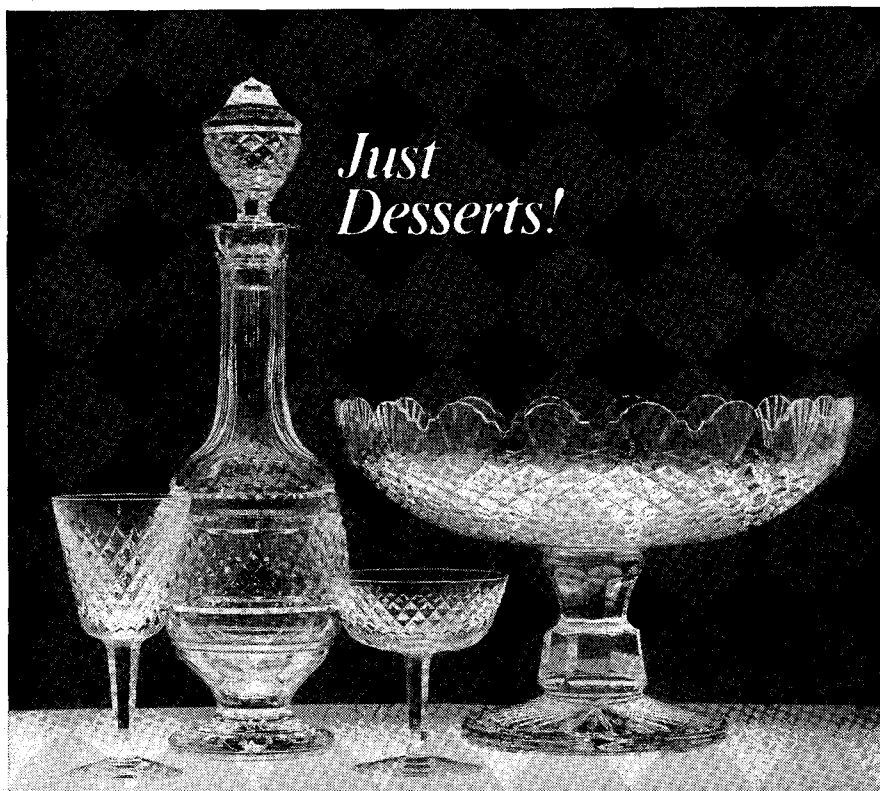


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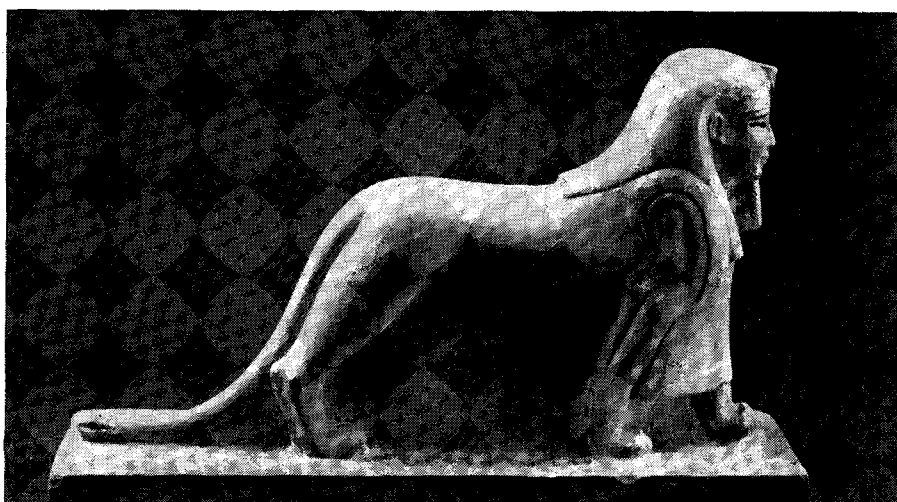


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a horde of steel drummers, who regrouped onstage for the purpose; and instead of an affirmation of their (and our?) ability to survive and face down trauma, it became an admission that they couldn't quite—which didn't invalidate the effort but did make it less than mythic. Afterward, another writer remarked, "The reason he had so many people on the stage with him is so he wouldn't get shot."

Because several friends compared Sunday's concert unfavorably with others they'd been to, earlier on the tour, I went back for the Thursday show. But whatever hopes I may have had of seeing the ultimate Stones concert soon dissipated. There were still problems with the sound, and the general energy level was perceptibly lower. The crowd was unaccountably hostile. All night, people kept throwing things onto the stage, and though the objects were relatively benign—flowers, Frisbees, toys of various sorts—the feeling was not. Once, I thought about Jagger's being shot; at the exact moment that the fantasy flashed into my mind, some rockets went off in the audience, and Mick flinched. At the end, the lights went out and the crowd waited tensely for the encore. Suddenly, a cherry bomb exploded four rows in front of me. A woman was led out, her hands over her face; I couldn't tell whether she was hurt or just stunned. The lights went up immediately, and the loudspeakers broadcast a firm good night. I was angry and upset. And yet with my critic's head I had to acknowledge that although the opening concert had been more fun, in a way this one had been better. The challenge of a difficult, capricious audience had forced Jagger to be harder, more serious, more real. It was an irony I might have appreciated more if that cherry bomb had not hit quite so close.

—ELLEN WILLIS

"You know," said Gronvall, "a dean is like a shepherd who gently tries to lead his flock, and a department chairman is the crook on which he leans."—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) News*.

It's a nice simile, Gronvall. One we'll remember.

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LETTER FROM THAILAND

AT this moment, when Thailand's reputation for bending with the wind—a historic ability to adjust to any situation and change policies to suit prevailing foreign and domestic pressures—is being cited on all sides in Bangkok, a resident who used to be a Western diplomat, noting the Thais' rather frenetic responses, in the form of overtures to Communist governments and demands for American withdrawal, to the swift Communist victories in Indo-China, commented wryly the other day, "This time they seem to be bending with a wind that hasn't even begun to blow." There is considerable truth to the remark, yet there seems to be equal validity to a number of opinions one hears about the genuine quandaries the Thais have found themselves in as a result of the reduced American involvement in Southeast Asia, such as the desirability of their newly established normal relations with Communist China, and the question of how they can eventually come to terms with the new regimes in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos.

To complicate matters, the Thai government is undergoing prolonged postnatal pains attendant upon the creation of a new democratic system to replace a long-entrenched military dictatorship, which was overthrown in October, 1973. Having had only sporadic prior experience with democratic rule, the Thais, in the opinion of many observers, have imposed upon themselves an involved, and perhaps impossible, set of handicaps. After a caretaker government had stayed in office for more than a year—about twice as long as it was expected to—while a new constitution was being prepared, elections for a new House of Representatives (of two hundred and sixty-nine members) were finally held late last January. Twenty-two parties, out of a total of forty-two contending ones, won seats, and an additional party has since emerged as a result of a split. The present co-

alition government, headed by Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj, involves an unwieldy group of sixteen parties, made up predominantly of conservative politicians, along with some centrists and leftists, all of whom have axes to grind and are grinding them merrily. Though Kukrit, a clever, Oxford-educated politician with a patrician bearing, has done well so far in holding the coalition together, in the past few weeks a group of twenty-six rebellious coalition members have threatened to shift their affiliations, thereby weakening his control. Increasing political polarization—resulting from constant labor struggles, new rural-urban cleavages, and general social and economic friction, all of which are being used to justify vehement protest by student activists, on the one hand, and by freewheeling right-wing vigilante groups, on the other—does not augur well for the democratic experiment. So much was apparent during a long talk I had with Saeksan Prasertkul, regarded as the keenest political mind among several student leaders who led the 1973 revolution. Saeksan, who, at twenty-seven, maintains his political role while trying to make a living as a novelist, is a self-styled Socialist who is aware of the increased Communist pressures but still fears the local right wing more, saying, "We must obtain a government that really belongs to the people." He

has twice visited the United States and speaks fluent English, and he said to me, of his right-wing opponents, "I can't give up and let myself be killed like a dog. The danger of more violence here is great. If we have enough opportunity to express ourselves openly, we will have Western-style politics, but if they start shooting at us, or if there is another military coup, you can guess what will happen. You don't have to be a Communist to react when you're beaten up." In contrast, Praphan Wongkam, also twenty-seven years old, and a leader of a right-wing group known as the Red Gaurs, which has thrown homemade bombs at activist groups during labor struggles and demonstrations, recently wrote, "We are ready to enter a fierce battle with any rival group, anywhere, anytime, for we were born to fight, to fight for country, religion, and monarchy." When I asked Praphan about the chances of a confrontation with Saeksan's group, he said, "Saeksan is a good man—good for nothing. I have the authority to make a decision to fight, to retreat, or to use violence, and my men will follow my orders."

This atmosphere of confrontation has inspired talk of a military coup, though most people, including the more sensible military leaders, do not really seem to want one—at least, not yet. But the combination of internal political dissension, economic strife, ever-increasing, though still not dangerous, Communist insurgency in various



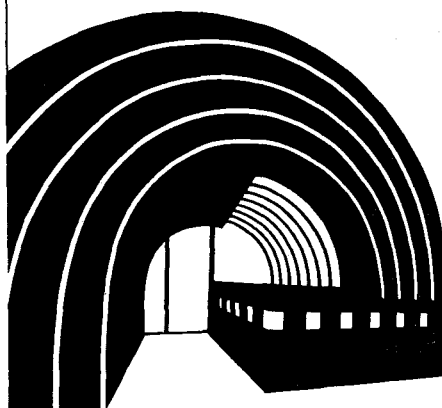
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parts of the country, and the need to adjust to the new foreign and diplomatic dispensations has created what amount to some incipient tornadoes, rather than a single wind to bend to. Such recent events as the Mayagüez affair—in which the Americans, without the consultation called for in our agreements with Thailand and with an apparently gratuitous display of machismo, used Thai bases for the dispatch of fighter-bombers and Marines—have done little to calm the storm.

IT would be wrong to say that the majority of the almost forty million Thais—and especially the more than four million who live in or around Bangkok—are not concerned about this confused situation, but very few seem to comprehend its full implications. Of all the peoples of Southeast Asia, the Thais seem to be the hardest for foreigners to understand. Although it is apparent that they believe strongly in their benevolent constitutional monarchy, in their Buddhist religion, in their country's independent sovereignty, and in their own Thai nationalism, the last two concepts tend to be rather nebulously and often ambivalently regarded. A number of reasons for this seeming confusion are suggested by the peculiar traditional predilection for bending with the wind. Having readily accepted Japanese hegemony in Southeast Asia during the Second World War, as they had adapted themselves earlier to conquests and developments around them, they supported the United States during the long years of the Vietnam war, pliantly making their bases available for the American war effort, and placing themselves in the position of what their critics denounced as the role of a client state. Now that all this is coming to an end—twenty thousand remaining American military personnel are due to depart by next March, and perhaps sooner, and four remaining bases (at one point there were seven) are scheduled to be closed down, or used by the Thais themselves on a greatly reduced scale—they are having doubts about their relationship with Washington. They would like continued economic and military assistance—particularly the latter, since their Army, of a hundred and thirty-two thousand, and their relatively small Air Force use only American equipment—but at the same time they don't want to offend their new Communist neighbors.

Whatever relationships the Thais now establish with the former Indo-

China states, all three of these are bound to lend increased support to the Thai insurgents in the northern, north-eastern, and eastern parts of the country, and the possibility of an outright invasion of these areas at some point is by no means to be ruled out. All this frightens the Thais immeasurably, and has led to a hasty rush toward accommodation with the Indo-China nations—particularly the Communist regimes in North and South Vietnam. The new relationship with China has actually been in the process of negotiation for three years. Sooner or later, however, the Thais are going to have to accept the fact that they can no longer please all sides. They can, to be sure, try to remain neutral, along with the other Southeast Asian nations that are not Communist, but, being the most vulnerable such nation geographically, they will find this exceptionally difficult. If a serious threat from the north materializes, they will have to decide whether or not they want to stand up and fight, and there are no military experts here who give them much of a chance of dealing with an overt attack unless they receive support from the United States or some other nation or nations—support that at this juncture appears highly doubtful. Their fears and frustrations of the moment are thus quite understandable, and are not diminished by the subtle power game being played out among the Soviet Union, China, and the United States, not to mention a fourth emerging military power in the region—the new Vietnam. And one more element adds to the confusion: Japan's growing economic role in the area.

DURING several recent weeks in the country, which included one trip out of Bangkok to the southern provinces and another through the north, I found the Thais highly articulate—after years of caution during the dictatorship—about everything from domestic politics to the annoyance and anger they felt over the manner in which the Americans handled the Mayagüez incident. Though they were for the most part polite, I saw few smiles in what used to be known as “the land of smiles;” in fact, I encountered a growing resentment toward all foreigners, not just Americans. This is hardly surprising in the wake of all that happened in Vietnam over two decades, and it reflects an increasing “Asia for the Asians” sentiment—which many Americans in the area now support. Being snarled at (or

at least sneered at) by taxi-drivers in hot, sprawling Bangkok, or being ignored elsewhere by ordinary Thais, who used to go out of their way to be ingratiating toward foreigners, I found the new attitude somehow refreshing, if not always easy to deal with. When I commented on this to a Thai intellectual friend, he laughed and said, "As a matter of fact, we're not so friendly among ourselves anymore, either. That's because we're in a state of flux, and we don't know what kind of flux it is."

This same man, who is particularly interested in foreign affairs, also said, in the course of our conversation, "What we need is an antidote to the psychology of dependence. You Americans can help us by understanding this need, but we must stop putting all our eggs in one basket, and must find the solution ourselves." Here the Mayagüez affair had its salutary aspects, for it served as an outlet for a more positive expression of Thai nationalism. The Thais' objection to not being apprised in advance of the use of Thai bases for the operation was fully appreciated by the American Embassy, which itself was not informed of Washington's plans. Actually, an hour and a half after the first tactical planes had been launched from the Thai bases, Edward E. Masters, our chargé d'affaires, was summoned by Prime Minister Kukrit, who had just heard of the seizure of the ship by the Cambodians, and he told Kukrit that he expected the United States to solve the problem diplomatically. (A newly appointed ambassador, Charles Whitehouse, had not yet taken up residence.) Only after Masters had returned to the Embassy did he find out what had happened, and he subsequently learned that Marines were being sent by transport plane to Utapao, the big airbase in southern Thailand, to prepare to deal with the Mayagüez matter. He thereupon informed Kukrit, who was naturally disturbed—particularly since he had asked Masters to ask Washington to leave Thailand and Thai bases out of the affair.

The only ranking American in Thailand who knew from the start what was going on was Lieutenant General John Burns, the commander of the United States Support Activities Groups in Nakhon Phanom, the big air and communications base in northeastern Thailand; Burns told neither Masters nor Brigadier General Harry Aderholdt, the head of MACTHAI—Military Assistance Command, Thailand—in Bangkok, whose job includes

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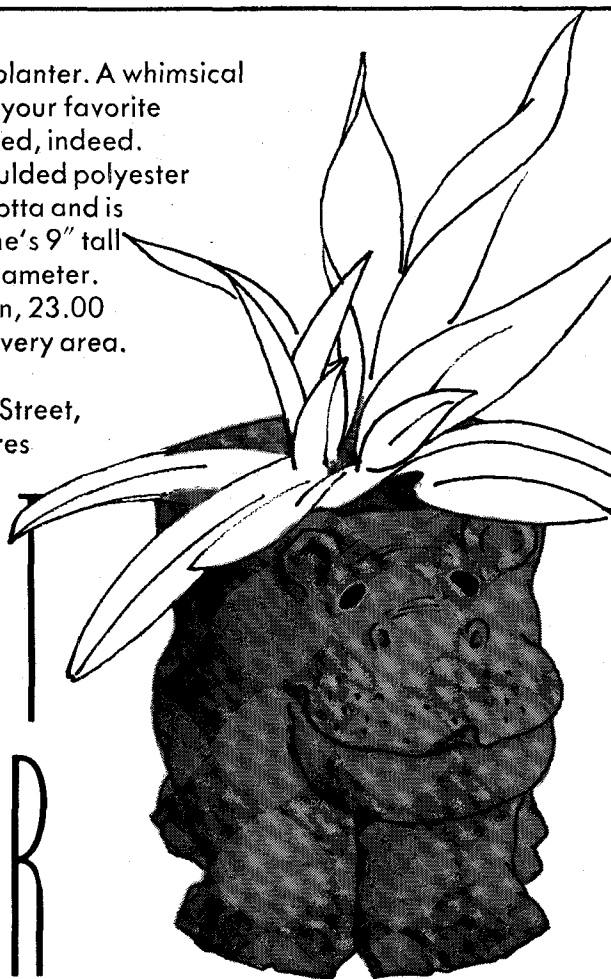
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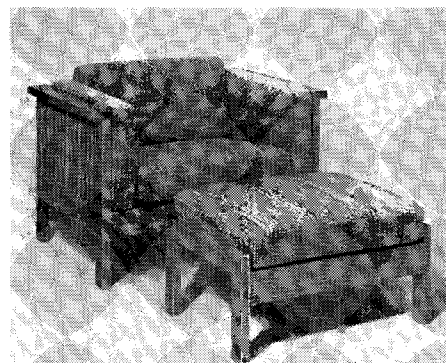
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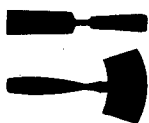


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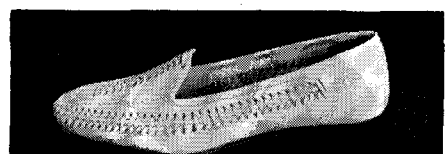
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acting as liaison between the Americans and the Thai Supreme Command. Early on the morning of May 15th, when the Marines landed on Tang Island, off the Cambodian coast, where the Mayagüez was erroneously believed to be held, the Thai Supreme Command had known about the landing for barely two hours, having found out either from the Americans or through their own sources, but the Thai military had not bothered to wake up Kukrit and tell him. The delay in informing him later gave rise to speculation that the military was secretly pleased at the American show of force, but the more astute generals were hoping for some sort of new accords with the Americans and realized that the incident would both complicate the achievement of such arrangements and provoke a fresh wave of anti-Americanism—as it did. Matters could have been made far worse if B-52 bombers had been used to attack military installations in Cambodia, including the airport at Phnom Penh, and, according to reliable information I was given in Bangkok, the big bombers were actually en route from bases at Guam and had nearly reached their targets, but then were called off, because the Cambodians had intercepted their radio messages.

Whatever justification Washington had in acting so hastily to rescue the Mayagüez crew by force—and there are not many people here, even among the Americans, who thought the peremptory action advisable—it obviously placed the Embassy out on an embarrassing limb. The White House must have felt that there was no time to inform Thailand officially because action had to be taken very quickly, and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger later explained rather lamely, "In the course of this decade, it may be that a pattern of action has developed that made us assume that our latitude in using these bases was greater than the current situation in Southeast Asia would permit to the Thai government." As things turned out, the loss of forty-one Americans—including twenty-three Air Force security men whose helicopter crashed en route from Nakhon Phanom to the base at Utapao, where they were supposed to serve as part of a contingency force to go to Tang in case the Marines didn't get there in time—certainly diminished the glamour of rescuing the thirty-nine men of the Mayagüez, whose chances of survival all along were probably good.

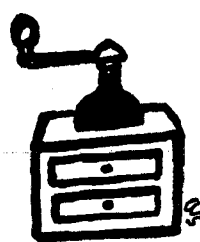
Later, in the midst of a four-day demonstration outside the American Embassy gates led by student activists, most of our officials expressed their private sympathy and understanding. Kukrit, too, condoned the demonstration up to a point, for he did not dispatch police to break it up. Later, though, he condemned, as did most other Thais, some of the excesses of the activists—such as their urinating on an American seal after they tore it off the building. "Once the government officially protested the American action, we were in the position of leadership—not the students," Kukrit told me when I spoke with him. "The students at the end acted like bad boys." The formal American "expression of regrets" over the Mayagüez affair (it was not an "apology") served to calm things down, but our high-handedness has not been forgotten. "There shouldn't be a very strong residue of bitterness," one ranking American official said afterward, "but it's one more stone on the pile, and our arrogant disrespect for Thai feelings came at a time when there was strong pressure to eliminate our presence."

The Thai military, which has always had a close relationship with the American military here, would prefer that some Americans—perhaps ten thousand or so troops—remain in Thailand, but the top officers realize that the American Congress is antipathetic about keeping them on, and also accept the fact that public feeling in Thailand is hostile. "The bases are irrelevant to our future... The old

game just won't suffice," an editorial in the conservative Bangkok Post said. Kukrit won only a narrow vote of confidence in the House of Representatives when he assumed power, and it was based largely on a pledge he made that all the Americans would withdraw by

next March. Though the pledge included the proviso "taking into account the situation in the region," no one really expects the deadline to be extended, and it may even be shortened; Kukrit has explained several times that the date was set far ahead so that the Thais would have time to adjust to economic and military problems arising from the shutdown of the bases.

A Thai governmental committee appointed by Kukrit has been reviewing all agreements made with the Americans: economic- and military-aid agreements made in 1950; the Manila Pact of 1954, which heralded the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (now mori-



bund); an agreement drawn up in 1962 between Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman; and an undisclosed number of supplemental agreements and memoranda, many of which were based on oral exchanges and have never before come to light. These last cover the specific uses to which the various bases were to be put, and a number also concern the installation of highly classified electronic communications equipment at Nakhon Phanom and elsewhere—expensive resources that were used for intercepting North Vietnamese messages and tracking radar procedures during the bombing of North Vietnam. They are still providing valuable listening channels and correlation centers for information on Communist activities throughout Asia and in the Indian Ocean, and American intelligence men would like to keep them here, if the Thais can somehow be persuaded to consent. Other agreements deal with such matters as the training of Thai public-safety officers and Thai cooperation in stemming traffic in narcotics in the so-called Golden Triangle—the area where Burma, Laos, and Thailand come together.

Just how much of our diplomatic deals with Bangkok will ever be made public no one knows, but they contain the makings of another "secret war" debate in Washington, given the mood in Congress. The review issue is being played down here as routine, and the American position, as it was outlined by Philip Habib, Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, who visited Thailand early in June, is to encourage the establishment of a more equitable relationship with the Thais, as amicably as possible, on the basis of what they now want and what the State Department and the Pentagon are prepared to ask a recalcitrant Congress for in the way of both economic and military assistance. Nothing is being said about the more delicate questions, such as the secret communications bases, and in the resolution of these much will depend on just how neutral the Thais decide they want to be, or can be. For the moment, the mood is bland and benign. Kukrit expressed it to me by saying, "We want sympathy and understanding. The Americans have helped us in many things, so why shouldn't they help us adjust ourselves now to a new relationship? Nothing is further from my mind than to break our friendship."

SUCH implicit cordiality was obviously not in evidence during talks with delegations from the Provisional



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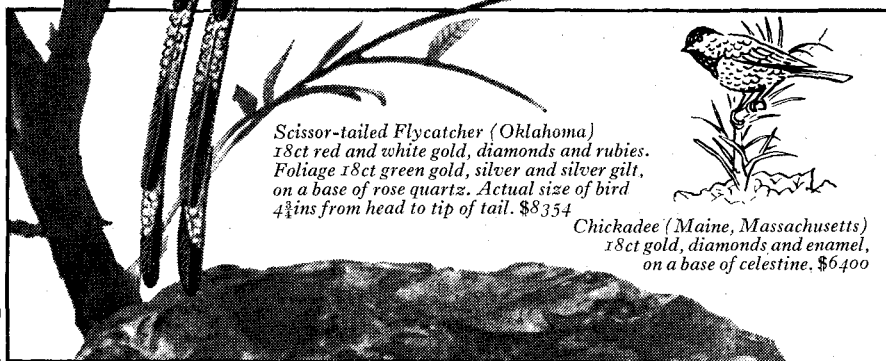
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Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam and from North Vietnam, which, at their own request, paid visits to Thailand during the second half of May. The P.R.G. people came first and stayed only a few days, apparently testing the atmosphere for the Hanoi delegation, which, headed by a Deputy Foreign Minister, came in immediately afterward and stayed eight days, including a weekend it spent at the seaside resort of Pattaya. Nothing substantive came out of the discussions, which were described as "just a beginning to prepare the way for normal relations" (more talks are to take place in Hanoi), but it is known that the Vietnamese Communists, aware of the fact that the Chinese have not expressed opposition to an American presence here, took a tough stand not only against the continued existence of bases but also against the Americans' leaving any arms, ammunition, and equipment behind when they depart. The Vietnamese were already upset about the Americans' having flown a hundred and seventy planes from South Vietnam to Thai bases and then out of this country at the end of the war, and they were strongly opposed to the Americans' turning over to the Thais a hundred or so planes from Vietnam and Cambodia, which are still here. Both delegations, and especially the one from Hanoi, made it clear that they wanted the Thais to push the Americans out of the country as quickly and as completely as possible. This may have been just part of a war of nerves, but, Thai nerves being what they are these days, the ploy worked. Overtures made by Thailand to Cambodia and Laos have so far gone unanswered, and though both those new Communist nations have declared that they do not covet any Thai territory, no one here is resting comfortably with that assurance. There are constant reports that the North Vietnamese and their Pathet Lao protégés, who now run Laos, are eager to take over sixteen historically disputed Thai provinces in the north and northeast, and what is alleged to be "documentary evidence" concerning their aims has been published here.

To confuse matters more, the Soviet Union is pushing hard for the conclusion of a cultural agreement with Thailand, which would enlarge the already considerable Russian role in the country. Of a total of twenty people at the Soviet Embassy, half are suspected of being K.G.B. members, and these are naturally suspected, further, of supporting some of the left-wing student

and labor activists. Critics of Thailand's present scattershot diplomacy, including some Americans, believe that the Thais should be playing a much more careful quid-pro-quo game with the various Communist delegations, instead of rushing pell-mell toward "accommodation." In any event, the way things are shaping up it is the Chinese who at the moment seem to be coming out ahead. Now that Peking has adroitly brought Malaysia and the Philippines into the fold of the hundred nations that have established "normal relations" with the People's Republic of China, Thailand is following along; a Thai delegation, headed by Kukrit, went to Peking late last month, and as a result Peking will have succeeded in establishing full relations with three of the five non-Communist nations (the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia, and Singapore) that make up the Association of Southeast Asia Nations (ASEAN). A fourth, Singapore, has indicated it will be next, and then, though probably not so quickly, it is likely to be followed by Indonesia—though its government hasn't forgotten the attempted 1965 Communist coup there and remains offended by a recent Peking announcement of support for Indonesian Communists.

**A**LTHOUGH Peking has pledged to stop supporting Communist insurgency movements in the Southeast Asian nations with which it now has ties, no one here believes that the Chinese will not continue to encourage such insurrections, directly or indirectly, and especially the one in Thailand. The Communist Party of Thailand, with its terrorist organization, known as the Thai People's Liberation Armed Forces, has eighty-five hundred members. About a third are in the northern tribal areas, and another third are in the northeast, where most of the population is mixed Lao-Thai. Some fifteen hundred more are in the central part of northern Thailand, which stretches down toward the vulnerable tree-province area that abuts directly on the flat central plains north of Bangkok, and the rest are scattered in the western and eastern border areas alongside Burma and Cambodia, and in the southern peninsula, close to Malaysia. Most experts do not believe that the movement constitutes an immediate threat, but it has been gaining strength steadily over the past several years—increasing its membership by about ten or fifteen per cent annually—and is receiving growing support from North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao cadres.



This support includes instruction and indoctrination in secret base areas in Laos and at Hoa Binh, near Hanoi, as well as the supplying of weapons. Small numbers of Thai insurgents—most of them Sino-Thais, though there has been a steady effort to enlist more ethnic Thais—continue to be sent to Peking for special ideological indoctrination. The movement's propaganda arm is the Voice of the People of Thailand radio, which uses a strong signal to beam broadcasts from three to five times a day throughout the country, and the propaganda is thoroughly Maoist, advocating the strategy and tactics of liberating the countryside first and then the cities.

For some years, the Americans lent considerable direct support to the Thai counter-insurgency movement, but this was stopped even before the American withdrawal from Vietnam. However, the Americans and other interested observers, and a good many Thais as well, are worried about the long-term threat that the Communists pose, especially now that a million or more surplus or captured small arms are available from Indo-China for shuttling into Thailand across the porous twelve-hundred-mile borders of Cambodia and Laos. Moreover, until recently the Thai government, though it has expressed official concern, has failed to take the insurgency seriously enough to curb it. One reason for the neglect has been the deep psychological separation between Bangkok, with its elite and its money-oriented leaders, and the rest of the country. The economic disparities in Thailand are tremendous, and the poor rural areas, where eighty per cent of the people live, have a per-capita income that is between three-quarters and two-thirds below the national average. The gap is particularly wide in the northeast, the north, and parts of the south. The farmers in the central plains are better off, though there tenants and sharecroppers are now staging demonstrations—and even traveling to Bangkok—partly incited by student activists, against landlords and moneylenders. In the northeast, where the Communists are strongest, they have created some base areas—particularly in the Na Gae district of the province of Nakhon Phanom, where they control about a hundred villages. Armed insurgents operating out of these regularly disrupt road-construction projects and attack police posts and assassinate government officials. Also, in the northern provinces of Chiang Rai and Nan there have been several direct confrontations between the in-

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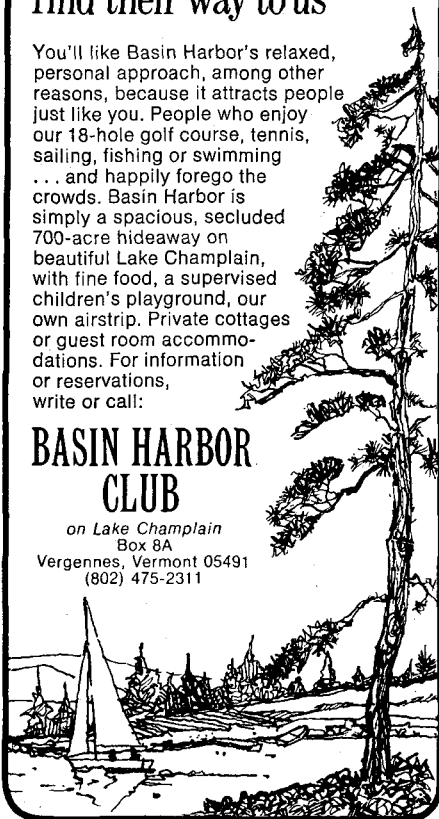


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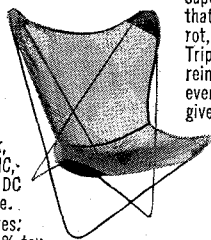
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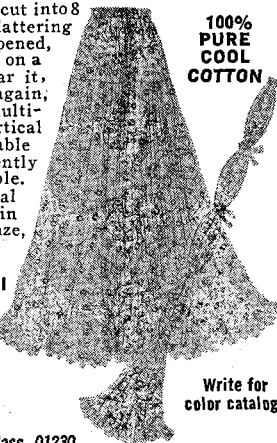
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insurgents and regular Thai Army contingents over the past few months. Two new roads built by the Communists in Laos, with the help of the North Vietnamese, now reach all the way to the Thailand border—one in the northeast and one in the north—and this heightens the probability of increased direct support to the insurgents. The fact that there are some fifty thousand Vietnamese living in the area, most of them Communist sympathizers, is a further complication; in view of their politics, Hanoi is naturally in no hurry to repatriate them. The insurgents are gradually obtaining support from villagers in the lowland areas, who, while not yet ideologically influenced, sell them food to make more money than they can elsewhere. Penetrating these lowland regions is the main aim of the Communist movement, and the real danger will come if and when the insurgents reach into the central plains and approach Bangkok. In most of the remote rural sections, especially the hills and mountains of the north and northeast, there is little or no government presence, and the government seems content to let the Communists stay in those sections as long as they don't show signs of expanding their activities, but such expansion is beginning—notably from the central part of the northern border area into the three provinces below it. There has also been an increase recently in insurgent activity around the Thailand-Malaysia border, in the south, where Communists in both countries, together with bandits and Muslim separatists in the southern Thai provinces, create a special set of problems.

In two roundups, in 1970 and 1972, the Thai Communist Party's urban organization in Bangkok was broken up by the government, and since then the Party has been very loosely organized. There is a ten-man Politburo and a Central Committee of approximately twenty-five, but the individual members of each apparently move from place to place, and meet only occasionally, in groups of two or three. The Party organization in each of the regions in which the Communists are active is more or less autonomous. The last Communist People's Assembly was held in 1961 (at that time "armed struggle" was formally declared), and no one knows for certain who the general secretary of the Party is today. (The name one hears most often is that of a Thai named Charoen Wann-

gam.) While there is no evidence that the Communists have an organized chapter in Bangkok, since the Party is outlawed there, they not only are believed to be backing extreme left-wing student and labor elements but are sending out low-level propaganda agents who stir up discontent in the slum areas and in the city's markets. Whatever instructions do not come from North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao cadres are given in more general terms by the Voice of the People of Thailand, which most of the time broadcasts Communist interpretations of news events and has recently stressed the "great victories" of the Communists in Vietnam as "a source of encouragement for the Thai people waging their revolutionary struggle." Exhortations to drive out all vestiges of "American imperialism" are constantly heard, too, and VOPT made much of the Mayagüez incident, stressing the alleged support given to the Americans by the "Kukrit-Pramarn government"—Pramarn being Major General Pramarn Adireksarn, the Deputy Prime Minister and Defense Minister, who is strongly right-wing.

For several years, the government's somewhat lethargic counter-insurgency program, headed by the Internal Security Operations Command, has been under the direction of General Sayud Kerphol, an able and knowledgeable man. His difficulty has been coordinating seventeen hundred I.S.O.C. members from various government ministries, which have invariably sent their less capable men to Sayud's command.



In the past few weeks—partly because the I.S.O.C. was responsible for the brutal killing of some innocent villagers, in an incident reminiscent of the excesses of the American-supported Phoenix program against the Vietcong in Vietnam—a reorganization of the I.S.O.C. has put it directly under the Prime Minister's office. Sayud, when I spoke with him, felt that this move would enhance the priority of his counter-insurgency plans, which are predicated on his firm belief that teams of anti-Communist workers must stay and work with the people, coordinate activities when necessary with the regular Army, and employ a combination of conventional and unconventional warfare. His principal hope is in a new movement called Aw Paw Paw (a Thai acronym for Volunteers for Security and Self-Defense), which will be run by the Ministry of the In-

terior jointly with district officers. Aw Paw Paw elements, armed with shotguns, will work in twenty villages at a time, and their leaders will be locally selected. These groups will largely replace local, district, and provincial police forces, which have not proved very effective and have often been corrupt, as the police were in Vietnam.

Whether this new counter-insurgency operation will accomplish any more than all those which were experimented with over the years in Vietnam and here is doubtful—especially if the Communists step up the insurgency, and that seems inevitable. There is no reason to be optimistic about the survival of the present government in the long run, other than the rather negative one of the Thai peasants' seeming indifference to ideology. It may be that too much is sometimes made of the trust in and devotion to the King, Buddhism, and Thai sovereignty. King Bhumibol Adulyadej, who by supporting the students played an important role in the 1973 revolution, has now stepped back out of the limelight, and while the Buddhist *sangha*, or clergy, continues to be a significant social and religious force in the villages, the new internal social and economic pressures that the country is facing today, combined with the currently heightened external threat, have weakened the shaky national fabric of symbolic unity. The regular Army, comprising six divisions, is not regarded by most Western observers as a particularly good fighting force; certainly the battalions that served in Vietnam did little to distinguish themselves. (The Thai irregulars who fought in Laos did considerably better.) In recent months, however, the regular divisions—two-thirds of which are deployed around Bangkok, and the rest in the north and the northeast—have begun to operate in small commando-type units. The Army's equipment, mostly of Second World War and Korean-war vintage—only half of the soldiers have M-16 rifles—suffers constantly from a lack of spare parts. A factory is being planned to make the Thai Army self-sufficient in ammunition, but the problem of supply in the meantime is serious. There are still some Americans acting as noncombat advisers to the Army (seven small advisory teams, who may also have to leave next year), and they are eager to obtain from Congress at least ten million dollars a year for the next two years for ammunition, and a plan has just been announced under which the Thais will spend



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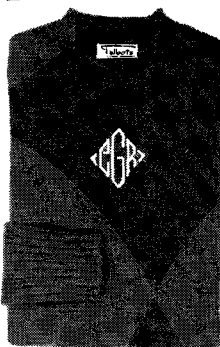
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twenty-three million for the purchase of small weapons, spare parts, and ammunition from the United States. Vastly outgunned at present by the Communists across the borders, the Thai Army has no wish to meet them in battle. Moreover, its men, and especially its officers, are restless and discontented, because they lost most of their fancier perquisites after the 1973 revolution, and this, too, has inspired talk of another coup if the domestic situation should disintegrate and the Communist threat take on new dimensions.

THE consensus here, among both Thais and experienced Western observers, is that the greatest danger for the country is posed by confused and combustible domestic politics. The new democracy has many healthy and welcome attributes—including freedom of the press and assembly; new student, labor, and farmer movements; and a plethora of political parties—but it has so far been disorganized and has created a whole new array of conflicting pressure groups, which have tended to split and polarize the national society and keep it absorbed in petty disputes. If long-range issues are not dealt with satisfactorily, Thailand could slip further into disintegration and chaos—a process leading toward left- or right-wing extremism. The existing cleavages and contradictions are natural in a country that has had no chance to build up democratic institutions capable of coping with problems of development and with wide discrepancies between poverty and wealth.

After October, 1973, there were dozens of wildcat strikes, which were settled on an ad-hoc basis, usually in favor of the workers. During the period of the caretaker government of Prime Minister Sanya Dharmasakti, who introduced a considerable amount of reform legislation, a labor-relations law was adopted, which, for the first time in Thailand, created a mechanism for negotiations between labor and management, with the help of government mediators when this was necessary. Unfortunately, the new government's Labor Department has proved almost totally ineffective, and strikes have continued to occur frequently, some of them leading to months of violence, as the right-wing Red Gaurs and a number of other self-appointed vigilante groups have thrown bombs and fought the workers. The police, vainly trying to maintain order, have on several occasions resorted to violence themselves. Of a total of about fifty unions, the majority are moderate,

but a dozen or so are prone to demagoguery and are easily stirred to violence by their own activists and by students on the far left. All over Thailand, the continuing danger of violence is enhanced by the fact that many ordinary citizens own and carry guns. In the past few months, there has been a rising number of deaths and injuries as a result of shootings, and crime, particularly armed robbery, has also increased.

While an awareness of social injustice is becoming more widespread, the tendency has been for the larger issues to be obscured by smaller ones. This is partly because most of the unions are poorly organized and financially feeble—conditions that naturally promote frustration and disorder. More labor strife is anticipated, and the Americans will play a role as thousands of Thai workers on our deactivated bases are laid off; agitation for severance pay and other dismissal benefits has already begun. Prime Minister Kukrit recently came up with a new ten-point program that he hopes will settle labor disputes more amicably, but nobody knows whether the bureaucrats in the Labor Department will enforce it. "Neither the workers nor the capitalists are law-abiding now, but they must both abide by the word of the law," Kukrit told me. "Before we can accomplish anything else, the general public must be assured that this is a lawful country."

Kukrit, who is a former newspaper columnist and tends to philosophize, often with considerable astringent wit, said during our talk, "We may have to sacrifice something, and even endure a degree of perpetual chaos, in order to establish democracy. We must prove, for example, that democracy can work even with forty-two parties. It breaks your heart sometimes, but it must work. You can keep it going if you realize that despondency, anger, and annoyance are luxuries you just can't afford. So if you're Prime Minister at a time like this, you must accept crisis. I'm a veteran of the old civil service and I'm also a politician, so I have to stand in the middle and interpret the different voices." While he approved of student activities, including demonstrations, because "they add zest to democracy," he said, student power as such, on both the left and the right, "is important only so long as the people support it," and he went on to explain, "Otherwise, the students are just a bunch of activists making loud noises. For years, no one took care of the people. People were neglected, with the result that when the students started

making noise, the people thought they were there to help them. Now we've begun to prove that national and social problems can be solved only by government."

Not many students—even those who realize that their politics of protest have created a backlash in the general public as well as in the vigilante groups—would agree with Kukrit's somewhat simplistic summation. Though some of the more knowledgeable ones, such as Saeksan Prasertkul, are giving Kukrit the benefit of the doubt for the moment (Saeksan told me, "He's very cunning and he disarms us, but what he says and does are two different things, and he knows of the pressures within the ruling clique and is preparing to collaborate with them"), the students are on the whole convinced that they are more deeply dedicated than the Prime Minister to curing the country's economic and social ills. Most of them, however, don't really know how to go about it. The trouble is, Saeksan says, that people like him are caught between the left and the right as in a tightening vise. "The common people remain oppressed," he told me. "Economic issues are what count most here now, and the government is using the external threat to avoid coming to grips with internal problems. The elite millionaires are not interested in such things. Too many business people believe that the unions are Communist-infiltrated and favor their violent suppression. And then those of us who are not Communists get involved, and are branded as Communists. My position will continue to be to fight for independence and democratic rights, and if I have to I'll become violent myself."

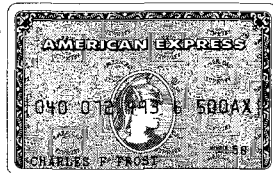
Saeksan went on to speak about the disintegration, after the 1973 revolution, of the liberal front called the National Student Center of Thailand, and of other student groups that played dominant roles in the revolt. He accused the government of having infiltrated the groups of vocational students to whom he was an adviser and of having swung them to the far right. "The first six months after the revolution was a kind of wilderness period for all of us," he said. "There was a lot of discussion but not much decision-making. In the middle of 1974, I started to work with the farmers and workers, and that's what I'm concentrating on now. We have the loyalty of about fifty thousand farmers, but their political response is not very strong, and we have to go slow." Saeksan and other student activists, including those to the left of

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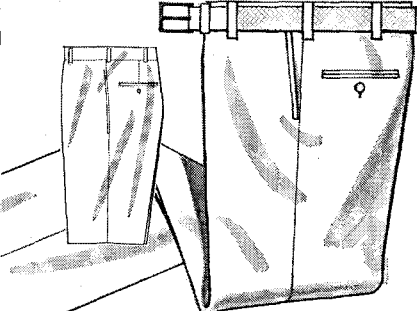
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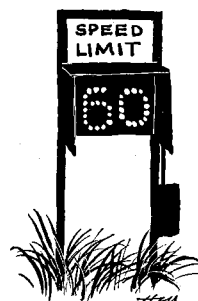
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him, feel that the government's land-reform measures—most notably a bill passed during the period of the post-revolutionary Sanya government limiting the acreage a landlord can hold and providing for expropriation of the rest and its distribution to landless peasants, and a bill to control rents and prevent exploitation by the landlords—are, like the labor laws, fine in principle but, also like them, have hardly begun to be enforced. "The reduction of rents is our main aim at present," Saeksan said. "Politicizing the farmers may be a five- or ten-year process, and there are a lot of pressure groups to contend with. We don't have many cadres of our own and we're trying to recruit more, from among both the workers and the peasants, but that presents financial problems. Besides, the masses still regard politics as something dirty. There's no sense in our joining political parties now and becoming useless debaters. The politicians don't really work anyway—they're too busy profiteering. So it seems to us now that the parliamentary system is bankrupt and the student movement is discredited. We're afraid that if the government establishes relations with the Communist nations, it will feel more secure in arresting and suppressing us. The alternative danger is apparent in the fact that almost every demonstration this year has escalated into an armed struggle, and if that sort of thing continues we'll have another military government."

For the most part, a selection of current and former student leaders who contributed to a recent symposium published by the Bangkok *Post Sunday Magazine* expressed varying opinions but voiced the same suspicions of political parties and expressed disenchantment with the new democracy. Though almost all of them professed a belief in Socialism, one had a feeling that they didn't know much about it. "Socialism" has become everyone's favorite word here nowadays—it's a nice catchword," a professor of political science was quoted as saying. It has, as a matter of fact, been adopted by a strange new right-wing group called Naverphol (Nine Forces), which speaks vaguely of both "Socialist" and "coöperative" principles, and professes, without much conviction, to be "neutral" and to oppose the extremists of both the right and the left. Stressing the themes of monarchy and nationhood, and obviously backed by some

moneyed interests, Naverphol claims to be spreading its gospel of political, economic, cultural, social, and educational activity throughout the country. Its aim is to sign up thirty thousand members in time for a convention in Bangkok in August, with each of the thirty thousand signing up ten more. Among other things, Naverphol is seeking the coöperation of the conservative priests and nuns of the Buddhist *sangha*. The students consider it a right-wing outfit designed to spy on and infiltrate their groups, and call it, along with the Red Gaur and other right-wing activist groups, an ominous manifestation of repression.

A number of Thai intellectuals who sympathize with the students but condemn their extremism feel equally apprehensive. "In some respects, we are threatened with a reign of terror worse than that in the former days," one of them told me. "You knew that the former dictators, Thanom Kittikachorn and Prapass Charusathira, were evil, but the atmosphere now is worse, because crazier violence is done at a lower level, and Kukrit doesn't even hear what's going on. The conflicts now aggravate the social and economic crises without solving anything." Other intellectuals, including some newspaper editors, are not quite so gloomy. They feel that Kukrit has done amazingly well in holding his loose coalition together, and that despite his elitist background he has demonstrated enough of a social conscience—or, at least, enough political wisdom—to introduce



several reform projects that have popular appeal and could do away with some of the nation's inequities. The most important of these is a hundred-and-twenty-five-million-dollar plan to improve *tambon* conditions. (A *tambon* is a group of five to ten villages.) The hope is that if the *tambons* are given complete control over their

own projects—building bridges or roads, or doing anything else they want with the money—the democratic process will seep down to the community level and at the same time reverse the flow of money, which has traditionally gone from the countryside to Bangkok. The only trouble is that, like so many similar programs in Vietnam, the *tambon* scheme leaves itself open to waste and corruption, which are endemic here, just as they are elsewhere in Southeast Asia. The government's plans to carry out land reform, including the establishment of agrarian credit

programs and of mobile courts to speed complicated adjudications, are only just being started, but, given the bureaucratic and administrative difficulties, they, too, seem bound to run into complications. Though Thailand has many able bureaucrats, including younger ones who have been trained abroad, they are too often caught up in red tape and blocked by political decisions, or non-decisions, on the part of their ministerial superiors. In the present coalition government, ministerial rivalries run deep—especially between the Foreign and Defense Ministries—and that situation does little to speed up governmental process.

With the chiefs of so many parties holding jobs in the Cabinet, each following his own political line on various issues and beholden to his own group of supporters, the various elements of government often seem to be working at cross-purposes. Only Kukrit's special talents have held the coalition together up to now. Most observers believe that if he can surmount the forthcoming budget debate he will stay in power for another year, and perhaps longer, even though the tensions within the coalition are growing rather than subsiding. The largest party in the coalition is the Social Justice Party, which has forty-five seats, and it and other parties that together have a majority of votes are ultra-conservative and closely tied to the wealthy and élite business class and, to a lesser extent, the military. There is speculation that Kukrit, who has the right to call another election within ninety days of dissolving the National Assembly, may do so later this year—though he told me that he does not foresee this "in the immediate future." Because his personal popularity is high at the moment, and therefore his own party would undoubtedly gain votes at the expense of the others, he is able to hold the threat of a new election over the heads of his coalition partners. The largest party in the House of Representatives is the Democrat Party, with seventy-two seats, and it is headed by Kukrit's older brother, Seni Pramoj, who was Prime Minister for eight days before Kukrit took over, but the Party is sharply split between its younger and older elements. In fact, none of the parties seem to have much solidity or substance.

Some observers feel that by holding a new election and enhancing his own strength and that of the three minority Socialist parties Kukrit could form a workable government, but others say that this would go against the grain with him, and there are those who be-

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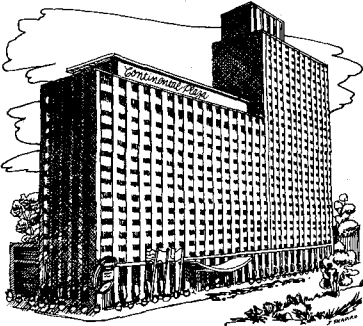
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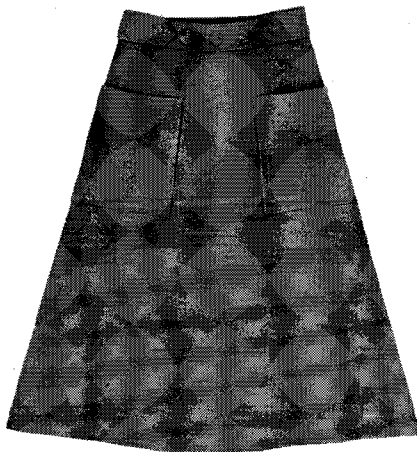
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lieve that it would provoke a strong reaction from the right-wing parties and possibly lead to a military coup. If the present odd assortment of forces and parties is to hold together at all, or even to be peacefully replaced by something else, what logically seems to be called for is a more consolidated centrist group, including Kukrit's party, some moderate Socialists, and the majority Democrats. An unknown element is General Kris Sivara, the top military man in the country, who is due to retire as Supreme Commander in September, and who may either go into politics or become Minister of Defense. Kukrit would like to keep him on in his present post, but Kris so far seems unwilling. Being close to the King, who is said not to be happy about the political confusion of the moment, let alone the increasing violence and disorder, Kris is widely regarded as a stabilizing force, probably able to hold off the threat of an Army coup for the time being, though others say that his grip on the military is slowly loosening, and that if things get out of hand the younger officers may move on their own.

THE political uncertainty and the continuing labor problems have dimmed the outlook for Thailand's ordinarily sound economy. A growing economic nationalism following the Vietnam war has been another factor in diminishing foreign investors' interest, and this was further dampened by the government's cancellation last year of tin-mining concessions held by an American-Dutch company in southern Thailand. Though the price and the volume of exports continued to be higher than those of imports during 1974—and agricultural production and exports, in particular, showed good gains—inflation has mounted at a rate of twenty-six per cent in the past twelve months, and the outlook for this year is not so good; experts predict a deficit in the nation's balance of payments. Even in 1974, the gross national product was lower than had been anticipated, because the manufacturing sector had a disappointing record, and some economists feel that there should be a pause in industrialization while the traditional farming sector is modernized and improved, with emphasis on a better rural marketing structure. Though about three-quarters of Thailand's labor force is in agriculture, agriculture accounts for only thirty per cent of the gross national product, mostly because few Thai farms are mechanized and the use of fertilizer

and pesticides is limited. The recent decline in the world price of rice has hurt sales of Thai rice abroad, and the government has been forced to reduce its high export premiums, but this move may not help much. Fiscally, the government has the equivalent of one billion eight hundred million dollars in foreign reserves—an amazingly high total—but it shows no intention of using this money for social projects. For inflationary reasons, some fiscal measures have been taken to limit the distribution of money, but far too much wealth remains concentrated in Bangkok—the city's income is four times the national average—and a number of rich merchants, scared by the political situation, are sending cash abroad.

The extreme social inequities continue to heighten tensions, for more and more peasants are becoming aware of them. As one American economist puts it, "the ethical rift between the mass of Buddhist farmers and those who have thrived on the economic barbarism of Bangkok is growing." One senses this gap sharply as one travels outside Bangkok, and it is especially apparent among the people of the northeast and the north, who often feel that as far as Bangkok's interest in them is concerned they might just as well be living in another country. The possibility that this might happen if the insurgency should pick up and the Communists make an effort at some point to annex the northeastern and northern provinces is great enough to frighten the population there, and people talk about it openly now that Thailand's eastern neighbors have gone Communist. In the lovely northwestern city of Chiang Mai, which, with a population of only a hundred and fifty thousand, is still the country's second-largest, the impact of the democratic experiment has hardly been felt; there was a turnout of less than thirty per cent for the elections in January, and a by-election in June didn't stir up much more interest, even though there was some violence. The students in Bangkok have tried to encourage activism among those at Chiang Mai University, one of the country's finest, but the response so far has been minimal, and there are only thirty or forty students who occasionally try to organize demonstrations (as they did during the Mayagüez incident). But in Chiang Mai, as in Bangkok, crime—particularly robbery but also indiscriminate shooting and banditry—is increasing, and even though the city is a favorite with foreign tourists, the gen-

eral feeling toward foreigners is no longer so friendly.

Farther north, the population is a mélange of nine or ten tribes, whose members the Thais treat as second-class citizens—an attitude that hardly stimulates any sense of national unity. Some of the tribesmen, such as groups of Meos, have been drawn into the insurgency and have established themselves in clusters of small jungle bases. The ethnic mix gives special vitality to the region, and even Chiang Mai is so close to the borders of Burma and Laos that it has the atmosphere of a primitive border town. There is also a varied foreign community of three or four thousand. Germans, British, Rhodesians, and Australians compete in the production of tobacco; several international organizations are engaged in agricultural and other projects; and some two hundred missionaries and various unaffiliated religious proselytizers are trying to convert the hill tribes. Post-hippie types move in and out of Chiang Mai, though they are not as numerous as their predecessors who used to stop here when they could easily make their way on to Vientiane, in Laos. A few hundred Americans live in the city, including the staffs of a small consulate and United States Information Service library. Some of the Americans are quietly involved in anti-drug activities—in particular, the effort to curb the lucrative opium traffic of the Golden Triangle. The program has met with considerable success—a number of large secret Thai refineries for morphine and heroin have been discovered in the jungle and destroyed. While the traffic here has been curbed, it still thrives across the border in Burma, whose government doesn't seem interested in stopping it. The charm, excitement, and fresh air of Chiang Mai are in sharp contrast to Bangkok's chaos, gasoline fumes, and the obsession with money-making. After a trip to the north, one returns to the capital more than ever aware of its isolation from the rest of the country. That could do as much as anything else to bring about Thailand's downfall.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

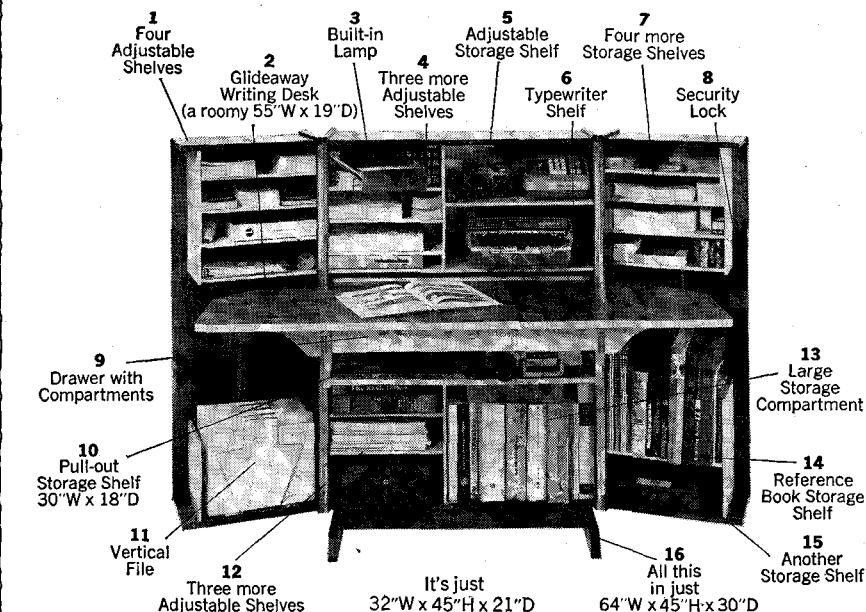
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# THE RACE TRACK

## Tragedy

IT is not easy to write this. Ruffian was humanely destroyed after fracturing the sesamoid bones of her right front ankle early in the running of her match race with Foolish Pleasure at Belmont Park last Sunday. The veterinarians who worked on her for hours at Dr. William Reed's horse hospital, just outside the track, regretfully decided that because of the state of the injury there was nothing else they could do. To many who had seen her run, winning ten races with consummate ease, there was a feeling of almost personal bereavement. At first came bitterness—anger at the cruel fate that cut short the career of what would surely have been a great race mare. She was a beautiful filly to look at, with an imperious carriage and a long, effortless stride. She sparkled in the paddock walking ring and always drew applause from the crowd on her way to the post.

As I saw the race, Foolish Pleasure was first out of the gate, but Ruffian passed him in a couple of jumps and they went down the chute together, doing the quarter in 0:22½. Shortly after they reached the main track, Foolish Pleasure stuck his head in front, but Ruffian accelerated and passed him. Then it happened. Baeza said later he heard a crack (the sound of bones breaking is unmistakable) as he went on with Foolish Pleasure to complete the mile and a quarter and win by default. Perhaps if the film patrol had a head-on shot it might show that Ruffian made a misstep. Happily, she did not fall. Vasquez dismounted, and presently an ambulance came and took her to the stable area and later to the hospital.

There was little applause as Foolish Pleasure returned to the winner's circle, where his owner, John L. Greer, and the Greer family waited for the presentation. By the way, the \$225,000 that Foolish Pleasure took down increased his earnings to \$971,107. Statements of trainers made in the euphoric aftermath of victory are sometimes interesting. LeRoy Jolley's saying, in effect, "I'm sorry, but I was going to win anyhow" was just bad taste. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Janney, who owned Ruffian, and Frank Whiteley, who trained her, have the writer's deepest sympathy.

LITTLE has gone according to plan in the important races thus far this season, so it was a welcome change

to see Forego win the Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont on the Fourth of July—a result desired by almost everyone who cares about good horses. The big fellow not only won by a length and a half from Monetary Principle, to whom he gave twenty-three pounds, but ran the mile and a quarter in 1:59¼, setting a track record for the distance. The old record was two minutes flat, held jointly by Whisk Broom II and Kelso. When Whisk Broom II ran it, in 1913, he carried 139 pounds. Forego carried 132. A son of Forli, he is five years old and stands seventeen hands high, and he has seldom looked better than he did in the paddock. He got away well, and Gustines always had him in a good position behind Group Plan, who led for a mile. Then Forego began to move up. He had made a misstep about halfway through the race, but he recovered quickly, and, keeping well out from the rails, passed Monetary Principle easily in the stretch. Stop the Music was third. The time by quarters was 0:23¾, 0:46¾, 1:10½, 1:34¼, 1:59¼. Arbees Boy, who beat Forego in the Metropolitan Handicap a year ago, and Gold and Myrrh, who beat him on the recent Memorial Day holiday, were down the course.

Lennie Imperio saddled two horses for Nelson Bunker Hunt, the Texas tycoon, in the Tidal Handicap at Belmont last Saturday—Barcas, the winner of the Bowling Green Handicap, and Brigand, who was expected to make the pace for him. Just for that, as happens now and then, Brigand led from start to finish of the mile and three furlongs over the turf course to win by a head from Prod, with Golden Don third. Barcas was fifth. It was the closest finish of a dull afternoon of racing. Earlier in the week, Calumet Farm's Turn to Turia continued his winning ways in the ninety-ninth running of the Juvenile Stakes, for two-year-olds at five and a half furlongs. To make it his fourth straight, he breezed past Root Cause after a first quarter that was run in 0:22¾. Root Cause took the place just as easily from Play Boy.

SARSAR, who had won all five of her starts this season, went down to Jersey for the Monmouth Oaks on the Fourth and finished third. She was beaten by more than five lengths by Aunt Jin and Let Me Linger. Quickest out of the stalls, Sarsar held a com-

fortable lead for about half of the nine furlongs, but when Aunt Jin overhauled her she shortened her stride. While Sarsar was odds-on, Aunt Jin was well supported by Monmouth regulars who had seen her lead a big field home in the Post-Deb Stakes earlier in the meeting. Chestnut in color, by Vitoric out of Ribolera, Aunt Jin is owned by Paul Cresci, who gave \$15,500 for her at the Hialeah sales. She has earned more than \$200,000 in purses for him. Next day, Honky Star, a four-year-old who carries the colors of Dan Lasater, beat Twixt, the darling of Maryland racegoers, in the Molly Pitcher Handicap. She led all the way. Bundler was third. Honky Star, who in my book deserves a better name, has always run well at Monmouth; she finished first in the Sorority Stakes there when she was two, but was disqualified for interference, and last year she won the Monmouth Oaks.

THE surprise of the Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park a fortnight ago was not that Forceten won but that Avatar, winner of the Belmont Stakes, finished sixth in the field of eight. Though it was generally agreed that he looked fit, his races for the Triple Crown had apparently taken more out of him than Tommy Doyle, his trainer, dreamed, for he tired badly in the stretch. Forceten finished fast in the last quarter to beat Sibirri by two lengths. Diabolo was third again. The time for the mile and a quarter over a fast track was 1:59¼. Bred by Mrs. Mary F. Jones, who owns Cougar II, and trained by Neil Drysdale, Forceten is a dark-bay colt by Forli out of She's Beautiful. Unraced at two, he was bought on private terms last December by Corbin Robertson, a Texan, who owns the Saron Stable. Coming up to the Swaps, he had won four of his five starts, including the Argonaut Stakes. The Swaps was the richest added-money race for three-year-olds ever run in this country; it was originally a \$100,000 event, but Jimmy Kilroe, who runs things at Hollywood Park, doubled the prize money.

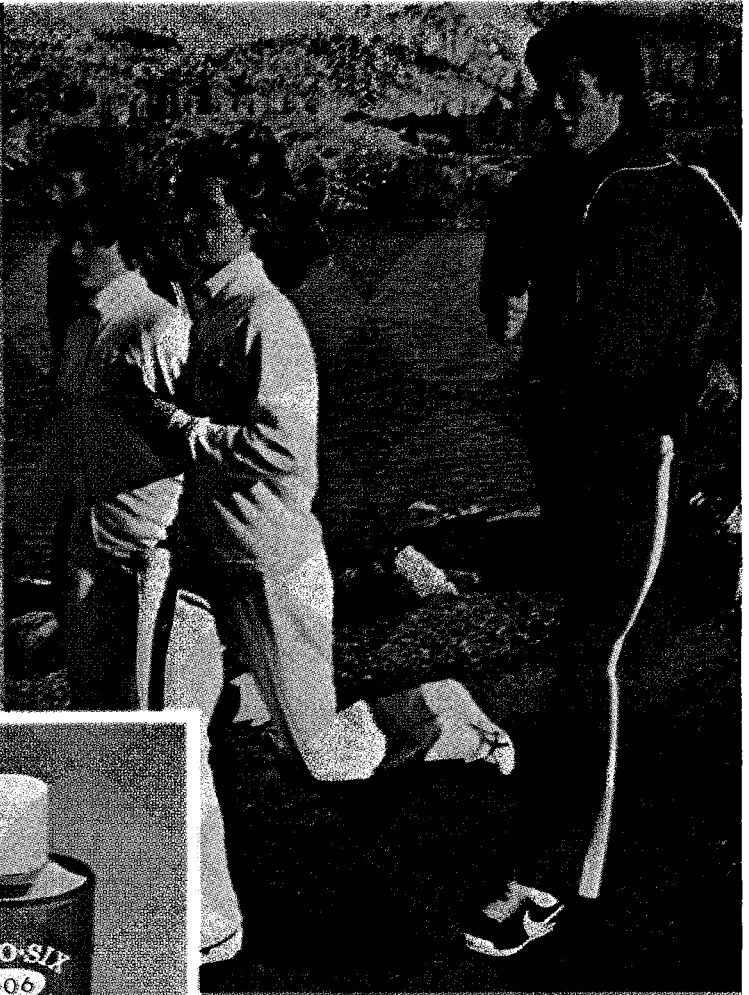
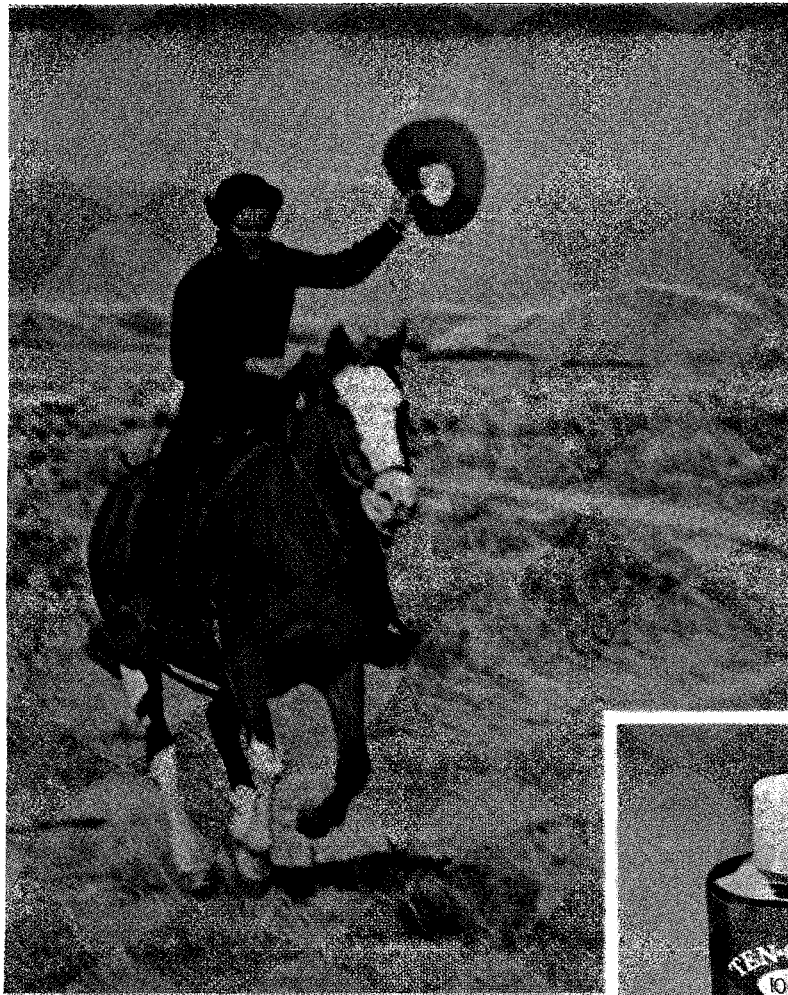
—AUDAX MINOR

Jack Walker, co-owner of the [clothing] store with Bill Ritchey, said that he saw two men in the store on Friday who, judging by their actions, could have been examining the store in preparation for the robbery. One was reported to be in his early 30's, size 42 regular, and the other in his late 20's, size 38 short.—*Canton (Ill.) Daily Ledger*.

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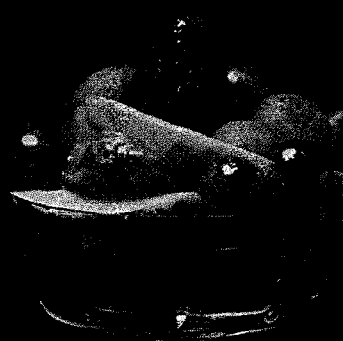
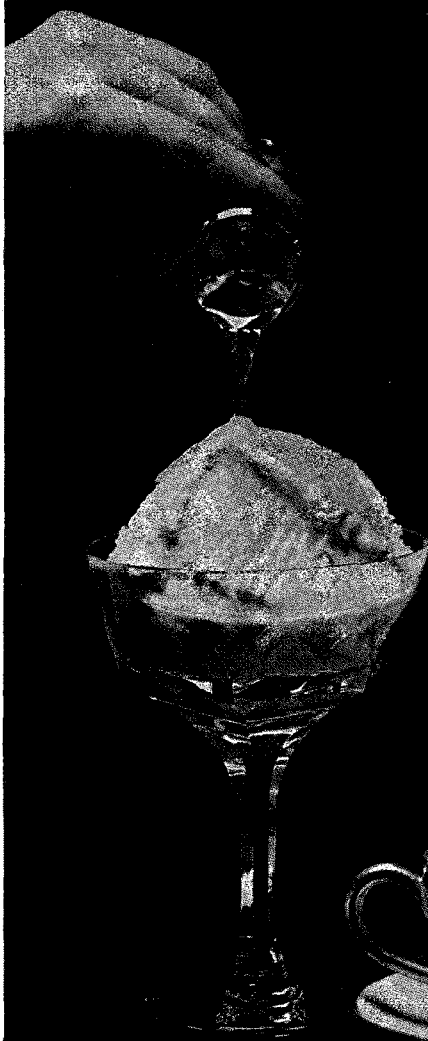
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Humanism Breaks Camp*

**A** MAN whom we will call the hero of modern art is an agnostic. An agnostic is a man who doesn't know. But our hero knows that he doesn't know. Therefore he is not an agnostic. But he doesn't know that he isn't an agnostic. Therefore he is an agnostic. But an agnostic is a man who doesn't know, and our hero knows that he doesn't know. And so on.

Like buffaloes raising water from an Indian well by going on a seeming journey that actually takes them round and round, modern Western art plods this loop in logic. No type of mind in contemporary fiction could speak to us with more timeliness than the agnostic's, but most examples of it are products of the buffalo fallacy. By the very force of their cry that they don't know, they make us feel that they do; the coloration of their rhetoric denies what they are saying. Jean-Luc Godard is a man of another sort. Even though he has lately dubbed himself a didact, he continues to make the films of a poet who is one of the few pure issues of our epoch's doubt. With Beckett, he stands almost alone. "I do not know whether I may or may not know," says his work—in which it is altogether like "Waiting for Godot" and "Endgame."

Twenty-three of Godard's films are playing this summer at the Carnegie Hall Cinema. This week, we can see "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), one of the intellectually most beautiful of all the products of his skepticism, which should never be mistaken for the scathing kind. "I'm not sure that this is so," his films seem to remark. "I wish I could be certain. However, there is always the possibility..." For a lot of fiction-makers now, agnosticism is an affectation masking cynicism, which is of its nature unbudgeable. The true agnostic, on the other hand, wishes like hell that he did believe, and could weep that he can't. Thus Beckett's Hamm about God in "Endgame," in a cry that the English Lord Chamberlain, then ensconced as play censor, was idiotic enough to take as irreligious: "The bastard! He doesn't exist!" Godard is Beckett's true kin.

"After he had reached the age of fifty," says Jean-Paul Belmondo as Ferdinand, reading aloud about art to his very small daughter from his bath, "Velázquez no longer painted anything

concrete and precise." Velázquez became less interested in figures than in spaces between figures: restated by the Belmondo character later on, the notion is the essence of the film itself. The story (very loosely based on a novel by Lionel White) is about the despair of a man trapped in a matter-of-fact marriage, and the lyricism of his subsequent escape from it with a girl named Marianne Renoir, played by Anna Karina. Ferdinand, christened in audacious honor of Céline, has just lost his job in TV. He and his wife go to an advertising party cluttered

with topless women and buzzing with talk. Sometimes the people there will chat in advertising mottoes, with the unreal informality and eagerness of intimates in a commercial praising a brand-name food over a dull dinner, at which the colors of the movie will change to black and white under a wash of one violent tint. Marianne has come back into Ferdinand's life—after last encountering him five and a half years earlier—as a babysitter on the night of this party. When he goes on seeing her, the practicality and lightness of her spirit give him room to breathe.

Because the hero is a writer by nature, the film's typical Godard habit of using quotes—words and images both—seems more literally apt than usual, as well as being time-honored in the older visual arts. One thinks of Courbet quoting Baudelaire in "L'Atelier." Whole chapters of the astonishing film are made up as if they were collages of the borrowed and valuable. There is much narration and soliloquy in place of conversation. The characters do not often speak or act; it is more like them to report what they are saying, or to announce how they have acted or will act. The lovers, after much travail, much fun, much exploration of the space that so interestingly lies between them, blow up their car next to a wrecked car to cover their trail, and trek through France from north to south. We see them walking in a river that may be the Loire. Later on, when Ferdinand is beginning to write in her company, we see Marianne Renoir (there are many collage shots of Pierre Auguste Renoir's paintings, and the reference to Jean Renoir's "La Chienne" is plain) walking in water near the Mediterranean.

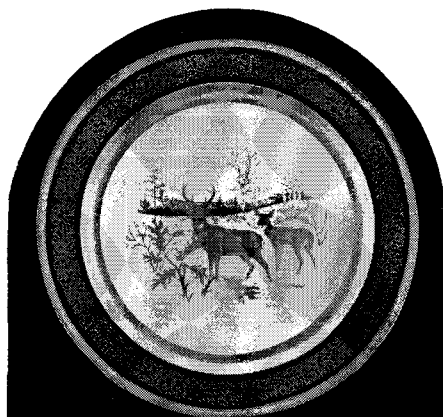


We keep moving from the reality of the film—which is, as Godard always remembers, a created reality, as made up as any comic book or any pop movie—to scenes of parody and experiment revolving round comic books and pop movies. Belmondo Ferdinand, whom Karina Marianne calls Pierrot, will say something that he himself intensely means, but in a facial and vocal imitation of Michel Simon. Or there will be a scene of fooling between these actors who act the lovers, which will be quickly succeeded by a scene of the same sort of fooling at a still further remove, done as if in a Hollywood musical. Or an imaginary shooting will take the form of a shooting in a gangster movie, and then a "real" bloody incident in this piece of fiction will follow it, with people's voices more low-pitched and naturalistic than they are in the earlier and more obvious imitation. It is typical of Godard that what we see in both the gangster-movie parodies and the "real" acts of violence are scenes that seem to have been transmuted into modern paintings, which is one of the things that give the film its quality of the implacable and obdurate. Or, again, there will be a Chinese-box puzzle about the made-upness of names. "I'm Ferdinand!" yells the man at the girl who calls him Pierrot. But he is Belmondo, of course.

The repercussions between the imitation of actuality and the imitation of imitation are dazzling, quizzical, and more beguiling than the Brechtian Godard probably intends them to be. I don't suppose Godard can calculate how engrossing his unique methods of alienation often are. He means to put us at a distance when Ferdinand/Pierrot says into his driving mirror that he sees the face of a guy who's about to drive off a cliff at sixty miles an hour, but what happens is that we are stirred. Ferdinand/Pierrot/Godard is a touching man. He feels powerfully about words, for one thing. "Let's tell stories. The right words may move them," he says.

A political film by Godard—and his work has always been political—is not a film about politics but a political act that is just as direct, effective, and bare as the motion of casting a vote in a polling booth. In "Masculine Feminine," there are references to the assassination of Kennedy; in "Made in U.S.A." to the Ben Barka affair; in "Le Petit Soldat" to the Algerian war; in "Pierrot le Fou" to the Vietnam war and to Angola. The references are made schematically, in the form of re-





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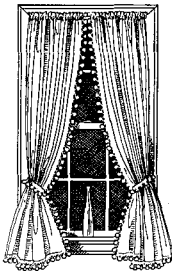
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volvers, machine guns, cars, money. Godard's method of demonstrating something is always to take apart. A peculiar alertness to atrocity is given to an audience by the sense of logic which ensues from his technique. His films accord calm and pattern to disquiet and disarray. At the end of "Pierrot le Fou," the hero has an augured sense of loss which he ranks as pulp-magazine jealousy but which makes him kill Marianne. Then this very modern and doubting holy fool blows himself

up. He wraps a strip of bright-yellow sticks round his head and then another of bright-red ones. The sticks, which are dynamite, look like kids' tubes of paint. Godard is saying that playthings kill, but he is also saying—perhaps with more sensibility than his fierce didactic self would want—that Ferdinand/Pierrot is a cruelly deluded humanist, too little in the world to know that his actions will have consequences. At the last second, with death irredeemably in motion, he decides he would rather not be dead. As a writer, maybe, says the film, he was doomed, because he lived overmuch in his imagination; he should have lived in the present, like Marianne, who kept being enthralled by it. The truth that Godard's characters "exist" is something that is apt to strike any one of them out of the blue, impelled by who knows what. It can happen during a pause in conversation. The knowledge that time is limited and invaluable will also hit Godard's people suddenly, and it will affect them in different ways. If a man had slipped off the Empire State Building and if he knew that he had ten seconds to live, what would his mind do? Run over the past? Scatter? Collect itself to a point? Count the seconds? Make a wish? Experience fall?

"I watch myself filming things and people can hear me thinking," said Jean-Luc Godard in an interview in *Le Nouvel Observateur* in 1966. No other director alive so wonderfully uses improvisation. For Godard, making a film is a foray like the progress of a regiment advancing through a strange country and living off the land. "Pierrot le Fou"—unscripted, and looking deceptively unplanned—actually falls into three carefully written and fluent chapters. The first part is animated by the lovers' frantic departure. The second part, full of soft, slow, fixed shots, is contemplative and halcyon. It is a chapter about two people living out of time and playing in Elysium. In the third part, Ferdinand/Pierrot is jerked

from bliss into a universe in which life is again finite. But Godard, of course, is not definable as a pessimist. He is a most passionate agnostic and his don't-know vote is curiously reviving, because it is always exuberantly expectant about what is to come next. The end of a Godard film is not the end of a sentence; it is the silence following an unfinished phrase. It is a halt, unpunctuated, on a note of intense interest, which for someone of Godard's cast of thought is the same thing as hope.



"Pierrot le Fou" is an extraordinary film. The word "beautiful" describes it thinly. People are shown here in the midst of our Watts Towers existence, in an edifice of detritus—broken bottles, bits of colored glass, seashells. It is an

existence of having adventures, of making do, of going on reconnaissances into the thought of writers and painters of the past, of surveying history, of listening to car radios. We are in Godard's familiar world of flashing city lights, rusty trucks, twisted steel, car accidents, murders. Red is insistently used. It is the color of blood, of traffic lights, of roses thrown away, of cheap clothes: the Godard paraphernalia. "How I hate blood!" says Ferdinand/Pierrot. When I came out of the film into New York, the reds of Manhattan stood out as if no other color existed: "Don't Walk" signs, neon, a red feather boa, fire engines, brake lights, a circling beacon on a police car. Godard is a master colorist. A red bicycle pump seen by him is like a guitar seen by Braque. "Pierrot le Fou" is one of the earliest films that were truly in color, along with Antonioni's "Red Desert" and Resnais's "Muriel." Godard uses color as a central character: beside "Pierrot le Fou" a black-and-white movie seems a duologue lacking the density of a subplot. "Pierrot le Fou" is an exhilarating and matter-of-fact film, with a questing turn of mind. One learns from it something new about didactics, about play, about thinking and recall, and about Velázquez's spaces between people, which in Godard's film have everything to do with the concept of extending politeness to a man's intellectual life.

Ferdinand/Pierrot is like one of the Velázquez characters he reads about to his daughter. As Godard's characters often do, he behaves as if he were a member of a race of "clownish freaks dressed up as princes." At the start, when we see him in his unholy, stately life, he is leading the existence that

Velázquez so often painted: "caught in a mesh of etiquette, plots, and lies." On the evening of the mindless advertising party, his wife, dressing, says, "I'm wearing my new invisible panty-girdle, which you can't see." His retort, to wife and life, is to say, "After Athens, after the Renaissance, we are entering the civilization of the rump." He says later to the Marianne Renoir of Karina, whose beauty has never been more breathtaking or beloved, "There are days like this when you meet nothing but squares, and you look in the mirror and don't like yourself." She rescues him, for a time; he looks again, and, for a moment, feels more benignly toward the spectacle. The eyesight she endows him with is partly a matter of unconsciously sharing her own stores of curiosity and impulse. When they are driving at night somewhere together, there is a held shot of their two faces seen through the car windscreen, obscured monotonously by arcs of blinding spots of light that the highway lamps throw onto the glass like tracer bullets. The couple are alone together for a while in an unfindable place, as people are in Godard's marvellous accounts of breakable intimacy: they are a little in France, a little in role-playing, a little in an adventure in their imagined America ("The Statue of Liberty gave us a friendly wave," said Ferdinand/Pierrot as he drove out of Paris), and a great deal in one another's heads. Runaways? Only in a sense. Their pragmatism brings them straight up against the facts of the present and actual. Ferdinand/Pierrot, looking at the moon, describes "a man crossing himself like mad and trying to run away." The Russians stuffed the man's head with Lenin, he says, and the Americans stuffed it with Coke: "The Americans and the Russians can shoot it out." The lovers seem to be hikers on hilly and unknown ground, but Ferdinand/Pierrot's knowledge of the past is a map. Their exigencies have all been gone through before. This is the point of all the collage quotes from Velázquez, Baudelaire, the Renoirs, Picasso's Pierrot, Céline, Lorca. Uncounted centuries have smoothed the rocks of the terrain, like so many tempests.

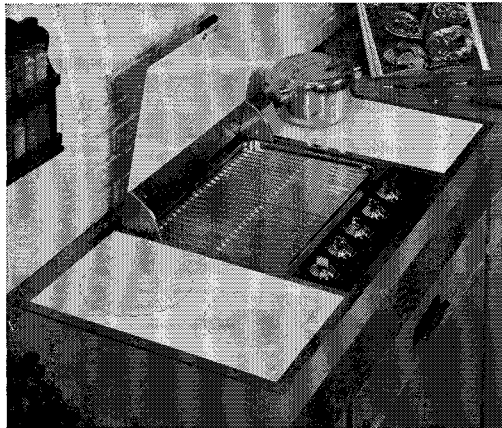
—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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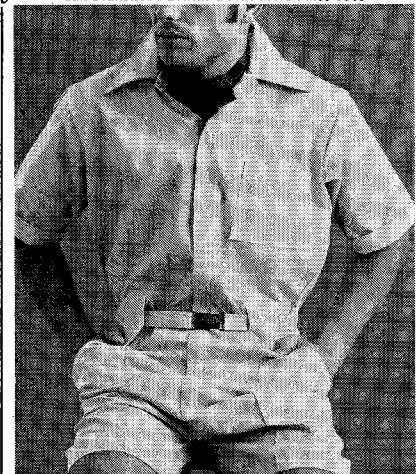
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# BOOKS

## *Freudian Slips*

PSYCHOANALYSIS is at once a form of psychiatric treatment, an inquiry into our thought processes, and a method of psychological research. Enough, one would think, for a career. But shortly after Sigmund Freud had won a dramatic struggle with himself—had seen through himself, it can be said—and thereby achieved the extraordinary knowledge offered in his greatest book, “The Interpretation of Dreams,” he began devoting much of his energy to another pursuit: the institutional consolidation of his ideas, and international recognition for his beloved psychoanalysis. Of all the works that have been written about him, the longest and most comprehensive is Ernest Jones’ more or less “official” book: Anna Freud went over “Jones’ books on her father line by line,” we are told by Paul Roazen in “Freud and His Followers” (Knopf), a biography by a political scientist who has the confidence of many respectable psychoanalysts here and abroad yet who is critical as well as appreciative of what has become a worldwide intellectual movement—a movement plagued by disagreements and political struggles. This book is a social history of psychoanalysis—its origins in the mind of Freud, its spread to an intensely loyal and favored few in Vienna, its dissemination among other Europeans, its arrival in America, brought by patients and doctors who had sought out Freud for help or training and by European colleagues of his who came here to escape the Nazis. But this is not a conventional history based on a survey of library materials; the author speaks of “the oral tradition in psychoanalysis,” and he has given that tradition a great boost. He has interviewed no fewer than a hundred and twenty-eight individuals who had known Freud or who had been involved with the early psychoanalytical movements. He thus acquired a storehouse of facts, memories, anecdotes, secrets, speculation, and even malicious or self-

serving gossip. (He also, like an analyst in his daily practice, learned about the deviousness of the human mind.) And from these remarkably intelligent and thoughtful people he learned about the “human dramas” and all the theories and revisions of theories so passionately advocated and/or denounced by the early followers of Freud. He learned, too, how protective those followers can be. His motives were questioned, his credentials scorned. (“How can you write about it? You weren’t there!”) One old Viennese analyst said, “You are not going to get our secrets!” The author refers to “a certain air of uneasiness” he noticed as he went about his work. It was as if the men and women he talked to were silently asking him, “What have you learned?” They were nervous, no doubt because they knew that psychoanalysis has not been immune to the evils—rivalries, envies, animosities—that afflict all ideological movements. The author mentions “the nastier types”—analysts who “did not have a good word to say about anyone.” He notes that many of the people he interviewed “were more ignorant of the published literature than one might have naïvely expected.” He started out in awe of Freud, and was inclined to be in awe of his acknowledged or self-appointed legatees—the bearers of his

ideas, the officeholders in the organizations he set up to perpetuate those ideas, the disciples he anointed (he handed out rings to his closest associates) and the disciples of his disciples. Mr. Roazen began to realize that he himself had been naïve—like many others who have been willing to suspend criticism and skepticism in their contemplation of psychoanalysis and those who practice it. Freud himself had talked about those “who demand that science shall be a substitute for the catechism they have given up.” Among them are people who turn on one another in disagreement, who accuse an investigator of developing or even transforming the Master’s views. The Master is deified, his every word considered sacred, his mistakes and failings ignored, and whoever mentions them gets the full treatment of hostility. Ideological systems are protective about their tenets, and Freud had a sharp eye out for idolatry, even of himself. But he, too, could become testy, self-righteous, and unwilling to tolerate dissent. Mr. Roazen says, “Whenever he had a disagreement with a pupil, he tended to look for the motivation; his conception of ‘resistance’ would tend to shift the discussion away from the merits of the case.” Nevertheless, Freud did not long concern himself with self-serving apologies or truculent “analyses” of

the “unconscious” reasons his critics were attacking him. He had the passionate energy of the man of ideas; moreover, he was a hardworking clinician who kept balancing abstract concepts with the constant observations made by a doctor engaged in healing. And always there was an essay or book to be written, an idea to be weighed against the available psychiatric evidence. A number of his followers were not so gifted; this book details many disappointments, rivalries, jealousies, betrayals, abandonments, hatreds, suicides. Freud’s ideas were a source not alone of energy and enthusiasm but of dangerously irrational argument. And while he and his associates were ostracized



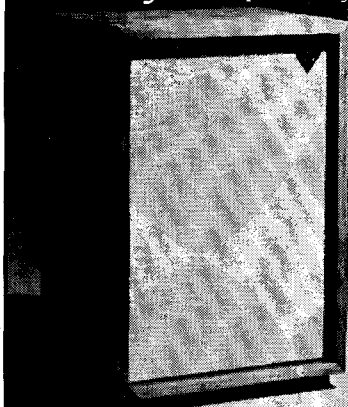


and ridiculed, were hurt by anti-Semitism and the puritan fears and prejudices of the day, there was also the constant danger the victims of all this would themselves become persecutors. Some of the followers turned into obsequious and literal-minded imitators, unforgiving and hateful (and hated) enemies of others; by contrast, some became wonderfully sensitive, thoughtful, productive investigators and therapists, whose dedication and brilliance have added much to Freud's own legacy.

A book like this one stands or falls on its ability to maintain a balance. The "human dramas" the author mentions could easily deteriorate into mere gossip; a frank criticism of "the elements of a cult in psychoanalysis" could become a denunciation of a science that even now suffers from ignorant or mischievous opposition. Mr. Roazen is disapproving when it is necessary, and yet ever the scholar who admires one of the geniuses of modern times. Some of Freud's followers kept their reservations about him to themselves or allowed their disaffection to build up to the point of no return—a break with the Master. And Freud's tendency to be unyielding in his defense must have made it hard for his comrades to speak up, especially when others were being negative about something for the wrong reasons, or when Freud's mistakes, or those of his colleagues, were being more than offset by a continuing output of important, revealing, and remarkably suggestive ideas. "Those involved in psychoanalysis may have been driven by the same religious impulses that others channel in more conventional ways, but psychoanalytic workers have also made real scientific contributions," and "From the beginning psychoanalysis has had the dual aspect of subjective distortion along with objective discovery. Freud's achievement has been such that we must take great care in coming up with alternative formulations."

Roazen equates the experience of psychoanalysis (for the analyst as well as for the patient) with the educational process. Freud knew that when patients begin to talk of their analysts—or of the profession they belong to, or the body of theory they rely upon—with uncritical admiration and evangelical enthusiasm, there is more "work to be done": overestimation of a psychoanalyst and his clinical specialty, the feeling that one must defend him and his interpretations against any objections, are postures ironically akin to those of a vehement, agitated an-

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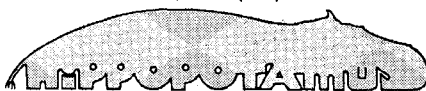
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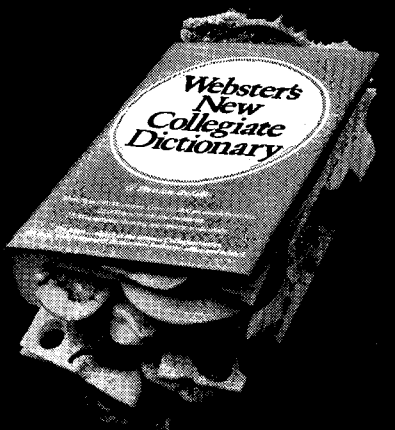
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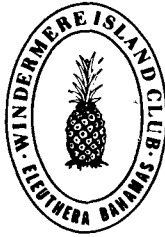
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tagonist. In contrast, a person who has learned to accept knowledge from another person (and has learned, among other things, that both students and teachers, patients and doctors, acquire a distorted notion of one another during their involvement) becomes better educated, more knowing, rather than a propagandist or a fervid acolyte. (One of the analysts Mr. Roazen interviewed had not only an etching of Freud in his waiting room but "a fresh bouquet of flowers" under it.)

The author tells us that Freud gradually surrounded himself with a talented and original group of people whom he inspired, taught, learned from, argued with, often treated, and sometimes ended up by rebuking or disliking. Freud was intensely interested in convincing others. Not for the first time, but in a discerning and lively way, the social and intellectual origins of psychoanalysis are set down. The book provides fascinating, and unfamiliar, vignettes of his family life and his "technique" as a therapist—casual and relaxed one moment, austere and puritanical the next. Some of his close friends and followers, such as Ernest Jones, Karl Abraham, Sandor Ferenczi, A. A. Brill, and Helene Deutsch, are today virtually unknown, but they and certain others of their generation and the next one (Franz Alexander, Erik H. Erikson, Sandor Rado, Heinz Hartmann, and Erich Fromm) were all exceptional, and they become larger than life in this book—a band of psychological explorers closely (sometimes too closely) huddled together, determined to visit the new world Freud had discovered. Better known are the great dissenters—Jung, Adler, Rank. Roazen examines the sources of their discontent, both personal and intellectual. Especially interesting is his treatment of the gravest crisis in the history of psychoanalysis—the estrangement of Jung and Freud, and their ultimate separation. This was never a matter of right and wrong, and Mr. Roazen does not let it become one. It is a miracle that two such self-possessed and messianic men should have been so close for so long and should have been of such help to one another. Once they fell out, name-calling followed—a reminder that even the greatest and wisest of men can be vulnerable and vindictive.

All books are in a sense Rorschach cards; they evoke a vast range of responses. Many readers will be enthralled by the information Mr. Roazen supplies about the two giants Freud and Jung, who dominate this

book, and their only slightly less imposing friends and supporters. Anyone inclined to find flaws in the mighty will be gratified; they were surely present. Those who defend psychoanalysis to the death and who give not an inch to any critic will rally round and have their say in certain professional journals. And for many others of us a particular psychoanalyst's life and relationship to Freud will strike a responsive chord. The sad fates of Ruth Brunswick and Otto Rank, the astonishing development of Melanie Klein's theories and their espousal, then denunciation, by her own daughter, also an analyst, will be of great interest. Still other readers will find the author's account of Freud's relationship with his daughter, Anna, particularly poignant. He analyzed her—surely the one and only analysis of the kind. She cared for him, protected him, accepted honors extended to him which he was unable to receive in person, helped establish the whole new field of child psychoanalysis, and became, really, his successor—another Freud who has earned worldwide respect and admiration. It would be easy these days, when psychoanalysis has become the stuff of parlor jokes, television dramas, and Grade C movies, to wonder about those two—the driven genius and the brilliant, loyal daughter. Paul Roazen has done justice to both of them, separately and together; they come across as a remarkable pair of human beings, able to take their "problems" and make of them a mere beginning in an intellectual odyssey of historic proportions. It may be that this kind of self-transcendence—the product of hard, dedicated work rather than an endless cultivation of self-consciousness—offers the best hope any of us has for a useful and honorable life.

—ROBERT COLES

#### BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

**LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR**, by Judith Rossner (Simon & Schuster). The best that can be said for this fictionalized version of the events that led up to the much-publicized murder of Roseann Quinn—the twenty-eight-year-old schoolteacher who was killed on New Year's Day, 1973, by a man she'd just picked up at a New York singles bar—is that it sometimes seems miserably plausible; the worst is that it reduces a young woman's life to a tawdry fantasy. Theresa Dunn, as the young Bronx-born woman is called



in the book, is depicted as a maimed self-hater, so filled with fear and shame as a result of a childhood polio-induced curvature of the spine (now cured) that she feels safe only when she's being degraded. She's clever and attractive, and her students love her, but her sex life is mired in drunken one-night stands with strangers or in longer, hopeless affairs with icicles or boors. Of the former genre, there is a scathingly believable college professor, who makes love to her while his wife is one room away in the same apartment; of the latter, there is a leather-jacketed garage mechanic who is such a caricature of a working-class stud that he practically lives in a tree. There is also an earnest young lawyer whom Theresa is supposed to be too sick to love, though he's such a stiffhead that it's hard to imagine anyone getting passionate about him. Pulp trash? Yes. Except that Miss Rossner's knowing descriptions of a rootless, lonely single girl's life in the city, and her sympathetic charting of the perilously unguided journey the girl makes from the Irish nuns of the Bronx to the swingers and eventual tragedy of Greenwich Village, make it all appallingly, depressingly readable.

## GENERAL

THE SOLDIER STILL AT WAR, by John Bryan (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This extraordinary book tells us the life story of Joseph Remiro, Vietnam combat veteran and soldier in the Symbionese Liberation Army, who was recently convicted of assassinating the superintendent of schools in Oakland, California. In doing so, the author has folded in the history of the countercultural revolution of the last dozen or so years, beginning with the free-speech movement at Berkeley and coming down through the Vietnam-war years of rage and outrage to the present. Mr. Bryan, a former California newspaperman who has watched the development of anti-Establishment politics from the start, is a good writer and a sharp observer, and although his sympathies lie with the radical left, his concern is with facts. As he tells it, the Remiro story (based on interviews in prison) is the first serious treatment of the appearance of an urban-guerrilla movement in this country. The implications of this phenomenon, which have not been lost on the national and local police forces, are brought

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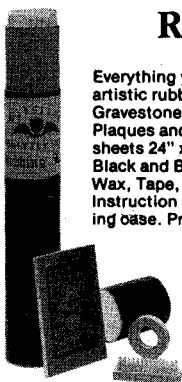
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into focus by Mr. Bryan, who suggests that although there is quiet on the campuses, the countercultural revolution has not yet run its course.

**MIND IN THE WATERS**, assembled by Joan McIntyre (Scribners/Sierra Club). For a long time now, it has been rumored that cetaceans (whales, dolphins, porpoises) are probably nicer, more loyal, more playful, more sophisticated, more sensitive, and generally less destructive than human beings but that only a handful of scientists really understand much about them. The present volume, a beautiful compendium of essays, charts, drawings, chronologies, poems, stories, lectures, papers, and the kind of arcana that children love (such as that the tongue of a blue whale weighs as much as an elephant), makes the results of the many recent studies and observations of cetaceans available to us all. The book also calls upon its readers in impassioned terms (the author is the head of Project Jonah, a group that is trying to bring about a world moratorium on the commercial killing of whales) to help prevent the extinction of whales, thirty-six thousand of whom are killed every year. The word "mind" in the title refers to the strong-growing suspicion (as yet unproved) among scientists that whales and dolphins are conscious, self-aware creatures. One of the scientists notes that the cetaceans were around in their present form when people were still tree shrews. You can help keep them here by buying this excellent book. The royalties go to Project Jonah. Fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: "Jean Renoir: Essays, Conversations, Reviews," by Penelope Giliatt, has been published by McGraw-Hill. Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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Gin & Tonic: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin into highball glass over ice. Squeeze in wedge of lime. Fill glass with tonic.  
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*Road & Truck names Datsun 280-Z  
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The new fuel injected Datsun 280-Z makes its bow in America with a rare honor indeed. It's been named one of the 10 best cars for a changing world in the June issue of *Road & Truck* magazine. At \$6,284,\* the Z took top spot in the "Sports-GT cars, \$5,500 to \$8,000" category.

The new 280-Z has computerized fuel injection for instant acceleration, great mileage and better emission control. The 280 carries on the Z-Car heritage of superior technology with its new 2800cc overhead cam engine, fully independent suspension and transistorized ignition, as well as a long inventory of standard comfort and performance features. Test-drive the new 280-Z and 280-Z 2+2.

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 280-Z two-passenger with standard speed transmission, excluding tax, license, transportation and dealer prep/20%.



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*Datsun 280-Z*